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AN
(Raymond)





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J. H. Raymond

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

JOHN HOWARD RAYMOND

EDITED BY HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER

24



NEW YORK:
FORDS, HOWARD, & HULBERT

1881



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BY HARLAN P. LLOYD.

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VIA RAIL

S. W. GREEN'S SON,
Printer, Electrotyper and Binder,
74 Beekman Street, New York.

TO MY MOTHER,

WHOSE WISH INSPIRED THE WORK, AND BY WHOSE DEVOTED
AID IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED, I DEDICATE THIS

RECORD OF THE LIFE

WHICH, BY ITS FAITHFUL COMPANIONSHIP, FOR SO MANY
YEARS CHEERED HER OWN.

H. R. L.

IT seems almost a violation of my father's nature, which was most unassuming, to offer to the public the record of a life on which he himself set so modest an estimate; and I may, perhaps, confess to those who read this volume with what hesitation it is published. It has grown from a mere compilation of his private letters, intended for the eyes of family friends, into an extended memoir, as the circle of those manifestly interested in its progress has gradually widened. It was a natural and sacred impulse to gather together for preservation the letters which held so much of himself, that a treasure in which we had delighted might not be lost to our children. But it was only when persuaded that the number of those waiting to welcome it was large, among his former pupils, associates, and personal friends, that I consented to undertake a work in which I was totally inexperienced—the selection from a mass of correspondence and other material such portions as might most characteristically show his life and influence. The first decisive impulse which I received was from the words of one who had been in special sympathy with the plan, and who wrote, "I did revere and love and enjoy the man, and I think that some of the rich overflow of his life ought to be gathered up, as the moisture is drawn into the clouds, and sent forth to refresh the thirsty earth once more." It was an inspiring thought that the story of his life might still hold a blessing for those whom the life itself had blessed; or even more, that others, to whom it had been unknown, might glean from it some word of comfort or instruction. It is only with this hope that I send it from my hand.

The original purpose of the undertaking has guided, to some extent, the selection of material, and I have naturally presented the familiar and domestic, rather than the public, side of my father's life. If the view I have given of his character seems to reflect something of a daughter's partiality, I trust that the tone of loving eulogy which pervades the contributed reminiscences of others will furnish all the justification I need. His life, indeed, was one of *friendships*, as well as intellectual activities, and the affection of good men and noble women was the best witness to his character.

To all who have assisted in this labor of love I gladly offer most hearty thanks, especially to those whose personal recollections have added interest to the book, and whose names, so far as I have felt authorized to use them, are found upon its pages. My warmest acknowledgments are due to my cousin, Mr. John R. Howard—my father's namesake, pupil, and close friend—without whose encouragement and aid in my perplexing task it would never have been completed.

HARRIET RAYMOND LLOYD.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 20, 1880.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

March 7, 1879.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago this seventh day of March began the life, whose gentle current bore blessings to all who came within its influence. A beloved sister said of it, "I used to tell dear John that he was the only good thing that this blustering March ever brought." And surely it was a good and gracious gift to this rough world—a life that brought the very calm of heaven into the storms of earth, the sweetness of a divine charity into human strifes; that possessed itself in patience amid perplexities and vexing cares,—disturbed in its calm poise only by the injustice or meanness which it scorned, intolerant only of intolerance; a life that, traced to its most secret springs, was clear as crystal, pure from the mingling of worldly aim or passion; a life which has become, to use the word of one who honored it, an "ideal" to hundreds who felt its quiet power, and owned the debt of inspiration and of guidance.

No day in all the year brings back so vividly this life of our departed father. For the first time within the memory of his children, it is a day of mourning—the day which was ever bright with greetings and festivities, sweet with the fragrance of flowers and of the friendship which they symbolized. For the first time, the offerings fail which children and friends delighted to bring to him. The birthday wishes are

unspoken, the birthday letters unwritten ; the birthday flowers bloom only in that Land whose odors reach us in far-off dreams. Is this the "happy return" of that day which other years have brought to us so joyfully? And what is its return to him who loved our greetings? Does he listen for them on that distant shore? Does he remember the day rich in the treasures that he so prized? What has he found in the country whither he has gone? Oh that the answer might come to us in his voice, which ever comforted and gave us counsel! When did we ever turn to him with doubt or eager question without an answer?

To his own words we may come, the blessed words left by him in the letters, that, with the life of which they are the only written record, are our priceless inheritance. From this rich legacy we draw forth our first precious stores. On this day which marks the beginning of the life so dear to us, and which brings to us the question, "Has it ceased forever?" let us turn to his own expressions of steadfast faith, and "comfort one another with these words:"

TO HIS ELDEST SISTER.

VASSAR COLLEGE, March 7, 1874.

Thanks, my dear Sister, for your benediction on my new year. It begins, as many of its predecessors have, under a leaden sky and with anything but balm in its breath; but like them, I doubt not, it will bring its share of Spring blossoms, and Summer flowers, and golden Autumn fruits,—and even its Winter days shall not want a beauty and cheer of their own;—its clouds and storms, its frosts and chills, its disappointments and griefs, shall they not all work out the Father's will, and work together for our good?

Sixty years ago this bleak but blessed March morning! What a picture it looked in upon, in that little "seven-by-nine" bedroom in Vandewater Street. The happy, serious-thoughted young mother, shedding smiles and tears by turns on the little red-faced new-comer, that nestled in her bosom and "chortled" and smacked his tongue like good old "Father W——," and the radiant father, whose eyes were wet only with love and joy, bringing in his arms little fair-faced Two-year-old to welcome the baby brother. Then, all this long, weary, changeful, sad-and-merry "threescore years" on which we look back, my dear S.—the checkered scene of our pilgrimage, our *all* of memory and of life—*was not*, save as it lay dimly adumbrated in those wistful parent-hearts: he, doubtless seeing nothing but the sunshine; she, feeling, even in the depth of her joy, the shadow of the griefs that were so sure and so soon to come. Ten years later, and she had passed through and beyond the shadow, which rested so long and so heavily on the faithful heart she left behind. That first ten years of our life, how like nothing it appears to us now, and yet how much did really occur within the time, how many of the germ-thoughts and birth-experiences which have produced the growths and fruits of after-life were there! And, as memory summons up and passes in review the five succeeding decades, one by one, I feel as I am not accustomed to, how full life is—what worlds of experience, what a library of history, it contains—even our life, comparatively obscure and uneventful as it seems.

And are we to be told that all this rich and wonderful past, now that it is gone, is nothing? that those joys and sorrows, those dear ones (oh how many!) passed beyond the veil, our good deeds and bad, our struggles and our successes, were not and are not realities, but were mere phenomena, transient nature-changes, the product of electrical forces playing in the brain, that came and went, beautiful phantoms, like images across the mirror of the mind (itself a

shadow like themselves), but left behind nothing permanent, nothing enduring, nothing to be a "possession forever"?

Thank God, we have not so learned, and cannot so believe, while our wits last. The past is a reality, and the future is a reality; and most real and precious of realities is the resurrection of the past which the future is to bring, when not only we shall come forth from our graves, but with us all that we have done in the body, whether it be good or bad, into the dear presence of Him who will cover the bad with His righteousness and glorify the good with His smile. He will restore to us all that we "have loved long since and lost awhile"—the angel-faces, the ties of friendship rudely strained but never sundered, the studies just begun, the plans full of beneficent promise to which earth had denied the opportunity or the means of execution. All of this life that we prize, and would have again, will (who can doubt, as God is good?) be given to us again, the treasures of perfected remembrance and purified love, our capital stock on which to begin the business of a heavenly life.

Another ten years, and, more than likely, it will all be ended here with us. We shall have found our chambers under the green sod, and be sleeping by the side of dear ones gone and by each other's side "in hope of the resurrection of the just." Or if either of us lag with here and there another of our contemporaries "superfluous on the stage," we shall feel that our work is ended, and wait impatient for our summons. How like a shadow it seems in itself! how full of inspiring significance it really is in its relations to the future—this swift-speeding, dream-like life of ours, that holds eternity in its bosom like the oak in an acorn's cup. . . .

His prophetic words were realized when scarcely more than four of the ten years had passed. The con-

viction was quietly deepening in his mind that his days were numbered. Although in the full vigor of plans for his work, he more than once expressed the belief that it would soon be done, declaring that his utmost expectation was to reach sixty-three, man's "grand climacteric." But a short time before his sixtieth birthday, he had confessed to an absent daughter his first surprise at finding how soon his "threescore years" would overtake him. He adds a postscript to the Christmas letter which, since her marriage, he had never failed to send as his holiday greeting :

VASSAR COLLEGE, DEC. 21, 1873.

. . . Monday morning, and I must close my screed. My own health has seemed unusually good this fall. Yet I feel the necessity of constant care to prevent my infirmities from taking a more disagreeable name. Do you know that in less than three months I shall be *sixty years old*? It seems very natural to you, no doubt; but the discovery has almost petrified me with amazement. I could not have thought it possible, and I feeling so youthful and immature, and so much of my life's work "in prospectu"! Only four years younger than my father was when he died, as I then thought, at a good old age! But I am more and more satisfied that we need not grow old to ourselves; for, as we advance, the future extends more rapidly and more invitingly before us, and we certainly should be growing not less but more capable of improving and enjoying it. Our hope, thank God, is an immortal one, and a change of worlds only a change of fields and an enlargement of opportunity.

And so, with a love as fresh and warm as ever, I wish you and yours a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and remain,
Your unchanging FATHER.

Where can we find a surer pledge of all that we long to know than in these words, so strangely like the last that he spoke on earth, that last precious testimony to which we cling? With those words falling on our ears in sweet and solemn cadence, these come as a refrain, and our doubts are silenced. "How easy—how easy—to glide from the work here to the work There," was the experience of a soul that, in a life of ceaseless activity, could believe "a change of worlds only a change of fields and an enlargement of opportunity." The latest utterance of his dying hour had been the familiar language of his life, and we may follow it back from year to year in the expressions which he has left to us :

TO DR. GEORGE A. BLISS.

VASSAR COLLEGE, April 24, 1873.

. . . I am glad to see that you are still able to carry heavy burdens, though I confess I regret the necessity. Yet why regret? This is not our place of rest, and when we reach the end of our earthly labors the least of our regrets will be their abundance. For myself, I think I can honestly say, the more the better, if only what is devolved upon me can be truly and well done. But every year the sense of inadequacy grows upon me; the responsibility steadily increasing, and my vigor, elasticity, and hopefulness beginning noticeably to wane. If I had no refuge in the faith of a personal God, sympathizing and ready to help—a Divine Master, full of pity and having all power in heaven and earth—if I felt shut up to inexorable natural law and inexorable moral law, and knew no Christ who is above law, I should give out and give up at once. But, thank God, that confidence does not

fail me yet; nor do I see that any of the developments of modern science, wonderful and bewildering as they certainly are, nor any of the subtle suggestions of modern unbelief, reach to the disturbing of the foundation on which we have built. I think it will abide our time at least—and I pray that our children may not lose it, unless a better is given them in its place—if that be possible.

Have you examined Calderwood's "Moral Philosophy"? I rather hastily adopted it as a text-book this year. It has the advantage of distinctly recognizing the most recent phases of ethical heresy, and is, I think, essentially sound in theory. But the treatment is confused and unsatisfactory, particularly for the tyro in such discussions, and my seniors have not had a happy time with it. Is there any text-book of ethics which does not hinder more than it helps?

We are all well, and the whole house send love and greeting.

How I wish that we could meet! But patience! the time is short.

Your loving brother JOHN.

VASSAR COLLEGE, March 17, 1870.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER: Your letter did reach me on the 7th, and added a very peculiar gratification to the many which contributed to make the day happy. I am not at all sure that the swift recurrence of these significant anniversaries, with their sharp reminder that one is fast growing old, would bring much pleasure, to one of my age at least, were it not for the accompanying expression of loves and friendships which grow riper and sweeter with every passing year. I suppose I have hardly a right, at only fifty-six, to assume the airs and claim the honors of an old man. But spite of myself, I

find my glance drawn forward, and cannot help suspecting a decided declivity in the path before me, and though the necessity of work, not only, but something, I trust, of its inspiration, keeps me going, I am afraid that I detect some growth of inertness, an increasing sense of the luxury of repose, belonging rather to the second than to the first half-century of life. *Dii avertite omen!*

Your mother has written you of all the pleasant things that marked the day. But I should not have left it for her to do had not an unusual crowd of business made the writing of love-letters a thing out of the question. And since then, what changes have come over our sky! The illness of "Grandma" filled us with anxiety, and your mother would not have been surprised to have been called at any moment to her bedside. And the very mail which relieved us of that apprehension brought the sad tidings of an unfavorable turn in Judge Lloyd's sickness. We are disappointed of a letter to-day, and, if we dared, would draw a little hope from that fact. Indeed, it is hard to believe the worst, so slow are we, after all our experience of this changing, sad, and dying world, to anticipate occurrences which make up so large a part of its daily experience. We are children of a larger growth, and our views of life are childish to the last. When we are come of age, and look back from heaven's maturity upon these scenes, how we shall smile at the dullness of our understanding and the slow growth of our faith, and only wonder that, with all the light of experience and revelation, we did not see things more nearly as they are—did not habitually anticipate such changes, and habitually rejoice in them, when, as in the case of your father Lloyd, they were but the crowning of a Christian life, the fruition of a sure and happy hope.

It would be too much, I suppose, to expect such views to be habitual with a bride of months only, living in a

crystal palace with a faultless husband, and so much to fill her earthly present and future with the realities and the visions of delight. But in the scenes in which you are now moving, they will certainly seem fitting. Nor would our relish of earthly blessings be less if we would mingle more of heaven in our estimate and enjoyment of them.

We shall wait with much solicitude for the next tidings, hoping that they may be favorable to your wishes, but praying that in any event the presence of the Master may be with you, and the supports of grace be given to the dying and living alike.

TO A FRIEND OF MANY YEARS.

VASSAR COLLEGE, March 20, 1869.

MY DEAR *old* FRIEND: I think you will not object to an epithet from which none but the shallow shrink, which to the wise is significant of the most precious, if not the fairest and most admired, things this world ("this poor world" I should say but for the precious old things in it) has to offer. So at least one may be allowed to think who has passed his *fifty-fifth* birthday! And, of all things that time tries and ripeness improves, what is like an old friendship? It was so like you, dear E., to remember my birthday in that far country (I should have forgotten it even here, had I not been reminded), and so like you to utter your thought in just this way. Nothing short of your personal apparition in the flesh could have brought you so vividly before me, to my "mind's eye" and my heart's. It has been a day brimful of happiness to me, for it brought so many palpable and beautiful expressions of the love which I have done so little to deserve, but which delights me none the less because I cannot

explain it. Among them all, dear E., none touched a deeper chord or thrilled me with a truer joy than yours. It assured me that years of separation and silence—silence for which I know that I am not blameless—have not estranged us. Your love, of course, I knew had not failed, nor, I trust, has your confidence in mine. So, at least, I interpreted the jessamines and roselets, and was comforted. The flowers had suffered some for their long journey, but there was enough of their original beauty left to suggest the whole, and memories of the true heart that sent them more than supplied the loss.

God has blessed me indeed with the love of many hearts, and many close about me, whose kindly expressions keep my cup constantly full. But the new ones do not displace the old ones, though they may engross my time and thoughts more perhaps than I ought to allow them to ; yet, when memory gets a chance to recall the absent faces and the former times, I find the old affection all unchanged, and, like some rare and rich old wine, brought out to honor some choice occasion, all the riper and more precious for the lapse of years. Is it not a cheering promise of the day of resurrection, when sleeping friendships shall also awake with the freshness of immortality upon them, and the truth of God be vindicated, that "love never faileth"? I believe it. If there is anything immortal, it is love, for surely nothing is more worthy of immortality.

TO MISS HANNAH W. LYMAN.

[*Then Lady-Principal of the College.*]

VASSAR COLLEGE, March 8, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN: Many, many thanks for the lovely flowers which you sent to smile upon my birthday morning. All day yesterday and again to-day they

have stood by my side, a presence of beauty, a ministry of consolation. How often, when perplexed and wearied with my work, have I lifted my eyes to them, so calm, so sweet, so exquisitely delicate, so unearthly in their perfection, and drunk in balm and healing with the glance. What a touch they have for a sore mind! How like a living thought of God, filling the room with light! How they breathe and whisper of His love! And it is not profanation to say that I prize them all the more that they assure me of a human as well as a divine affection. Of this, dear Miss Lyman, be sure, that your friendship—so lately found, so highly prized—is one of the things that reconcile me to the possibility of “many returns” of this day, here, so far from Home,—and also that I am ever gratefully and affectionately

Your friend and brother,

J. H. RAYMOND.

TO A DAUGHTER.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Dec. 18, 1870.

MY DARLING CHILD: Your letters are like cold water to a thirsty soul. It is an inexpressible comfort to know how much you find that is congenial and *happifying* in your new home and its surroundings, of which your detailed descriptions give us such vivid pictures. And you may be sure the constant prayer of our hearts is that the sun may continue to shine long, long—if I dared say it, ever. But alas! such is not the lot of man. “The days of darkness” will come, and be “many,” and the wiser prayer is that we may be so filled with the light divine that outward darkness and light shall be both alike to us. Is that a melancholy key to strike in these holiday times? I think you will not so regard it. For why should it dull our appreciation and enjoyment of inferior and

transient blessings to think that we are not dependent on them, to remember that we possess treasures which would abide though they should be snatched away, the thought of which will exalt and brighten them even while they last?

In his frequent reference to the "abiding treasures" we find a part of his very Confession of Faith. Many years before, he had gloried in these possessions, in writing to one whose friendship was indeed one of the enduring treasures:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, Nov., 1852.

MY DEAR E.: Your last letter was doubly welcome, as you may suppose, first because of the good news with which it was freighted, and then because it came from one we so much love. For, naughty as we confessedly are, dearest E., in this article of letter-writing, our hearts fail not to "indite good matter" toward you whenever your loved name is mentioned in our circle, or memory recalls your image amid the pleasing and mournful visions of the past. Sweet recollections! Yet why need we cling to them as a chief treasure, or reluctantly yield them as inexorable time bears them ever farther away? Is not "our life" in the hope-lighted realm of the future? Yea, is it not "hid with Christ in God"? The real value of our experiences in the past is this, that they are to be elements of our higher experience in the coming. I feel an assured faith of this, that there is to be no wreck of any of our affections, that there will be resurrections of heart-joys which we thought utterly lost and buried, and never to be renewed save in memories as tearful as they are tender. Oh no! it is not so. Our confidence is in Him that doeth all things well, who saw the end from

the beginning, who is educating us, and has been all along, for our immortal being, and who has had a *meaning* in all those myriad experiences of ours, which as yet seem to have been arrested in their unfolding, and sadly cut off, immature and fruitless,—a meaning which Heaven will declare. Then why regret? If all that is dear in the past is to be reproduced in the future, matured, exalted, glorified; and if this our hope is not the cloud-pile which fancy gilds into seeming “Islands of the Blest,” even as its beams are passing, to fade while we gaze into a gray and chill and drear reality of shadows and coming storms, but the serene discovery of faith under a broad *noon*-light, definite, steady, ever brightening and strengthening as we near it—why shall we not “forget the things behind,” or use them but as stand-points whence to “reach towards those before”?

But I am writing as though I had a day before me, and half a quire of foolscap to fill, when in fact I have just snatched five or ten minutes before I leave my study to go to tea, and have taken this scrap of paper to say that we “love here still,” and expect to love, and to love you forever, whether here or there, and to be loved, and often to renew the mutual assurance in modes more perfect and satisfying than this.

TO HIS ELDEST SISTER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 2, 1854.

MY DEAR SISTER: What shall I say to avert the sentence of condemnation which you have already passed upon me? Nothing; for I have nothing much to say, and you know it already. I have had a sort of miserable time in general since I took that wretched cold at your house, and have found it hard enough to endure my own tediousness without venturing to bestow it upon you.

But "time and tide" bear on the dull as well as the lively, and so you and I are still cheek by jowl at this bright beginning of a new spring, which I wish I felt sure would be as bright in its continuance and to its ending. 1854! and almost March 7! Well, we are forty now, and no joke! How soon it will all be over, and then for a spring whose continued brightness will be no matter of doubt! then for a life not to be measured off by years, nor burdened and crippled by infirmities!

Going back still farther in his life, we find it marked by a dividing-line which is most significant. His father's death, which called forth the following letter, had awakened him to a sense of the shortness of human life, and, in words that seem almost prophetic, he declares his belief that his own is *just half spent*. He was thirty-two when his father died at the age of sixty-four; he filled up the measure of the other half, and at sixty-four was himself laid to rest beside that beloved father. The same early friend who, in the very beginning of his ministry, preached the funeral discourse of the father, in the full ripeness of his powers paid the last tribute to the son; and the same heavenly words again robbed the grave of its bitterness: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

HAMILTON, Dec. 31, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: Your melancholy intelligence has just reached us. . . . But oh, how much of mercy is mingled in this bitter cup? To him, our dear sainted father, whom it seems now that I never revered and loved enough, is it not all mercy? His long,

laborious, and changing life seems to have run its full course and to be brought to a suitable close. Surely he had seen enough vicissitudes ; he had felt enough of care ; he had performed his share of toil ; he had enough experience of the vanity of earthly things. Why should we wish to detain him longer from his rest ? At one time, I did cherish anticipations for him of a long and peaceful evening to his weary day, a twilight rendered cheerful by the attentions of children and grand-children, and fading calmly away into the rest of heaven. But for a year or two past, I have not felt any confidence in such anticipations. I have not believed that he could be happy in such a way. He has often of late seemed to me without a home on earth, without employment, without anything that he could feel was his. An inscrutable Providence had shattered the charmed circle of *his* home long ago ; it could never be reconstructed. . . . Yet his life was full of interest. It was a genuine poem, not more so, perhaps, than life often is ; but to us, it must seem one of most affecting interest—a poem, in which strains of joy and sadness, tenderness and grandeur, succeed each other in rapid alternations, or blend in strange but ever beautiful and significant harmonies. I love in imagination to retrace it from its lowly beginnings, through all its shifting scenes, and then to look upon it as a whole. It seems to me to have a fine keeping—a warp of firm and truthful consistency beneath the varicolored woof which his fortunes wove upon it ; and I think it will afford a pleasing and profitable employment to us hereafter, to trace out the fundamental traits in his character and history.

And it has had a fitting end, through the grace of our adorable Redeemer a triumphant end. Who of us, then, shall wish it otherwise ? Oh, is it not much to feel that the history of our dear parents is closed, is all completed,

in such a style? That they have passed beyond the danger of any sad reverse? That they have "clean escaped" from this world where all the future is uncertain, and every day is laden with cause of terror and anxiety? "The memory of the just is blessed," and this is our inheritance. . . .

"And we are orphans." Yes, dear sister, for ourselves we have occasion to mourn; for, in our home-gatherings hereafter, how we shall miss his cheerful voice, his bright smile, his gentle admonitions, his ever-bubbling flow of happy feeling and kindly affections; and *you* will miss him daily. But on the other hand, you will converse about him much, his friends are all around you, your children knew him familiarly. This consolation is denied me. Even my wife had but little opportunity to become acquainted with him, and I feel it as a real trial that my children will never have his image on their hearts, will never feel any personal interest in reminiscences of "Grandpa Raymond." It seems to cut them off from the family center. But, my dear brother and sister, we will not leave the vacuum unclosed. We will press more closely together and maintain by interlinking cords of love that family unity of which thus far he has been the visible nucleus. And, looking upwards whither he has gone, let us look for a final reassembling, a reconstruction of our happy domestic system, in the mansions of our Heavenly Father's house.

For myself, I feel that this day is a new epoch in my life; it may be the last; what remains may be short. I pray that it may be more productive of glory to God and good to men than the almost fruitless past. One principal partition between myself and the grave seems to be taken down. The end seems vastly nearer than I imagined. I begin to realize with more distinctness that I am a boy no longer, that manhood with all its responsibilities is here, though with but little of its maturity, and that I must gird up my

loins and address myself to the race, for half my time has run away, and I have hardly begun. Half my time! Just think of it! I am just half as old as Father, and he has died an old man! "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." How soon the icy tap of death will be heard at our gates! Oh that we may be prepared to say "we are ready—all is well—all is peace." . . .

These were his father's dying words. The son's wish was answered, and their spirit breathed in the last that fell from his own lips. The conviction that his years were just half numbered is again expressed, in a letter written, soon after this, to another sister:

TO MRS. GEORGE R. BLISS.

HAMILTON, Jan., 1846.

How brief the time appears! I can more distinctly see how near the grave is. Father's age was only twice my own. I then can remember almost to the time when he was of my present age, and yet I had hardly thought my life begun, and ever looked forward for the commencement of my career. And is it possible, I ask myself, that at farthest I have no longer time to live than I have lived already? Having ascended to the culminating point of life, so far as its duration is concerned, must I henceforth tread a declining path?

I wish that I might meet you in Brooklyn, in the coming spring. I feel a growing desire to get closer to all that remain of the sacred hearth-circle, as I more distinctly realize how soon it will be entirely dissolved. *Who next will be called?* We five have come up together from happy childhood, bound into one by him who is no more. Gladly would we detain each other, that neither in life nor in death we should be separated. But one after another will drop

away, and the survivors feel more and more lonely and cold in their own journey to the grave. Who will go first? Who stay until the last? God grant that, from first to last, each may be ready when his summons comes. Then will the separation be but short, and the reunion speedy and eternal.

I was greatly disappointed in not seeing something like a suitable obituary from some of you, immediately after Father's death. I took it for granted that the thing would be done while you were all on the ground together. It must be done yet, at least drawn up, whether published or not. How thankful we all feel to Robert's active affection, to which we owe it that the image of that dear face has not vanished from the earth forever. Now we have the means not only of perpetuating the yet fresh impression on our memories, but of sharing the pleasure with friends, whose recollections cannot be so vivid, and others who, never having seen him, may learn from us to admire and love him. And shall we not be equally anxious to preserve an accurate delineation of his character, to transcribe, while they are yet distinct in our minds, those features of mental and moral beauty on which we shall never cease to dwell with delight? I propose, therefore, that it be the business of each, until we meet, to call up all those traits which have seemed particularly interesting, and any illustrations of his character which are impressed on the memory, and as far as possible to recall, or ascertain by inquiry, the leading incidents of his life, that a brief record may be made of them for our own future satisfaction and that of our children and friends. I have often wished also to know something more definite about Mother, her traits of mind and character, her manner, her domestic habits, and especially something of her early life. I have long intended to draw from Father some information on these points; but, like a true Raymond, have deferred it till too late.

The record that he wished was never made. The grandfather whose name became a household word of mingled brightness and vagueness was known to most of his children's children only in reminiscences that made up the family traditions. Quaint and pithy sayings, in which he delivered the counsels that had become familiar maxims, told us of a mind of striking originality, while incidents in which he figured gave us glimpses of a character in which strength was united with a womanly tenderness and refinement, a character capable of heroic sacrifice and almost stoical devotion to duty. A family portrait had preserved his outward features, and in the light that shone from them we fancied we could see the play of pathos and humor that was reflected in all we knew of him, so small a part of all that we desired to know. How we longed for a more perfect image of the life within, of "those features of mental and moral beauty" that remained to us only in shadowy outline!

Far more imperfect was the knowledge of our grandmother, the cherished wife whom he had mourned for a quarter of a century before his own death. From childhood we had heard of the constancy with which, every year as the anniversary of her death approached, he gradually withdrew from the family circle, a gentleness and gravity of manner becoming more and more apparent, until the day itself was marked by his absence from table and fireside. Locked in his own room, whose door was at no other time closed to his children, he spent the day in the seclusion of a grief which was the only experience he ever failed to share with them. The memory so faithfully cherished for twenty-five returning years made an indelible impres-

sion upon hearts to whom the lost mother was the embodiment of all things pure and high in womanhood. Faintly remembered by the oldest of her little family, to us of the third generation she existed but as a far-off ideal, a vision of that Past whose voices bring only gentle and loving reports, whose dreamy distance softens all its figures into lines of beauty and perfection.

In the motherless group which she had left was a boy of ten, on whose spirit this first shadow fell. Standing midway in the family of five, he received the confidences of a younger brother and sister, and the devoted care and sympathy of the brother and sister older than himself. For fifty-four years after the mother's death the fraternal band remained unbroken, knit together by ties of uncommon intimacy. For fifty-four years the question so often asked remained unanswered—"Which of our number shall go first?" It was not strange (if the loving testimony of brothers and sisters may be accepted) that the life most tirelessly consumed with unselfish labors should be soonest spent; that the circle should be shaken at its center when he who had been brother, friend, and counselor was cut down. A life so ripe and sweet needed not the allotted threescore years and ten for its full rounding. It has ceased on earth. Shall it be left to fade from the remembrance of those who come after us? More powerfully than any living voice my father's plea for a knowledge of *his* father has appealed to me, forecasting the time when others may be seeking him, too, among the shadows of the Past; and I have pledged myself to a picture of his life—drawn chiefly by his own hand—which shall preserve its distinctive features

to a large circle of kindred and friends. It is their earnest wish that the image now so clear should not be lost, nor become to later generations the vague and distant vision of a character which does not need the idealizing touch of time to give it grace.

CHAPTER II.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

IT was impossible to begin the narrative of my father's life without meeting certain difficulties. All knowledge of his birthplace, early days, and the scenes in which he moved before his marriage, was in a most nebulous state. It was easy to understand his own regret at the want of a father's memoir. Great was our rejoicing when, after unsatisfactory efforts to obtain the desired details, there was one day discovered in the recesses of a book-case an undreamed-of treasure, the story of those early years written in his own words, of whose existence he had never spoken. When a young college professor, he had been requested to write a sketch of his personal history for a literary society, to which each member had contributed, in turn, in the same manner. He thus unconsciously anticipated our questions, and to our floating and confused ideas gave unity and distinctness.

He had been heard to say that he was sent to school when three years of age, and from that time had never been out of school except on regular vacations, passing without intermission from pupil to teacher, tutor, professor, president. It is not strange that a history of his life should be a history of schools and educational systems. With what delight we seized upon the story of his various teachers, and to their influence traced the tastes and pursuits of his lifetime.

A time-worn copy of Gould Brown's Grammar, recently found among his books, bears this inscription: "This book I studied thoroughly and (considering my age) understandingly, under the instruction of the author, in the winter of 1823-'24, when I was between nine and ten years old. It was the foundation of all the intellectual discipline I ever had." It recalls the life-long enthusiasm with which he expatiated upon the importance of this favorite study, and directs our attention to his own account of the way in which it was awakened by the famous old pioneer teacher himself.

Another of his hobbies was the importance of Latin as a fundamental study. A multitude of witnesses testify to the faithful persuasions which labored with their unbelief, and influenced them to build upon this sure foundation. The picture of the embryo scholar stretched at full length upon that academical bench and drinking in the mellifluous measures of a Latin declension again and again repeated, foreshadows the interviews with future pupils in which he presented the truth in those earnest iterations.

In his early admiration for the New York High School and its most excellent system we see the germ of his own ideas of systematic management, and of that talent for effective organization which was afterwards developed. And in the portrait of his ideal teacher, with his modes of discipline and the high motives to which he appealed, we can hardly fail to recognize the exemplar which he himself followed.

The history of his college life was entirely unknown to us. But it has not been thought necessary to withhold his recital of the bitter experience which yielded gracious fruits. Our sympathy with the youthful

offender receives a little zest from the fact that the policy of those responsible for his guidance was not without grave errors. He was certainly taught to avoid them in his own treatment of similar cases. In the story of lessons thus early learned, we may not lose the influence of a life so soon directed to the noblest aims.

The sports of his boyish days give a clue to the relaxations of later life. The genius for inventing games was turned to good account for the benefit of his own children, and the dramatic gift which vented itself in a juvenile theatre provided us a perpetual fund of entertainment. To those familiar with his passionate love of the ocean, it is interesting to see how its captivations won his boyish heart. He was ever a most ardent lover. It was the same bright ocean to which he turned in times of utmost exhaustion, and in its sparkling draughts he twice received back the life so nearly drained. The same peaceful ocean now watches his last slumbers in Greenwood, and, stretching away in broad sheets of silver light, seems an earnest of the rest which he has found so near its bosom.

I. MY BOYISH DAYS.

. . . The life of a great man is concentrated in a few sublime achievements with the details of which the world is familiar: the bare mention of these awakens wonder and delight. But a "brief biographical sketch" of an insignificant man amounts to nothing, and cannot serve even as an apology for its own existence. A most republican equality prevails among the days and deeds of such a man's life. All are equally inconsiderable, and no good reason can be thought of for mentioning one which will not apply to all the rest; besides that, accord-

ing to the old Scotch proverb, it takes "many a little to make a mickle." On principles of modesty, therefore, I shall probably make my tale a tedious one. From a similar motive I eschew the formal dignity of the historical third person, and affect the simple sincerity of the familiar first.

I was born, then, some thirty years aback, in one of the most ancient and venerable sections of the goodly city of Gotham, on a street hight Van De Water,—a full-blooded Yankee in the very center of Dutchdom. My parents were a youthful couple from Connecticut, who had established themselves in the great metropolis that they might secure for themselves a wider field of enterprise, and for their family ampler means and opportunities for education. Eight children successively claimed their care; of whom three are not, but five continue to this present day.

What omens attended my birth I am utterly unable to say, save that I brought into the world a physiognomy and a disposition which, if tradition have a good memory, caused much maternal anguish.

My boyish life presents itself to the eye of recollection under a two-fold aspect: the first, a winter-life, pent up in city walls and under the eye severe of domestic and scholastic discipline, the life of

". . . whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school;"

the other, a joyous, free, and happy summer-life, amid green fields and under genial skies.

The homestead of my paternal ancestors was situated in the town of Norwalk, Conn., on the banks of one of those short, deep "creeks" as they are called, or, more properly, narrow bays, by which the waters of the Long

Island Sound run far up into the land to meet the silver streamlets from the hills. At the point of junction you would at that time generally find a mill-seat and a village. Such was the situation of the village of Norwalk, about a mile and a half from the Sound. A mile below, and within sight of the green islands that lie scattered about the mouth of the creek (a glorious spot for fishing and chowder parties) stood my grandparents' house. And thither it was my father's custom every summer, as soon as the dog-star began to rage, to send all his family away from the hot and pestilential breath of the city. What is now a dull trip of three mortal hours in a steamboat [since reduced to an hour and a half by rail] was then a voyage in the primitive sloop, varying, according to the state of tide and wind, from two days to a week, and full of incident and adventure. How our young spirits bounded within us as the gay vessel went careering over the waves, now leaning her cheek against the waters until her top-mast almost touched them, then suddenly tossing up her head and dashing aside their caresses like a wayward maiden that flouted her wooer but still wanted to be wooed. How we ran hither and thither, prying into all the strange corners, scraping acquaintance with the sailors, learning to coil the ropes and climb the shrouds, and how we envied the freedom and romance of the seaman's life! This feeling came to be a sort of fever with me, and has left to this day an unconquerable attachment to ocean scenery, and to everything that reminds me of a "life on the ocean wave." I do not know but I might at some time have carried out a favorite project of my boyish days, that of running away for a life before the mast, were it not for a mortifying check which my ambition received when about nine years of age. One calm evening when the moon was shining down through a thin white haze, I stood on the quarter-

deck of one of those sloops, and fancied myself the proud commander of a seventy-four, a buccaneer or a discoverer, plowing the waves of some far-distant sea. All hands had gone below except one, the mate of the vessel, who had stood at the helm until about the time the others disappeared, and was now engaged in coiling away some loose ropes on the deck. This finished, he turned to me: "Look here, Bub, will you hold the tiller a little while, and let me go below?" Certainly, no one could be more willing. "There," said he, "do you see that big tree on the point yonder ahead? Keep her nose right on to that." And he left me alone in my glory. I will not tell what dreams of wild adventure rushed through my brain during the next half-hour. But at the end of that time it occurred to me that the sloop kept herself wonderfully straight and wonderfully still, so that there seemed hardly any need of the helm at all. No wonder—it was a perfect calm; and now that I turned my eye upward, I perceived that there was not a rag of sail standing, and it flashed like lightning on my recollection, that the last thing the men did before going below, was to let go the anchor. How like a shower-bath did these discoveries fall on my kindled spirit, and with what sudden haste did I sneak into the cabin and to my berth, though not so quietly as to escape the cachinnatory salutation for which the mate's story had already charged a cabin-full of passengers.

Arrived at the ancestral home, we spent the golden summer-months in country sports. There I learned to ride and drive, to swim and fish, to sail a boat and shoot a gun, and do a thousand things for which the city offers no opportunities to its pallid sons; and I might tell of some adventures,

". . . of hair-breadth 'scapes,
And moving accidents by flood and field,"

were it my bent to speak of things like these. Truth, however, requires me to say that, on the whole, I never distinguished myself by any high degree of success in athletic games. True, I could swim like a duck, and spent half my nonage in the water; and I attained some skill in the management of a boat. But there my accomplishments ended. I could not jump the length of my leg nor run as fast as a smart kitten. I never raised a kite in my life, though I sometimes made them for other boys. At ball and cricket I "followed in the chase not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry." My toes could never endure the pressure of a skate-strap for an hour together. Wrestling was my abhorrence, for nothing ever hurt me more, in soul or body, than a hard fall; and as to actual fighting, my discretion was always of more service to me than my valor. I was more successful in those games and amusements which required invention and manual skill rather than great agility or strength, such as marbles, mumble-the-peg, jack-stones and jack-straws; was great at tit-tat-to, fox-and-geese, and checkers; and when I got somewhat older, obtained considerable *éclat* (in connection with Aleck. H. and the now Honorable H. C. M.) for our success in manufacturing electric machines out of old junk-bottles; for a steam-engine that would "go," made out of a big squirt for cylinder, a little squirt for steam-box, and a piece of tin gutter with ends soldered on for boiler; and above all, for a miniature theater which we built in Aleck's garret, with side-scenes and back-scenes, curtains and footlights, dresses and properties all complete—and played a play therein ("The Turnpike Gate: a farce") to the infinite amusement of Mr. H.'s black man Joe, his old fat house-dog Watch, and five or six urchins of the neighborhood who paid a penny apiece for admission.

But it was not "all play and no work" for Jack in his

boyish days, though he would have been well satisfied with that arrangement, *maugre* his ill-success in athletic sports. Turn we to the darker side of Memory's vision, to trace his progress through "the schools." In them I may honestly claim to have spent my "quarter of a century." Nay, it is impossible for me to recall the period when I was not in some form or other a victim of academic incarceration. It is now too late to hope for a release until the universal Emancipator comes and breaks the bonds of life.

My first teacher was Mammy Collis, a name once known—and feared, I trow—of many, though now, like that of Shenstone's ancient dame,

"Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity."

The feature in her education which was most *striking* at the time, and has left the deepest impression, was the frequent and smart application of her thimble-shod middle finger to the susceptible crania of her pupils, to the manifest multiplication of their cerebral organs, a mode of phrenological development not commonly noticed by professors of that science.

My next teacher, who was a cripple, performed the same philosophical operation with his crutch, used hammerwise, and I presume with equally beneficial results.

When about eight years old I was transferred to the classical school of Goold Brown, the well-known author of the best English grammar ever written, on the plan of Lowth, and a teacher of very different order from the two preceding. This gentleman was a Quaker, and to the proverbial mildness of his sect added the kindly tendencies of corporeal rotundity. He was, indeed, a jewel of a pedagogue, the very incarnation of benevolent complacency and the love of all his pupils. The supervision of

order in the school was ostensibly deputed to a monitor, selected generally from among the smaller boys, who sat at an elevated desk in the center of the room, and whose business it was to notice irregularities and report them to the master. The ordinary punishment was the fine of a penny or a toy (alas! for the unlucky dog who had neither, and yet dared to be naughty!), and the revenue arising from the fines inured to the monitor. Modern educators would shake their heads over the moral influence of this method of discipline; but of its practical efficacy there can be no doubt. Whether I loved most my teacher's bland smile or the emoluments of the monitorial office, I will not, at this distance of time, pretend to determine. Certain it is that I felt an unwonted anxiety to please this teacher, and as the surest way into his good graces I instinctively applied myself to the study of English grammar with an enthusiasm which that study rarely kindles in the youthful votary, and with a consequent success of which I felt sufficiently vain. My kind-hearted instructor was not slow to discover the bias of my mind towards his own favorite pursuit, or to strengthen that bias by all the means in his power. The result was inevitable. I left his school in a year or two with my head full of Brown's Institutes, and my doom sealed beyond redemption. I was a predestinate "Professor of English Grammar."

The next stadium in my educational career was a year spent, together with an older brother, at the Hamilton Academy [Hamilton, Madison County, New York] between the ages of ten and eleven. Ah! those were halcyon days to which I still look back as to a sunny spot in the wilderness of the past. To an unenlightened little cit like myself, Hamilton seemed a green forest-home in the farthest West, the abode of absolute liberty and primitive simplicity, away beyond all fear of frowns and

rods and other foes to boyhood's bliss. Besides, a whole year in the country was in my imagination equivalent to a whole year of uninterrupted play. If this idea were illusory, I met with nothing during the year to dispel the illusion, either in school or out of school.

Left thus pretty much to my own discretion, I claim some credit for having taken up, self-moved, two quite important branches of my education. In the first place, I commenced the study of Latin, and well do I remember the manner of it. Lying at full length on a bench in the "upper chapel," as we used to call a large room in the third story of the brick academy, my ear was caught by the music of a Latin paradigm in process of recitation by a class of tyros. Having nothing more agreeable to think of at the moment, I "lent a listening ear," and before the class had finished I could decline "*mitis, mitis, mite—mitis, mitis, mitis—miti, miti, miti*, etc., with the best of them, "though," as Shakespeare somewhere remarks, "that's not much." The strain ran in my head all that day. No matter where I was, or what I did, all went to the tune of "*mitis, mitis, mite*." From this time listening to recitations of the Latin class became a favorite amusement; until, with some assistance from a borrowed book, I became almost as familiar with Adam's Grammar as I had before been with Brown's.

The other branch was composition, which I commenced by a volunteer essay on "Early Rising." For this ambitious effort I was abundantly rewarded by hearing it read to the big boys as a specimen of what could be done in that way by a little fellow without any aid from disciplinary incentives. From that proud moment the kingdom of Rhetoric was set up in my bosom by the side of the kingdom of Grammar.

One afternoon, as I was returning from some juvenile excursion to my boarding-place, I saw my brother stand-

ing at the window of our little chamber. He held up a letter. In those days a letter from home was the *summum bonum*, the acme of enjoyment. With dancing eyes and blood and thoughts I rushed into the room to meet—alas! what a revulsion! The letter announced the sudden death of my mother. Long did my young bosom swell with pent-up anguish. The following day tears came to my relief, and then I wept, poor, smitten child, for days, refusing to be comforted. Ah! had I understood my loss, methinks I should have wept till now. The magnitude of the loss, and the countless ways in which it has unhappily affected my subsequent career, are topics too painfully serious to be here set forth. Suffice it to say that the shadow of that cloud still rests sadly and coldly on my path; nor do I expect to emerge entirely from its gloom until I look once more into those soft eyes under cloudless skies in glory.

We returned from Hamilton in the spring of 1825 to a home changed indeed, and saddened, but far from desolate. God had from the beginning blessed us, as a family, with strong affections and a mutual pride; and now, though despoiled of our chief treasure, we were still rich in one another. During our absence my father had removed to Brooklyn, L. I., then an insignificant village, the advantages of whose location and whose prospective importance few had the sagacity to discern. Here I was put to school to "old Sam," as we used irreverently to call him, to distinguish him from a younger brother, although he was then a young man, and is now no less a personage than the very Rev. Dr. Samuel S., editor of the New York *Churchman* and coryphæus of Puseyism on cisatlantic shores. . . .

A single term appears to have satisfied my father as to the probable value of this influence; for in the fall of that year I became a pupil of the New York High School,

the first and perhaps the most splendid and successful experiment of the Lancastrian (or monitorial) system ever made in this country. The late Daniel S. Barnes and the senior Griscomb, both men of mark, were at its head; and, aided by a large and efficient corps of assistant teachers, had at that time five hundred pupils (all males) under their charge. These were collected in a three-story brick building of an elegant structure and noble dimensions, built expressly for the purpose, in which all the arrangements were made on the most liberal scale. A complete philosophical and chemical apparatus, well-filled cabinets of mineralogy and conchology, a magnificent set of transparencies for the illustration of astronomy, botany, anatomy, and other sciences, ample yards fitted up with a great variety of fixtures for gymnastic and calisthenic exercises, the spacious walls of the rooms within covered with all manner of instruction—paintings, mottoes, alphabets, diagrams, and other devices—these were some of the numberless appliances by which, in that excellent establishment, the interest of the pupil was constantly excited and richly rewarded. I never knew a busier or a happier place.

Here, for the first time, I learned what “system” means in the conduct of a school. Every minute in the week had its employment assigned, and a departure from the established arrangement, to gratify the caprice of individuals, was as little looked for as an irregularity in the movements of the sun. There were a hundred and fifty pupils in the highest room, where I occupied a seat for about two years; and though our studies differed somewhat, we all moved together on a plan carefully adjusted to the several divisions. The recitations were heard by monitors under supervision of the teachers. So perfect was the order that not even the voice of a teacher could be heard above the hum of business, which filled that magnificent apartment like the music of a bee-hive,

except at specified times or for some extraordinary communication. All ordinary directions were given by means of a "telegraph," to which a teacher's whistle or the bell of the monitor-general would in the busiest moment attract every eye, while at the sound every voice and every foot-fall would be arrested as by the stroke of Death. The range of studies at the High School was very wide, embracing besides the ordinary branches of a complete English, classical, and mathematical education, lectures on all the natural sciences accompanied with copious illustrations, elementary lessons in drawing and other ornamental arts, and instruction touching a great variety of minor matters and manners, of great practical value, but rarely noticed in our systems of public education. It was indeed an admirable school; though for some reason its remarkable efficiency did not survive the death of its founder, the ingenious and somewhat eccentric Barnes, who was killed in 1828 (I think) by leaping from a stage-coach while its frightened team were running at the top of their speed.

But the greatest benefit which I derived from my connection with the High School was the acquaintance I then formed with Daniel P. Bacon, the best and most beloved of all my early teachers. He was at that time, though quite a youth, the head teacher in the highest room, and superintended the instruction of the classical and mathematical departments. In the fall of 1827 he resigned this situation, and opened a select school limited to twenty pupils of a certain stage of advancement, of whom I had the good fortune to be one. Here I spent a year, and finished my preparation for college under the eye of one whom I do not hesitate to pronounce the most finished teacher with whom I ever became acquainted. Thorough master of everything that he undertook to teach, his aim appeared to be to give his pupils views as complete and accurate as he possessed himself. If he failed in any case, the defect was in the capacity of the

scholar, and not in the teacher's faithfulness or skill. His manners were as accomplished as his mind; and in every particular, from the least to the greatest, he appeared to his pupils the model of "all that might become a man." His discipline was admirably adapted to the class of minds with which he had to deal. It appealed primarily to their sense of honor and self-respect. His principle was, to treat his pupils as gentlemen, and to expect them to treat him and one another so. The idea of being governed by the rod he taught us to despise. Relying principally on our sense of honor, he took care at the same time to cultivate our sense of right; and, I believe, was almost invariably successful in impressing the conviction that nothing could be worthy of a manly mind which a well-instructed conscience disapproved.

I have now traced, as far as need be, the progress of the physical and intellectual man (*quære*, boy?) up to the fall of 1828, at which time I entered the Freshman class of Columbia College, in the city of New York, being a little over fourteen years of age. Of my moral developments during this period I have little to say. My natural disposition was amiable. I was always too indolent to be ugly, and have often relinquished my rights rather than take the trouble to maintain them. My advantages for religious instruction were excellent. My parents were both Christians of an unusual order. Beginning their religious life as Congregationalists, their own study of the Scriptures made them Baptists in sentiment, and they acted on their convictions, at the sacrifice of a thousand precious privileges and associations. At the time of my birth, my father was a deacon in the Fayette (since Oliver) Street Church, then under the pastoral charge of John Williams, father of the present Wm. R. Williams, D.D. My father was a man of distinguished religious enterprise, was indeed far in advance of most Baptists of that period in all his views and

habits with regard to Christian action, and took personal and prominent part in the various missionary and benevolent movements which began to spring up in his day. One object he had in view, in removing to Brooklyn in 1825, was the setting up of the Baptist standard in a spot which he rightly supposed (though at the time that was regarded as one of his enthusiastic notions) was destined to become one of the largest cities in the State. He commenced the first Baptist meeting ever held in Brooklyn, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a little church planted, of which he was the first deacon and the most efficient supporter, until it grew beyond the need of any individual's assistance. He was an ardent Sunday-school man, and filled the office of superintendent longer back than I can remember and with distinguished success.

It will not be doubted, therefore, that my infancy and childhood were blessed with all the religious advantages that could be furnished by a Christian home, the sanctuary, and the Sabbath-school combined. Ah me! the depravity of a natural heart was more than a match for all these influences; and the streets of a great city would of course furnish abundant aliment adapted to nourish and strengthen that depravity.

II. MY COLLEGE LIFE.

I am now at college, and a thousand recollections rush upon my mind, waking a tumult of mingled emotions in which pain and pleasure strive confusedly for the mastery. Aware of the necessity of being brief, I hardly know what to select as least unworthy of commemoration.

Columbia College at that time (as also, I believe, at the present) was noted for the excellence of its classical course. It had resisted that tendency, then so prevalent in the colleges of our country, to yield to the mathe-

mathematical sciences an undue and disproportionate prominence in the plan of a liberal education. The pure mathematics, indeed, in the hands of the gifted but modest Anderson, and the mixed mathematics under Prof. Renwick, received a liberal share of attention. Dr. McVickar was all that could be desired in the chair of Philosophy, Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres. But the classical department was the glory of the institution. The elegant Dr. Moore, now President of the College, was at the head of it, and Charles Anthon, then in the dawn of his notoriety, was Adjunct Prof. of the same and Rector of the grammar-school. He had the principal charge of the Freshman class, and was the most absolute and relentless drill-master into whose hands poor Freshmen ever fell. All things considered, probably no college in the country afforded better advantages to one who knew how to appreciate and was disposed to improve them. Yet, partly from the force of circumstances, and partly from my own childish perverseness, my college course was very sadly impaired, indeed almost wholly lost. Fortunately, my extreme youth, which was the principal occasion of my failures, afforded me a subsequent opportunity of measurably retrieving the loss. But I will not anticipate.

I soon felt the advantage given me by the thoroughness of my preparation. Among the members of the class, which numbered about thirty, were several noble fellows with whom I should not think of comparing myself in point of general ability, and I have, therefore, attributed it principally to the excellence of my preliminary training that I received any mark of distinction from my teachers or classmates.

It was the custom of Prof. Anthon, at the close of the first two months of the college year, to divide the class into two branches, as nearly equal as possible in point

of talent and scholarship. This he did by appointing two chiefs, or *Κεφαλαί*, as he called them (for he was a sad pedant), and allowing them to choose from their classmates alternately until the whole number was exhausted. At the end of the next two months a new division was made, the class this time electing their own chiefs. At the end of the first session of six months the first examination took place, at which time, as well as at every subsequent examination, the class was arranged by the Faculty in what was called the order of general merit.

My college ambition was of just two months' duration. It attained its complete gratification when Prof. Anthon announced his appointment of J. L. O'Sullivan and myself as *ἀνὶ Κεφαλαί*, of the Freshmen. I felt satisfied now that any honor the college had to bestow was within my reach, and nothing more was necessary to satiate my appetite and paralyze my exertions—a striking proof, by the way, of the wretched folly of appealing so exclusively to motives of personal ambition in the great business of education. My efforts to “shine” began to relax. I was content with doing respectably, and was occasionally caught nodding when I ought to have been wide-awake. Before the close of the second two months, the Professor gave, once and again, fearful admonitions of an approaching “decapitation,” and according to a common law in colleges, as I sank in the estimation of the “Prof.” my popularity increased in the class, and on counting the ballots it was found that I was again elected (with O'Sullivan) by a considerable majority. I had made my calculations to obtain the fourth or fifth place in the “general order of merit.” I could not be satisfied with a lower place, and affected to despise a higher. It is my present opinion that those calculations were not far from correct; that so far as scholarship was con-

cerned I could not have fallen below the sixth. My friends claimed a much higher place for me. Judge, then, of my feelings when my name appeared as *the thirteenth* on the list. There is but one explanation to be given of this; viz., that it was intended by the Faculty as a special rebuke for my manifest falling off, and as a sharp stimulus to the renewal of my exertions. I do not even now feel qualified to pronounce on the propriety or wisdom of the act. It was doubtless well-meant, but it was very ill-received both by myself and by the class generally. It appealed to the last motive to which my pride would allow me to yield, and I regarded it at the same time as an act of gross injustice, for which no considerations of expediency could be a sufficient warrant. It sank down into my spirit, already working with many unhealthy passions, and awakened feelings towards my instructors more nearly approaching the malignant than I remember ever to have indulged on any other subject.

This unhappy affair operated in almost every way to my disadvantage. It rendered me reckless in regard to the regular course of studies, and bent on manifesting my contempt for the regulations and constituted authorities of the college in every possible way consistent with my continuing a member of it. It was my boast that I never opened a Latin or Greek book until I went into the class, when, though I would not for the world have confessed my anxiety on the subject to my classmates, I managed to obtain a tolerable acquaintance with the lesson. Even when my own turn came early in the hour I was not inattentive to the remainder of the recitation, for I was by no means unambitious of classical culture, and I may fairly claim to have made the most of my lame and awkward plan of study. In addition to this, I always spent several days before that of examina-

tion in going as thoroughly as I could over what had been read during the session. This was done secretly, of course, as I would not have had it known that I paid even this much respect to the prescribed course. My gradually improved standing in the "order of merit," is the best evidence I have that my performances were not altogether contemptible even in the languages. To the mathematical and rhetorical studies I professed to pay more attention, though the negligent habits I was forming soon affected these, and I now see that my entire education was exceedingly injured by the false position which I had assumed. I am convinced that nothing but the admirable grounding which I had received at school, and the opportunity afforded by my youth for afterwards reviewing my collegiate course to some extent, prevented the absolute ruin of this part of my education.

In one way only did I derive any benefit from this state of things. My love of popularity and influence in the class induced me to improve every *other* means of intellectual cultivation within my reach. I spent much time in reading; enlarged my acquaintance with the English classics much more than I needed to at that time, or could have done had I been faithful to my duties; and became a sort of boyish oracle on subjects of general literature and criticism. I wrote much and always wrote as well as I could, spending more time on compositions and orations than I should have liked to admit; and, though often applied to, I do not know that I ever refused to perform this service for any dunce or drone among my classmates. But my chosen arena was the literary society (the Peithologian) to which I belonged. Here I laid out all the strength I possessed, and here I obtained all my college honors. The silver medal for "Excellence in Oratory," which at the close

of my Sophomore year I took away from a number of honorable competitors (several of them belonging to higher classes), particularly pleased me, and, next to this, my repeated elections to the editorial chair of *The Academic*, our society paper. Under these circumstances, I naturally acquired a deep interest in rhetorical studies, and took unwearied pains to improve. I was always fond of writing, but my attention was now turned to oratory, for which I had no very decided natural bent. It was my constant habit while in college to spend a part of the day several times a week in the civil and criminal courts, studying the style of debate and delivery in vogue among the lawyers. For a similar purpose, in part, I frequented the theater, and became a sort of connoisseur in theatrical criticism. Shakespeare I studied with laborious assiduity and genuine relish, and this I have never regretted. Such was the effect of my efforts that I overcame in a great measure a natural bashfulness, which I had supposed would always unfit me for public speaking, and my mind was entirely diverted from the study of medicine, which had been my first choice for a profession, and set on that of law.

If my studies were pursued in a manner of which I have no reason to be proud, my general deportment as a member of college was such that the recollection fills me with shame and regret. The spirit of insubordination, an evil spirit, a foul fiend, in whom there is no trace of manliness or generosity, took full possession of me. This became characteristic of our class generally. Whatever would most annoy our instructors, and most effectually thwart their efforts to do us good, that was our chief delight.

The summer session of our Sophomore year was especially memorable for the height to which we carried our disorderly exploits. Dr. McVickar, the professor of Rhetoric

and Belles Lettres, was temporarily absent on a visit to Europe. Rev. E. D. Griffin, a young Episcopal clergyman, with whose elegant "Remains" some of you are doubtless acquainted, was appointed to fill his place for the time. Griffin had himself just returned from a European tour, and his person and manners, already distinguished for beauty and grace rather than by any marks of unusual strength, were rendered to our Sophomore eyes absolutely effeminate and contemptible by the additional refinement of a foreign polish. He was injudicious enough to prepare in writing everything that he wished to say to the class. No matter how familiar the subject, or simple the remark, we had it in good set form, in elegant and, as we thought, ambitious sentences, "excellently pronounced, with good accent and good discretion." Probably we exaggerated the matter, for it was doubtless easier for him to make fine sentences than we could well understand. To us, his speech was (like Claudio's) a "very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." So after attending two recitations we formally voted him "a cake unbaked," and not to be encouraged. (A certain sugar jumble, made by a neighboring baker, and a great favorite with the students, was thereupon christened by his name, and, for aught I know, the cakes are to the present day bought and sold as *Griffins*). Thenceforth we took a most effectual course to discourage him. For instance: There was no law against eating in the recitation-room; and, accordingly, you might often see an owl-eyed fellow whose bodily appetite was sharper than his mental, quietly munching an apple, or nibbling a bit of candy, when he should have been feasting on intellectual dainties. The particular case met with no objection. How would the idea appear generalized? And so some bright genius proposed a "dinner-party at the eleven-o'clock recitation." The day is fixed, a lecture-day, and the cards are issued, every member of the class being invited and requested to

"find himself." At the appointed hour, while all the class were unusually busy in taking notes of the lecture, one after another might have been seen drawing from his pocket his chosen confection, and without any apparent consciousness that his classmates were similarly employed, gravely commencing the process of manducation. An edifying sight it must truly have been, when about three fourths of the number were fairly at work; and the sound of so many active jaws blending with the busy scratch of so many pencils and pens, how soothing to the sensitive nerves of our elegant lecturer! This "feast of reason" was more than once repeated.

It was also discovered that a number of the class possessed musical talents which ought not to be buried. Some of us could carry the air of the well-known poacher's song: "It's my delight of a shiny night," introduced by the English buffo-singer Sloman, and at that time the popular street-melody in the great metropolis. One fellow could imitate the singing of a mosquito to perfection, and "wind the gray-fly's sultry horn," until you would instinctively flirt your hand across your nose to prevent him from alighting. Two or three others could do the bumble-bee's bass very tolerably. Quite a number were found to be children of Jubal ("he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ"), and manifested great skill in the manufacture of musical instruments, generally out of a piece of watch-spring stuck into the bench, or of wires or catgut stretched between two carpet-tacks, similarly posited—instruments combining great simplicity of construction with great brilliancy of effect. With such abundance of material why not now and then have a concert? No sooner said than done. The part of primo was assigned to G. D., a nephew of the President, because he possessed a decided ventriloquial gift, and could execute the solo part of the song, in a perfectly audible tone, without stirring a muscle

or giving any sign by which the source of melody could be traced. When he reached the chorus, we all struck in with a subdued but perfectly distinct hum, accompanied by bumble-bees, blue-bottle, mosquito, and a variety of instrumental harmonies, every man meanwhile keeping his eye sedately fixed on the business before him, and looking just as innocent as he could. Such were some of the worst specimens of disorder occurring during a term of uninterrupted confusion. Yet we managed our affairs with so much caution that it was impossible for our tutor to fasten an indictable offense on any individual, and the Faculty did not see proper to call the whole class to order.

At the commencement of the next year, Dr. McVickar had not returned. Mr. G. continued to lecture to the Seniors; but a new instructor was provided for us, now Juniors. The selection this time was a judicious one. A Mr. Bates received the appointment, a young lawyer very favorably known at the New York bar, particularly for his practical shrewdness and humor. The first day he met us, he came in about five minutes too late, a very popular movement with us. His predecessor had always been seated in his *cathedra* before the class came in. Entering with a quiet business-like air, Mr. Bates approached the Professor's desk, which was a sort of pulpit; but before reaching it, he suddenly paused, while we all looked to see what was coming. Eyeing it for a moment, he remarked with a queer grave look: "That's rather too clerical a place for a man of my profession." There was nothing in the remark; but the unexpectedness of it, the indescribable humor of his manner, the entire contrast of the whole to anything we were accustomed to see in that place, on so solemn an occasion as the induction into a professorial chair, altogether hit us so exactly on the funny-bone that we burst into a roar of laughter. Meanwhile, he quietly re-

moved the chair to the middle of the room, and sat down cheek-by-jowl with us, as if for a friendly chat. So tickled were we with his manner, that we never once observed that he had taken such a position, directly in front of the door, as to put an effectual period to all skylarking in the hall. But that was never felt as a privation; for he had at once completely conquered all disposition in the class to give him trouble. He was a fine specimen of manly beauty, and after he had seated himself, it took but one glance of his large, black, laughter-loving eye around the class to call out a thunderous round of applause, which was repeated with emphasis at the close of his short, sensible, and well-turned introductory talk. The recitation proceeded not merely with decorum but with lively interest. Thus did a little practical good sense accomplish in five minutes what genius, learning, and the most finished cultivation, without it, had, through a whole term, only served to render more and more impracticable.

At the close of the recitation we voted "Bates a gentleman;" and thenceforward another Professor's room was designated as the theater best suited to display the peculiar spirit and genius of the class. And there the mischief went on, though of course with less vigor and vivacity, for we were no longer Sophomores.

It is not to be supposed that the college authorities looked with indifference on these manifestations; or failed to see the necessity of improving the first favorable opportunity for correcting the evil. Accordingly during the following winter, two of my classmates were at different times sent away. I have forgotten for what particular offenses, though it was well understood that their connection with the general disorder of the class had much to do in bringing about the result.

It was not till the close of the winter session that the

arm of the law fell upon me. The Faculty had selected their opportunity wisely. The offense was one out of which I could make no glory, even with collegians. The evidence against me was in black and white and perfectly conclusive. I was cited before the Faculty very quietly one day, at the close of our recitations, and while the classes were dispersing. Here I was confronted at once with the charge and the proof. There was no room for debate; no confession was asked for. The law and its violation were equally clear, and in five minutes my connection with the College was at an end. My predecessors in disgrace were both restored after making suitable acknowledgments and pledges for the future. But *my* doom was that of "the chief baker."

After detailing sundry efforts made to obtain a reversal of this summary penalty, the narrative proceeds:

There was enough, however, of the spirit of active opposition remaining in me to lead me to enter heartily into a proposition made by my private tutor, to obtain my admission into another college. Several letters were furnished me, which I presented in person to the Faculty of Union College. I was kindly received, introduced successively to the officers by whom I was to be examined, and, in the course of a single afternoon, duly admitted and matriculated as Senior Sophister of the class of 1832. My connection with this institution was agreeable but short. I entered the second term of Senior year, and before the close of the term, my room-mate (a son of the late Dr. Richards, President of Auburn Theological Seminary) was violently seized with a disease which proved to be small-pox. This was hardly announced before I was attacked with the varioloid, and, other cases following, college soon broke up in great confusion and alarm.

When I had sufficiently recovered, I left for home, having obtained leave of absence and permission to commence and pursue my law-studies during the remainder of my course. The students were again scattered, near the close of the summer term, by the appearance of cholera in the vicinity, so that there was no Commencement that year. Some time during the ensuing autumn my diploma was sent me ; but the sheep-skin trophy of my victory was lost within twenty-four hours after its reception. I remember taking it home and throwing it on a table in the hall, and that was the last of it. It could not be found high or low. But I have never known a time when it would have been of the least service to me, or found any circumstance when I should have thought of using it for any serious purpose, if it had been within the reach of my hand. This is not the age or the country in which a piece of parchment disfigured with bad Latin, bad engraving, and bad penmanship, can add dignity to one's character or weight to one's influence, or in which the want of it will exclude one from any field of honorable labor to which his personal qualifications adapt him. With us the *fact* is everything, the *symbol* nothing, or next to nothing. And, so far at least as my own observation extends, men get along nowadays by exhibiting, not testimonials, but abilities.

I was just eighteen when, in the spring of 1832, I commenced reading law in the office of Seth P. Staples, Esq., one of the most eminent business lawyers in the great metropolis. Here I remained until the fall of 1833, at the same time giving instruction to a limited number of private pupils in Brooklyn. But neither my habits nor my associations were favorable to the vigorous prosecution of study. My connection with the old Peithologian Society at Columbia College (where I still retained an influence which I did not deserve), with the Hamilton Lit-

erary Association, in the formation of which I enlisted with others in Brooklyn, and particularly with a small clique of New York law and medicine students, who were wont to spend an occasional afternoon, and discuss the magazines and theatricals over our coffee at Delmonico's, diversifying the entertainment now and then with a game of billiards (*horresco referens*), often closing it with a visit to the play or the oyster-room—these connections which, or like to which, the young student in a great city is so liable to form, occupied so large a portion of my time and mind, as to leave little of either for more important pursuits.

I became first alarmed by observing that my afternoon potations were losing their power to impart a pleasurable stimulus to my nervous system. Increase as I might the strength of the infusion, or the quantity imbibed, the next morning found me prostrate and miserable, and at length I would often leave the coffee-house as wretched as I entered it. What was to be done? Wine would not answer the purpose; ardent spirits I always detested, and was indeed at the time a member of the Old Temperance Society; and I shuddered as I thought that opium was in the next degree. The use of this noxious drug was not uncommon about me. But I had read the thrilling "Confessions" of DeQuincey, the "English Opium-Eater," and I had a settled horror of the consequences. I made two or three unsuccessful efforts to reform my habits altogether. The habits I could have mastered, but my associations were too strong for me, and I at length found the alternative distinctly before my mind—opium or exile? Happily I retained enough ambition and pride to decide in favor of the latter, and in December, 1833, I left the city, and entered the New Haven Law-school, then under the charge of Chief-Justice Daggett and the late lamented Prof. Hitchcock.

With the city, I abandoned, at once and forever, all those indulgences of bodily appetite which were manifestly undermining my constitution, enfeebling my mind, and degrading my morals. Alcohol in every form, tobacco and all narcotic drinks and drugs were put under an interdict, absolute and irrevocable ; and the "reflex influence"—to use this pet phrase of the times—the reflex influence of the resolution on my character was like the infusion of a new soul. My views of life, its interests and its responsibilities, acquired a definiteness, a dignity, and a charm to which I had been a stranger ; my aims, before shifting and dreamy, took a fixed direction ; and my purposes had something like significance and force. In three months I had acquired more knowledge of the law, and advanced farther in preparation for the business of life, than in the whole two preceding years. I felt that my boyhood was at an end, and manhood really begun.

III. MY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

I had been, as before intimated, religiously educated, and from the active Christian habits of my father had enjoyed the best opportunities for acquiring clear and correct notions of the religion of Christ, both in its theory and its practical operation. In the sanctuary and the Sabbath-school the great principles of the Gospel were, from the tenderest infancy, unfolded to my understanding and wrought into my memory ; and at the fireside of my own home I had daily opportunity of observing how happily they harmonized with all that was amiable, enlightened, and dignified in character ; how much they contributed to sustain an habitual and manly cheerfulness, amid all the toils of business and under the severest toils of life. As my father was a sort of pioneer in religious effort and spent the choicest years of his life in rearing up a Christian

church in a hitherto uncultivated field, he always had employment for his children, as fast as they became old enough to render any assistance, in maintaining the various interests connected with the infant and struggling cause. As members of the choir, teachers in the Sabbath-school, collectors of mission funds, etc. etc., we always had something of a religious kind in our hands and on our tongues; and took a sort of pride in making things go right. Though none of us were professors of religion, we claimed to be "lobby members" of the Church; and like the lobby members of the legislature, we fancied ourselves among the most active and useful of the whole concern.

All this outward activity, however, sprang from no proper motive, from no real interest in the Gospel or attachment to its Author. It was a matter partly of natural feeling and of habit, and partly of mere family pride and a determination that a favorite scheme of our father's, which few encouraged and many directly opposed, should not fail of the most entire success. It appears strange to me now, in the retrospect, how naturally the greatest extremes of feeling and conduct seem to have united in me at that time. It could hardly be called an unusual occurrence, after spending the whole of Saturday afternoon and evening in the billiard-room, at a jovial supper or at the theater, and returning home at perhaps one or two o'clock, with heated blood and whirling brain, to rise after a hasty sleep, full of ardor for the business of the sacred day, meet my class of Sabbath-school scholars morning and afternoon, attend three meetings, doing duty in the choir, staying with my father, the other deacons, and the sexton after each service, to talk over necessities and put things to rights, and finally going home in the evening to discuss with my brothers and sisters the merits of the preaching, praying and singing, and the general prospects of the cause!

The heart is deceitful above all things; and it was easy,

under these circumstances, for a vain and thoughtless boy to imagine that he understood this whole business of religion. Many cases of conversion and some interesting revivals came under my notice, and, having naturally a somewhat speculative turn and a particular fondness for studying character, I took pleasure in inventing modes for accounting for these phenomena on philosophical principles, without recourse to any supernatural influences, or supposing anything divine in the religion of Christ. Of course I succeeded entirely to my own satisfaction. This skeptical way of thinking once begun, the habit gradually strengthened itself, until every principle of religious belief was unsettled and my mind was in a state of utter confusion on the most important of all subjects. Not that I was conscious of any confusion,—indeed I fancied that my views were exceedingly clear, compared with those which generally prevailed either among the friends or foes of religion, and as definite as the nature of the subject would admit. The true philosophical position on all supernatural subjects (this was my fundamental doctrine) is an absolute indifferentism. All that is meant by “the supernatural” is that which lies beyond the province of reason, beyond the reach of our faculties, whether to ascertain by their own exercise, or to judge of, when affirmed by others. I contended that we were not only unable to penetrate the spiritual and divine without the aid of revelation, but equally unable to test the truth and reality of anything professing to be a revelation. I refused, therefore, to be called either a believer or an unbeliever—prided myself on always maintaining the negative, not only against the Christian, but also against the avowed opposers of Christianity; and thought that the whole of human wisdom on these subjects was contained in a remark attributed to Dr. Franklin, who, when within a few minutes of death, being asked whether he believed in a future state of existence, is said to have replied, “That I shall soon know.”

This form of skepticism, while it is the easiest of all to maintain in argument, and entirely congenial to the pride of intellect (for though it circumscribes human knowledge within the narrow limits of sensible and perishing things, it does so on high philosophical grounds and in opposition to what it deems the vague and superstitious notions of the multitude), is at the same time utterly destructive of all moral and religious sensibility in the soul. Accordingly, for years, while living in daily converse with Christians whom I revered and loved, and taking no pains to avoid the influence of the Gospel either in public or private, I do not remember that I ever felt for five consecutive minutes the pressure of serious reflection, or thought of making a personal application to my own case of anything which I heard or saw on the subject.

During the winter that I spent in New Haven, my mental and moral habits were all improving; and in the same proportion preparing me more and more to be suitably impressed by the great truths of religion. Very soon after entering the law-school, I turned my mind to the formation of a definite plan for life. My objects were of course all secular; but they were at least manly and of some practical value. And so sensible did I become of the weakness and folly of living, as I had before done, wholly in the present and for the gratification of the predominant feeling of the moment, that I recorded a solemn resolution that "for all the future, I would never knowingly do a thing which my *reason* disapproved or leave a thing undone which *reason* required me to do." This resolution was of course formed with a very imperfect idea of what it involved, and with no conception whatever of my utter inability to carry it out. To *live rationally* seemed an obviously reasonable thing; I saw no reason why I should not do it, and every reason why I should; "to live rationally," therefore, became my favorite motto and my daily rule of conduct. This was

certainly a great advance on my previous aimless way of living; and operated powerfully during my subsequent conflict on the subject of personal religion.

I was in the habit of attending public worship regularly at the old Central (Congregational) Church, then and now under the care of Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon. I was delightfully impressed with the beautiful simplicity and propriety which characterized the devotional exercises in that large, intelligent, and serious congregation. The effect produced on my mind especially by the singing, in which the whole assembly united under the conduct of an admirable choir, has made me ever since an earnest advocate for "congregational singing." Dr. Bacon is so well known by his published writings that I need say nothing to convince you that his ministry was precisely adapted to just such a case as mine. I also became acquainted in that interesting city with many other illustrious instances of the combination of practical godliness with the noblest powers of intellect and the most extensive erudition. Professor Hitchcock of the Law-school, one of the finest specimens of men that I had ever seen, was an active Christian, and conducted on the Sabbath a Bible-class of one or two hundred members, embracing a large proportion of the talent and learning connected with the principal religious society in the city.

At my own boarding-place I had daily before my eyes a signal illustration of the beauty and dignity of a consistent Christian character which did not escape my notice. The room adjoining mine was occupied by a fellow-student, whom the more I knew the more I loved, admired, and profoundly respected. I never felt the least difficulty in perceiving, or the least humiliation in acknowledging, that Polk was my superior in everything that adorns or ennobles human character. His talents were commanding. He had taken high honors in college,

and stood confessedly first among the law-students. He was deservedly popular among all sorts of people for his invariably urbane manners and generous spirit. But what most impressed you in the man was his lofty moral traits. There was no sort of display, no apparent effort to seem good; to *be* good, manly, pure, devout, seemed to him as natural as breathing. No one could feel his presence as a constraint, and yet, whenever he was present, conversation seemed of itself to take a higher and healthier tone,—one felt benefited by inhaling the moral atmosphere which surrounded him. He never made a formal attack on my conscience, and yet I felt his whole intercourse with me as an eloquent recommendation of the religion which he not merely professed but manifestly loved, and set infinitely above all those other attainments for which he was so much admired. And I could not conceal it from my own mind that if it was not his religion that gave such elevation to his character, it was at least in a thorough and manly exemplification of the principles of his religion that the elevation of his character was made manifest. I am not aware that any or all of these circumstances had any immediate effect to arouse my conscience or disturb my self-complacency and sense of personal security. But I can see now that they were all tending to deepen my convictions of the inherent excellency of the Christian religion, considered as a system of moral truth, a rule of human action and of manly character. My perceptions were still shut to the realities of the unseen world.

Our Winter session closed on Saturday, the 14th of March, 1834 (seven days after the completion of my twentieth year). My room-mate left the same day, to visit his friends, and I made my arrangements for spending the vacation of two weeks in a thorough review of the studies of the term. The next day, during the Sabbath, I attended

worship as usual, but retain no general recollection of the services, which indeed I thought, on the whole, less interesting than common. "What is the matter with the doctor to-day?" said I to myself, as I walked home in the evening to my solitary room. "He seemed wonderfully prosy for him; he said but one spirited thing to-day, and that might have been better said." And as I raked open my fire and sat down before it, without lighting my lamp, my thoughts reverted to that passage, the only one which seemed to have left the least impression on my mind. And I began to repeat it audibly, as if to justify my conviction that it might have been more impressively pronounced: "Is religion a delusion, or is it not? Answer me, my hearer; and manfully abide by your answer. If it is, reject it, but reject it frankly and openly; if it is not, Oh! then, as a rational being, at once embrace it." Once, twice, thrice, I repeated it, until in the darkness and stillness of that lonely room, the thought stood out before my mind with a distinctness which almost amounted to an absolute personality, and I can convey no adequate conception of my feeling, as that tremendous, awful thought, swelling momentarily in magnitude as I sat contemplating it, gradually turned itself upon me and pressed its pungent appeal home upon my conscience. Gradually I felt the conviction stealing over me that a crisis in my history had come, one that could not be evaded, but one which I dreaded to meet. "As a rational being." The appeal was to my *reason*, by which I had solemnly promised to be governed in all the affairs of life. Should I be recreant to that resolution in the most important affair of all? "Act rationally; act *rationaly*"—rang in my ears, like the voice of seven thunders. Investigation was all that was required—a candid and adequate investigation, with a full determination to abide by the result. With all my speculations on the subject of religion, I knew (strange that I had never thought so before) that I had never given it an investigation

of this kind, had never weighed its personal claims fairly, fully, or with any view to a practical compliance with my ultimate convictions. Was it not reasonable that I should? Could I rationally neglect the matter longer? Could I ever expect a more favorable opportunity than was offered in the two weeks of unbroken leisure and undisturbed solitude now before me? The possible consequences of such an experiment stared me in the face—the abandonment of all my cherished objects of pursuit, an entire change in my mode of life, my amusements, my associations, a life of humble, self-denying, prayerful obedience to all the requirements of the Gospel; and all the depravity of my nature rose against the thought with a malignant energy which terrified me while I could not repress it. On the other hand, awakened Reason plead, with her calm but now intense and searching voice—"Infinite interests are at stake: act rationally. You are possibly exposed to the loss of an infinite good, to the endurance of eternal ruin. Now, the bare possibility of such a calamity is, of itself, a matter of infinite moment. A serious investigation may resolve possibility into a certainty, and reveal a way of escape. Here, then, is enough to justify the employment of all time, and the sacrifice of every temporal good, for the solution of this problem: for when an *infinite* interest is at stake, it is mathematically evident that no *finite* interest can reasonably weigh a feather against it." Such was the plea of Reason, while every passion of my nature fought against her.

The struggle was long and intense, but I thank God that Reason for once triumphed, not indeed in her own strength, but roused and quickened (as I now believe) by the convincing power of the Holy Spirit. I deliberately resolved to lay aside everything else, and devote at least the ensuing fortnight to a final settlement (if a settlement were possible) of my opinions on the subject of religion, and the adoption of a line of conduct in relation to it, which my rea-

son would justify. Before retiring, at a late hour that night I made the following entry in my "Commonplace Book," from which I now copy it, under the head of "Meditations on Religion :—"

"Is the religion of Christ a delusion, or is it not? I fear to think it is, and I fear to think it is not. For if it be a reality, it is an awful one to me; and if this be nothing but a mockery, what is the truth? What am I? Whither tending? For what is existence useful? To what end shall I direct it? By what principles of action shall it be governed?

"These are questions, in every respect deserving of attention. Shall I not then give attention to them? I ought—I must—I will—and here I record my fixed resolution *to embrace and act upon the truth*, whatever I may discover that to be. And Thou, my God and Maker! (if such a Being exist, and take an interest in the interests of his creatures) witness, then, my determination; lead me to the truth, and fix me on it firmly and forever."

The answer to the questionings of that night, and to that prayer for light, are given to us only in the life that now began.

CHAPTER III.

HAMILTON DAYS.

THERE could hardly be a greater contrast than between the old and the new aims of the young student. The sacrifice which he had faced in that hour of conviction was never less than when it first appalled him. How could he make it? How could he turn from the field that stretched out so alluringly before him, inviting the use of his peculiar gifts, and tempting him with golden promises to one which offered such a different harvest? He seems to have realized all that was involved when he gave up the practice of the law in the city of his birth and of his heart, to study for the ministry in a secluded village. It was strange that the very powers of reasoning which had fitted him for the legal profession should have been employed to turn him from it. But it was a higher voice than that of Reason that called him from the sphere to which he had looked forward so eagerly, and it is only in its teachings that we find the secret of his altered life. He used to speak, in later years, of an "*other-worldliness*" which made some lives beautiful, and nothing can better describe the change in his own nature, or the quality that, from this time, adorned his spirit. His constancy to the purpose now formed is shown in a conversation recalled by his brother-in-law and intimate friend, Dr. George R. Bliss:

I never of late years cross the railroad-bridge over the Chemung River at Elmira, N. Y., without taking pains to get a look at the old carriage-bridge which lies a little lower down. It recalls one of those *trysts* kept annually by your dear father and myself in our summer vacations of years long gone by. I remember in particular one beautiful sunset hour which we spent walking forward and back over that old bridge, while the city was yet a village, and the scream of the locomotive had never waked the echoes of those hills, which so beautifully encircled the peaceful scene. Our conversation chanced to turn upon a gentleman who was then prominent in the political affairs of that State, and bade fair, from his previous course, to attain to any public distinction which he might desire. It was your father's recollection of former intimacy with him which brought up the topic. They had been friends in youth, school and college mates, at home in each other's homes. Many incidents of their intercourse, interesting to me, were detailed in a manner which betrayed a permanent heart-attachment of your father to his friend.

"And I sometimes ask myself," he said, "whether I have acted wisely in putting aside the ambition for such worldly eminence, to which I think I might, without presumption, have equally aspired." I see now the thoughtful, almost saintly look, and hear the tone of heart-felt, cheerful earnestness with which he went on to express his deliberate satisfaction in the choice which he had made, rather to serve Christ only, and in the ministry for souls. His very words I would like to be able to recall; but the spirit of them was thoroughly that of the hymn:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee."

This was while he was yet too young to have indicated,

except to the foreseeing faith of his intimate acquaintances, the wide usefulness to which he was inevitably destined. Farther on in his life, no one would question that in any, even the purely secular view, his course had turned out at least as honorable and happy as that of his then advancing friend.

This spirit of consecration seems particularly characteristic of the fifteen years which he spent in the little village of Hamilton, Madison County, N. Y., where he went after his conversion, in the fall of 1835, first to study, and then to teach in the Baptist Theological Seminary there. Here he threw himself into the work of teaching and preaching with a fervor that consumed all sense of self. Volumes of letters, during this time, written in a microscopic hand on closely-covered pages, give the history of his aspirations and most tireless labors. Entreating one to whom he had given his heart, and who afterwards shared the lot which he had chosen, to seek with him the joys of heaven, he writes: "The path to that eternal rest is the path of *self-denial*," and the words seem the key to the life upon which he had entered. Its one question was, "How can I best spend my powers for others?" its one absorbing interest, now as in his last thought on earth, the Work to which the Master had called him.

The outline of a day at the "Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute," soon after his arrival, must have presented to family friends a striking contrast to his comfort-loving tastes of former days. The early morning twilight finds him "feasting his eyes upon a scene of singular beauty:"

Looking out from my little window in the direction of

the beautiful valley which lies at the foot of our college hill, and where sleeps the little village of Hamilton, I see spread out before me a vast sheet of water, placid as sleep, and stretching away far as the eye can see, till its farthest verge is lost in the horizon. Its surface is here and there broken by a woody island, which rests on the bosom of the lake, in primitive silence. The illusion is yet most complete, created, as I presume you have already surmised, by the collection of mists upon the valley below, while our eyrie height is lifted above their upper surface. The moon is shedding her soft but deceptive light upon the whole, seeming to reveal all the reality, yet actually rendering the illusion more perfect. Had I the vivid imagination of my poetic sister, I might transport myself to another world or another age than this. I could gaze upon the *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, or the bright "Islands of the Blest," or upon some scene of Fairy Land. What character I should myself assume, I know not; but as I look about my little cell, half lighted by a solitary lamp, I feel very much like a "hermit hoar" who with his tomes of mystic lore has quit the haunts of men, and fled to this peaceful spot to hold uninterrupted converse with nature incorrupt and with the spirits of the mighty dead. But while I write, the charm dissolves, the lake is seen to move and sway to and fro, and now it slowly rises on the bosom of the night. The islands have disappeared, and soon we shall be enveloped in the damp realities of a *bona-fide* fog.

We shiver to hear that, "two hours before, the college bell broke the slumbers of the night." A half-past four rising-bell and five-o'clock chapel exercise, followed by the 'prayers which are held unitedly in every room in the building by the respective room-mates, still leave "an hour for private devotions and

study, before breakfast." There does not seem to have been danger of any immoderate indulgence in this pristine repast. The philosophy with which he seasons his theologic diet gives it a truly Attic flavor:

At half-past six breakfast, and hungry fellows to eat it. I have described the character of the meals, and I confess myself pleased with it. At even our plainest meals, I am disappointed to find that such simple fare can taste so good. Why, this is your only genuine Epicureanism, which finds the choicest relish in the most simple viands that our Divine Benefactor has provided for our support and enjoyment. What an obvious waste of resources is it in that man who procures at an expense of dollars and hours just so much pleasure, and not half so refined, as need cost him only minutes and cents! I say, not half so refined a pleasure. Why should rules and principles, the authority of which is acknowledged in every other department of taste, be rejected here? And what man of correct taste in works of art, prefers the gorgeous and glaring to the natural and simple? Who is he that prefers the flaring tawdriness of a modern fashionable edifice to the chaste dignity of a Grecian temple, or turns from the pure pages of Addison or Goldsmith, Shakespeare or the Bible, to devour the paltry affectation of Bulwer or Byron—forsaking the "wells of English undefiled" to drink the waters of a corrupted stream. Let him, whoever he be, sit down to feed upon the luscious poisons of modern cookery. But let the individual of correct taste, of cultivated mind, and especially the Christian philosopher, find a more delicate and refined relish in the sweetness of nature's unadulterated productions.

The day is filled up with recitations and the prepara-

tion of sermons. For, immediately after the change in his views, he had united with the Baptist church in Brooklyn—then the only, now, consolidated with others, called the “First Baptist Church in Pierrepont St.,”—and without delay received from it his license to preach.

He was baptized in the East River, from the pretty, wooded point which at that time jutted out where the Wall Street Ferry-house now stands, the throng of friends from church and family grouped on the shore under the rural bluffs of the Pierrepont place. A strange contrast to the elegant residences of “the Heights,” and the crowded ways, the bustling steam ferry-boats, the busy wharves and storehouses of the river-front at the present day!

Soon after going to Hamilton he became deeply interested in the work of foreign missions, in which he felt convinced there was a part for him. The letters of 1836–37 are filled with his desires and struggles on the subject, and with arguments in reply to the loving remonstrances of friends. We cannot follow the course of this discussion, except to record the fact that its result was to fix him in the home-field which had already opened to his labors; but it seems well to reproduce two of his letters on the subject which well illustrate his spirit, not only in this but in all the affairs of life:

I. To his Eldest Brother, MR. I. W. RAYMOND.

HAMILTON, N. Y., Jan. 1836.

My mind has been somewhat directed of late to the field of my future labors. I have not room here to detail my feelings. I will only suggest that I have felt it my duty to take a view of the whole field—*which is the*

world. The great work of Bible translation has been on my mind. A sanctified science must be introduced into Asia. Preachers of the Word must be educated *there*, from among the nations. God has given the work to our denomination. He has opened a central point in Assam, where our brethren Thomas and Bronson have gone, which is in the midst of an intelligent people, in a healthy climate, under British protection, commanding immediate access to Hindostan, Thibet (perhaps Chinese Tartary), the great China, the countries of Chin-India (Siam, Cambodia, etc.), and Burmah. Take the map and see where Assam lies, and consider the interesting providence which has invited the Board of Missions, and inquire if God does not design it to be the center of missionary operations for Asia on a scale far surpassing our former meager efforts and commensurate with the growing claims of the Redeemer's cause. The question is, Who will go? We want men who will lay themselves out for a long and tedious labor. They must be thorough scholars and deeply acquainted with the Word, and they must be content to wear out their lives in hidden and painful toil. Oh! if I were fit, how I should rejoice to go! I will just mention that, having had it long on my mind without communicating to any other individual my feelings, I was somewhat surprised to learn that other judicious and devoted brethren had been thinking and praying over the same subject, and that their eyes were turned toward me as one of the men who ought to prepare for the labor. I want the prayers and counsel of my dear friends at home, though I ought to say that I have not done justice to the subject or my own feelings by these meager hints. I mean to write soon at greater length. But cease not to pray that I may be "guided by counsel."

HAMILTON, March 19, 1837.

The peaceful evening of another Sabbath invites my mind to repose, and my heart to wander away to "home, sweet home." Ah, dear Father! those magic words—I begin to realize their power. But I dare not dwell on the theme. Let us remember that here we have no abiding place, no continuing city. Why should we allow our affections to entwine themselves about these earthly objects, when we know that every tie that binds us here must sooner or later be torn asunder, though its fibers be our own heart-strings and we die a thousand deaths in the severance. Home—yes, a sweet home there is, on which we may safely rest our affections and our hopes. Let us seek that country, and habitually feel that our inheritance, our Father, our brethren are there. The brief partings which at farthest we may experience in our mortal life, the distance of this little globe between us, will then dwindle to their real insignificance.

Your letter, with those of other friends, was mostly occupied with the subject of the proposed mission, and you doubtless will feel anxious to know what is the present state of my mind on this subject. I have left the whole matter to the decision of my Master, after having taken those steps which I believed to have been directed by His providence and spirit. On this point, I have heard or seen nothing which alters my views. The whole matter I have therefore referred under God to those, my fathers and brethren, to whom the churches have entrusted the superintendence of this department of their Christian labors. I have the most entire confidence that God will conduct the matter to the right issue. If I have not mistaken His will, He will open the door for me. If He has work for me to do at home, I believe that I shall find it out. But do not cease to pray for me, that I may not be left to delusion on the one hand, or to unfaithful-

ness on the other. I acknowledge that I have begun to realize more fully the power of those natural feelings which must be subdued and sacrificed. I knew, of course, and partially realized, the fact that it would be no slight thing to sever these precious ties, but while my mind was dwelling more exclusively upon the importance of the object to be secured and the claims it had upon my exertions, I thought I could freely give up all. And God helping me, I believe I shall. I mention this feeling that you may be a little careful what kind of dissuasions you use to prevent my departure. Any *good* reason why I should remain, any reason drawn from the interests of Zion and of souls, or the glory of the dear Redeemer, let me hear and feel its full force. But beyond this, I pray you, spare me. My entreaty is, if the Lord have need of me, "hinder me not," nor send me away with a broken heart. Do not hem up my way with all the endearments of home and country, for if God calls, and they lie in my path, I can do nothing else than tread them under feet and go on my way. I rejoice that you have said Amen to the enterprise. May you continue of that mind. And when you write or speak to your poor boy, remember how weak and treacherous his heart is, and do not lend your aid to turn it, like the deceitful bow, aside.

The momentous question was decided for him by the fact that the Board of Missions did not feel ready to undertake the plan proposed, of supporting Bible translators in the foreign lands, but preferred the simpler, if less thorough, plan of sending missionaries who should do their own translating. After this decision to remain, he had joyfully anticipated a pastoral charge with its active and inspiring duties, but was here destined to a still further sacrifice.

An incident that occurred in the spring of 1837 will show how efficiently he could have labored as a pastor and preacher. During the spring vacation he went, in company with a young student friend named Ketcham, for three weeks of special religious services with Dr. Greenleaf S. Webb, then pastor of the Baptist church in New Brunswick, N. J. The venerable man is still living there, at the age of ninety-three, beloved and respected, though no longer sustaining the labors of a pastorate. In these special sermons they aimed to arouse the spiritual sense of the community, which was already awakened and prepared to receive such an impulse; and it resulted in a revival of such intensity that the entire town was moved. For three days the merchants closed their stores; groups of men were standing about the streets talking of nothing but religion; prayer-meetings were held in every house; and a New York broker, who lived in New Brunswick, meeting young Raymond's brother-in-law in the street, said: "You had better go down and see to your brother John; he has been preaching down in Brunswick, and all the people have gone mad." And, in fact, the fire thus kindled burned and spread for months after the young men had returned to Hamilton, until a large part of the State of New Jersey felt its influence. It is one of the notable episodes in the church history of that State.

A little monthly paper—*Footsteps of the Flock*—published in the interest of the same church in which the great awakening commenced, in its issue of October, 1874, says:

"The extent of this visitation of God's mercy eternity

only will disclose. It is estimated that about six hundred, out of a population less than six thousand, gave evidence of a change of heart, and united with different churches. Of this number about one hundred and sixty connected themselves with the First Baptist Church. But this was not all. Visitors here who came unconcerned went home rejoicing in the new life; and as they told the story of what God had done for them, found the Spirit's power attending them and their efforts, and thus the work spread to the surrounding country and cities. On the river road from this city to Bound Brook it was stated that there was scarcely a family that had not been blest in a greater or less degree. God was calling—not in the fury of the whirlwind, but by the 'still small voice of His Spirit.' ”

But the aggressive and inspiring delight of the preacher was not to be his duty after all. The great want of the Church in those days, and particularly in the Baptist denomination, was an educated ministry. He was a predestined *teacher*, and soon felt it his duty to remain in the institution, and prepare others for the work in which he longed to engage himself. Again he turned from a congenial field and from the great world of action whose voice seemed calling to him in the repeated invitations which he received from prominent churches.

He writes from Albany, where he had gone to supply the place of a much-loved pastor, the Rev. Mr. Covell, whose early death was deeply mourned by his bereaved church :

ALBANY, Sept. 26, 1837.

The brethren are very urgent that I should tarry with them for a time at least, until they can find a suitable

pastor; but as yet I cannot feel that there is enough reason to interrupt the progress of the course which I have marked out. And yet I am grieved and distressed to leave this people, as a flock without a shepherd, to the mere contingencies of a chance supply. They already suffer deeply from an unsettled state of affairs. But what can be done? If I could divide myself into fifty parts, and make each a man, I might find a similar field of labor for all, and find myself in the end equally at a loss to send one portion to occupy my post at Hamilton. The Lord raise up more laborers! I have had an invitation from the church in Buffalo, a rich and strong body, occupying a most important and critical position, but similarly destitute. The sad deficiency of qualified men may be estimated by the fact that such churches go a-begging to boys. I think the churches must begin to awake to the necessity of providing mental culture for the rising ministry. If deaf to the voice of Providence, they must expect to suffer themselves the consequences. For myself, these things magnify in my view the importance of the enterprise in progress at Hamilton, and form additional arguments in favor of my return there, to lend what aid I can in supplying this serious and growing deficiency in the vineyard of the Lord. Nothing but the most clear indications of Providence, I am persuaded, ought to, and I am determined nothing else shall, prevent my so doing. I suppose I might obtain eight hundred or one thousand dollars per annum as pastor, whereas at Hamilton I should only expect to clear my expenses. Still, unless it be unavoidable, and obvious duty, I do not wish to be governed at all by pecuniary considerations.

It may not be easy for modern eyes to see the temptation in these dazzling sums, or the heroism in refusing such an all-sufficient income. But it more

than once it cost him a struggle to resist it. He had entered with zeal, during one of his vacations, into the duties of a vacant pastorate in Philadelphia, and felt sympathetic drawings towards the City of Brotherly Love and its refined delights. But again he remains firm :

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23, 1841.

It is clear that I might have a call to settle with the Spruce Street church if I would allow my name to be presented as a candidate. And I assure you, when I take counsel of self, there are strong inducements to my consenting. A delightful place of residence, access to plenty of books and to literary society, and the means of making my family perfectly comfortable, and prosecuting to advantage my own personal improvement, are temptations which I find it not a little difficult to resist. My public influence would also be more immediate and extensive than it can be in my present situation. Thus far, however, I have manfully refused to hear anything on the subject, and set my face like a flint Hamiltonward, with the assurance that duty lies in that direction.

It would hardly have been in human nature for a regretful shade not to fall now and then upon his cheerfulness. It was often deepened by his sense of isolation from the home-friends to whom his heart turned so constantly :

You don't know how often I feel as though I were away from home, so long as I am away from Brooklyn. It may be only the common feeling of all towards the home of their childhood and youth, but it is a settled habit of my nature, and it is in vain to struggle against it. I sigh to be amid the stir of the great Babel, to min-

gle in and make part of the great ocean of life which boils and tosses there. The only reason why I don't conclude that there is my proper field of labor, is, that so far as I can analyze my own feelings, I long rather for a passive than an active participation in the tumult, that is, to feel its influence on me rather than to exercise any definite influence on it. The very things I am doing, or trying to do, I feel that I should accomplish so much more rapidly and effectively there than in this dull place, or any like it, and it would be strange if I found no opportunities and incentives to do many other things for which there is here no chance. But a truce to these barren longings. My work is before me for the present here, and when it goes hence, it will go farther from the center of life, though I trust more directly in the way of its great tides.

His younger brother Robert had been led by an experience similar to his own to abandon the practice of the law and the bright prospect which it held out to him in the city of Cincinnati, and to study theology at Hamilton, where for two years the brothers lived together in happy intercourse. But the call of the younger to a church in Hartford, and his acceptance of it, awakened in his brother John some of the old longings. He writes to the elder sister in Brooklyn:

HAMILTON, March, 17, 1842.

In this decision of Robert's I have a peculiar sacrifice to make, one which I can hardly describe, and which another will hardly understand. I have half hoped that events might be so ordered, as to place us side by side in the great battle in which we have both enlisted, that the same field and form of service might be assigned us, that I might feel the animating influence of his spirited

co-operation in prosecuting the work that seems set before me. But I have fully abandoned the notion, and with it many rose-colored visions have vanished. I feel alone, very much alone, in connection with a denomination that I love, striving for objects which few of them regard as of any great importance. (I speak not of education in general, which I think is increasingly appreciated, but of my own particular objects and plans.) But I feel myself bound to the wheel. With my present views and impressions, I can never abandon this work. I am thankful, however, that the work itself is delightful. It is a delight, and the prospect of living in it is not a cheerless one but the reverse, although it costs some natural sighs to bid farewell to boyish dreams of public station and extensive influence, and to sit down in the silence and obscurity of my little study to protracted and uncared-for toils.

But come, dear sister, bless our cottage with your cheerful face and your words of wit and wisdom, and banish the anticipations with the remembrances of sorrow.

HAMILTON, Oct. 2, 1843.

Since our return, I have felt more keenly than ever how far we are removed from those who are dearest to us of all the world. I did not half finish, or rather I did not half begin talking while I was in Brooklyn. I was so wondering happy; the week whirled by, so like a merry dream; and off we went at last, as sudden as we came. It was not until I was fairly in motion that I waked wide up, and since then I am continually looking back, and wondering if it was real, and grieving that it is all over and cannot be repeated.

When we reached Utica, "Well," said I, "we have

come to the mouth of the well, very soon we shall be going down;" and here we are at the bottom. My feelings are truly very much like those of a man in such a situation, or of the miner at the mouth of the shaft, down which he must go to his dark and silent home, bidding adieu to the cheerful light of day and the cheerful ways of men. Our range of vision seems so circumscribed, the light is so shorn of half its brightness before it reaches us, that a man might as well live in a coal-mine.

However, they say that truth lies at the bottom of a well, and a life in a coal-mine may be turned to profitable account, if one will dig. So, off coat, and at it with a good heart, and trust the Lord for provision and a recompense.

The cloud upon his spirits is invariably dispelled by a real face-to-face encounter with his work. After a brief vacation, he tells us how "It only needed the return of term-time and business to make me all myself again. Yes! that very same old bell whose tones, four weeks ago, were funereal, and whose every stroke fell on my heart like a leaden weight, now sends the blood thrilling and joyous through my veins, and stretches every nerve like the soldier's 'when the blast of war is in his ear.'"

At another time, he awaits the opening of the term "as restless as a hound for the slipping of the leash."

And again: "The 'headachy feeling' was owing to several nights of broken rest. To-day, I am as clear as a bell and as chirk as a grasshopper, and just as happy to be at my own work as ever a bantam rooster was, a-crowing in his own barn-yard. Term opens finely—never had a larger number of new students in the

spring—and everything is moving first-rate, just as things will move in Washington, next March, when Harry Clay takes hold of the helm. No need of any new administration *here*, however, we reckon."

Extracts from various letters during these years give an idea of the absorbing nature of his duties:

TO C. E. M.

HAMILTON, Oct. 25, 1838.

The amount and difficulty of my business surpass my anticipations, which were certainly not inconsiderable. I am surprised to find how little has ever been done in the institution towards organizing this department of study. In Moral and Mental Philosophy, a course has been planned which I shall not find time this year materially to alter. But Rhetoric, Belles Lettres, and Grammar have been very much overlooked. It has devolved on me to mark out an entire course of study and to arrange the plan for pursuing it, as to time of recitation, text-books, etc. This plan the classes now in an advanced stage of their studies cannot of course pursue, and I am required, therefore, to prepare a modified one, adapted to each of the higher classes. Added to this, I have a good deal to do to prepare myself for this business of personal instruction. For example, in English grammar, having no suitable text-book, I have been obliged to make out my own system, and to contrive plans to get it before the minds of the students, by oral instruction and black-boards. This has cost me a good deal of labor in investigation, reflection, and writing. Altogether, I find my time from 5.30 A.M. until 10 P.M. completely absorbed, and on retiring each night I have occasion to regret that the day has not been twice as long.

My principal difficulty thus far has been that I have not been able to throw off from my mind at night the subjects

which have engrossed it during the day. In vain do I attempt to turn the current of my thoughts to topics more agreeable. A constant sense of the incompleteness of my arrangements, the necessity of urging them forward, and of anxiety lest something should be found unprovided for, as constantly draws my mind back to business; and I generally go to sleep with my mind on business and wake up with my mind on business.

Well, I would not have it otherwise, if I can only accomplish all my objects in the end. I have no idle, no heavy hours. Time flies on fleet and silken wings. I have reason to hope that I am doing all the good I possibly can. I know that I am doing something which will be of benefit to the cause of truth and the best interests of humanity. I am in less danger of doing foolish and wicked things, or thinking foolish and wicked thoughts. So far as I am acting according to the will of the Lord, I am laying up in store a good foundation for the time to come. Then why should I not be happy and devoted? why not grateful for the privilege of being spent in such a service, the performance of which at once promotes my own good, blesses men, and honors God?

HAMILTON, November 30, 1838.

I turn away from a wilderness of Hebrew, in which I have been roaming this evening, and find in this sweet privilege a grateful retreat, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Those black gallows-faced Oriental characters, over which I have pored till my brain whirls, are yet dancing before my eyes, so that if you find me writing backwards, or in the old Hebrew square letter, before I finish my sheet, you need not be surprised. It is very late, but I cannot let another day go by without bearing to my Love the assurance that her image is still

in my memory and in my heart, refreshing me by its constant smile amidst my busy labors, and cheering me with the hope of a more perfect union. I do assure you, I have for a week past felt the need of such a comforter. I have been suffering from the temporary effects of some irregularities in sleep and diet, to which I have been recently subjected. In writing No. III. of "For What Do I Study?" last week, I was obliged to employ hours very far advanced in the night, until 12, 1, and even 3 o'clock. At the same time, my morning's recitation at half-past 6 must be heard, and I must be up in season to be ready for it.

It is a bad thing to be a "universal genius," and worse still to be regarded as such without possessing any legitimate claim to the title, for then one has all the inconveniences attending the character, with none of the ability to sustain them. So it is with me. To preach here and there and everywhere; to teach in every various department—Hebrew, Latin, rhetoric, elocution, and the Scriptures; to write for this publication and for that; these, with unnumbered others, are the mingling calls which break upon my ears and distract my brain. The worst of all is, I have never learned the happy art of "Saying No, and sticking to it," which like a shield of triple brass protects its possessor from such fiery assaults.

I think it is Dr. Samuel Clarke who says that "the old proverb, which declares that it is 'bad to have too many irons in the fire,' conveys a false though plausible sentiment." "No," says the Doctor, "you can't have too many—keep them all at work—shovel, tongs, and all the rest—the more the better—only keep them going." Aye, Doctor, but "there's the rub." If I felt prepared and competent for all this labor, I should like it well enough. But while I feel that I have hardly begun my

own education, to be called on to impart instruction in so many forms, and through such various channels, is a little trying.

But stop, my pen—you are on the wrong track. I don't know why I should have been betrayed into such an enlargement upon the multiplicity and urgency of my duties, as though they were of more than ordinary importance. You must not let my long stories give you any uneasiness. It's my nerves that tell such stories—not myself. Sitting down, as I generally must after the duties of the day, to talk with you, the most prominent subject that forces itself, *nolens volens*, on my attention is my weariness. And so I talk about it. But it's not the part of a Christian to indulge in such complaints, much less to shrink from such a glorious work because it is laborious. I have much more reason to complain of myself and of my inertness, than of my lot and its cares and labors.

June 24, 1839.

I completed yesterday a week of unusually pressing business, the performance of which, though fatiguing, has been equally pleasant, because I have been favored with health, a clear mind, and gratifying success. A magazine article occupied me until too late on Friday evening to do anything else; and then I had before me the rather alarming necessity of preparing two new sermons for the Sabbath within the brief space of Saturday afternoon, and after the exhausting exercises of Saturday morning. The Lord, however, favored me with good health and elasticity of mind, and I can truly say the work has been pleasant.

I have just had a restful little episode in a walk to Prof. Conant's hill, where I found him and his good

wife drinking in the balmy freshness of the forest air, under one of his grand old beech-trees. This was a temptation not to be resisted, and throwing myself upon the greenest and softest knoll I could select, I sighed, "Ah, Mrs. Conant, for the innocence of paradise, when a man could be lazy and not guilty!" Never mind her answer, nor the good long, drowsy confabulation of the next hour.

November 27, 1839.

To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day ; but I shall take the liberty of feeling grateful a little in anticipation of its arrival—grateful for this peaceful hour which I may spend with you. Since I last wrote you we have found it necessary to modify one of our courses of study, so as to increase the number of daily recitations, and the request has been made of me to take a portion of this additional work. But I can hardly believe it my duty to weaken and dissipate whatever of mental force I may possess, by spreading it over a surface so unreasonably wide. So I showed my good brethren my situation, and convinced them that duty to myself and the weighty trusts which I already so ill sustain, forbade my compliance. Indeed the conviction seems to be gaining ground in the Faculty that the field of labor assigned me, embracing the distinct departments of Mental and Moral Philosophy and that of Belles Lettres, is entirely beyond the ability of any one man to occupy properly. I begin to cherish a hope that I may some time obtain relief. Very peculiar providences have recently directed our attention to a gentleman in Philadelphia (Rev. Mr. C.), a fine scholar and successful teacher, who it is thought might be added to the Faculty. Should he come, his proper department would be that of Rhetoric and Belles

Lettres. I should, of course, be at once relieved of half my burden, and at liberty to concentrate my entire energies on my chosen and beloved pursuits in Mental and Moral Philosophy. "Oh, glorious hope!" Is it too good to be realized? It seems that then, with you at my side, and my soul blessed with spiritual light, I should have nothing to wish for—nothing wanting to complete my earthly comfort.

Thursday the 28th. It is now Thanksgiving morning, and a soft and beautiful day it is. If our hearts are half as grateful as is this delicious spring-like air, our offerings to-day will not be unacceptable.

I was led in my private devotions this morning to attempt a review of all God's gracious dealings with me, and an enumeration of the peculiar mercies which I have experienced, and to contemplate the blessed prospects which spread out before me. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days."

We have had an interesting discourse from Prof. Conant this morning, "Using the world as not abusing it," illustrating the principles of Christian morality in relation to the acquisition of the means of temporal enjoyment. It was an able production, strictly in keeping with the character of the occasion.

And now, a note from Mrs. Conant lies before me, with a plan for the remainder of the day. She says, "Come on Thursday, and spend a good long afternoon and evening with us. Let us on that day give 'philosophy and philology' to the winds, and let mince-pies, sociality and poetry reign supreme. A query arises as to what one of our good Pilgrim Fathers would have said to such a view of the festival. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that decent mirth well befits the time. I wish the dear C. were here."

Amen to that, say I!

Friday Morning. Well—a good long afternoon and evening we made of it, to be sure, and a very pleasant one too. My spirits bubbled and flashed like newly opened champagne. Various were the topics introduced and discussed in

“ Discourse not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
Nor did we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
A jarring note.”

Mrs. C. always mentions you. You have a place in her noble heart which I am confident you will not easily lose, and which you will always find a warm one.

It is cheering to take with him another view of the picture, and to find in these social joys relief from the endless round of duties. The life at Hamilton appears to us in a two-fold light, and we turn from the graver to the brighter side. If it was a life of weariness and plodding work, it was one of many peaceful recreations also, and of much rest and profit to his spirit. What solace and refreshment he found in the companionship of friends and of his beloved books, or in the charms of Nature, always a minister of gladness to him! Here he first learned to win from Nature her secrets, and came to such an understanding with her that she was ever afterward his friend. She taught him her “re-creating” power, as he plunged into her shades to escape from some heavy-hearted mood, and felt all the exultation, the bounding freedom of a soul quickened

into new birth by her wondrous touch. Hamilton was the spot where, as we have learned from the sketch of his "Boyish Days," he had realized his childish dream of happiness in the country, the "abode of absolute liberty and primitive simplicity," in which no rude laws interfered with his enjoyment of forest, field, and stream. And it ever remained to him the same pure Arcadia. All his pictures of it sparkle with fresh and dewy touches. We find him in the morning, "sallying from the Institution, axe on shoulder, seeking the distant forest, with thoughts bent on the overthrow of sundry of its majestic sons;" or in another sylvan retreat, a "quiet spirit-healing nook," communing with his own heart of heavenly things. Now, in the fading light of a summer day, he is "writing in the deep hall-window, drinking in the evening song of the birds, and ever and anon feasting the eyes with a glance upon the lovely meadow and hills on the west. The sky is clear as amber, and the golden light of the sun, long since sunk from view, is rapidly fading into twilight's gray," while he pours out his heart to distant loved ones.

And now we have a moonlight picture, as he draws his lesson from the scene:

The round moon has just risen above our eastern horizon, and is shedding her silver flood over hill and plain, meadow and grove. A cooling shower has just passed over us, and left the air as fresh and sweet as the atmosphere of Eden, and the last fleecy cloud having disappeared from the heavens, the eye gazes up into the glorious vault and rests upon no single speck to mar its "dark and deep and beautiful blue" or to impair the overwhelming conception of its shoreless immensity. How indescribably tranquil! The

silence may be felt—almost heard. Yes, from this very silence a still small voice seems to flow in from every quarter upon the soul, and it says, "My son, through these my works behold their God and thine. A present Deity is all around thee.

' He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all.'

Nature sleeps secure under His protection, and from her glad face the smile of His goodness is reflected. So do thou confide in Him, and though your sins have once separated between your God and you, rejoice in the interposing grace of the divine Redeemer, who, by the sacrifice of Himself, has forever put away sin and abolished its penalty. Let not your heart be troubled ; believe in God, believe also in Him."

I look out from my little window upon the hill which rises behind our buildings and towards the beautiful grove that crowns its brow. There sleep two who but a few days since were in our midst, sharing with us the joys, the labors, and the afflictions of life. They have ceased from all, and there they lie, oh how peacefully ! while the bright moon shines on the roofs of their narrow mansions, with a tranquillity like their own.

Another letter gives a minute description of the scenery of the place, and reminds us of other hill-tops from which he afterwards looked down, and of his keen enjoyment of the smallest detail of beauty in the landscape.

The scenes which charmed his eye were admired and enjoyed by others. They were touched not far from this time by the graceful pen of "Fanny Forester." The stream which she immortalized as "Alderbrook" wound its way through a picturesque valley embraced

in the view from one of his favorite "points of observation," and the little vine-wreathed cottage on its borders, where she spent much of her childhood, was but a few miles from Hamilton. While still quite young, she had come with her parents to reside in the village. It remained her home during her brilliant career as a magazine-writer, and was the scene of her romantic courtship and marriage with Dr. Judson, the "hero-missionary," whose visit to that theologic center excited the veneration and enthusiasm described in a subsequent chapter. Here a warm personal friendship was formed by her with members of the college-circle, including Prof. A. C. Kendrick, who became her biographer, and Mrs. H. C. Conant, who in her well-known memoir of Dr. Judson recounts the story of "The Earnest Man." In Prof. Kendrick's "Life and Letters of Mrs. Judson" he thus locates the little town: "Thirty miles south from Utica, in Central New York, on the head-waters of the Chenango River, and at the head of the charming valley which follows the windings of that stream in its picturesque course to the Susquehanna, lies Hamilton, one of the most beautiful interior villages of the State, and the seat of the literary and theological institution known as Madison University." The university buildings commanded an outlook of the lovely valley, and my father was never tired of gazing at the picture. He writes to friends at home:

HAMILTON LIT. AND THEO. INSTITUTION, }
July 31, 1836. }

I have wished a thousand times that you could share with me the delightful rambles which I take over the hills and through the woods of this diversified and

beautiful country. The scenery is highly interesting and romantic. The face of Nature is broken up into hills and valleys, blending with endless variety and into the most strikingly picturesque views. I have found a great many points of observation, from which the prospect has charmed me exceedingly, each differing very materially in its details from all the rest, though all partaking of the general features of boldness and beauty which characterize the surrounding country. The extent of these views appears to me to be a happy medium. They are not so limited as to fail of amply satisfying the mind, nor so large as to render them difficult of comprehension or to weaken the effect of their varieties of contour and color. The latter is the case, I think, with the prospects from Union and from Hamilton (Clinton) Colleges, especially the latter, which, situated on a very high hill, overlooks a seemingly limitless extent of country. But the distance at which you see them renders the inequalities of the surface very indistinct, and the vast tract with which they are brought into comparison makes them so insignificant as hardly to be observable. The entire effect is diluted, and the scene becomes, on the whole, tame and insipid. The greatest distance which you can see from our hill is directly in front of the buildings, and is probably not more than seven miles. This is looking down the valley in which the village stands. The hills between which it lies are perhaps on the average two or three miles apart. The summit of their ridges is clothed with forests, whose edges are irregularly broken by green pasture-lands, sloping smoothly away and melting into a perfectly level plain. The rich combination of hill and plain, of forest and meadow and cultivated field, every feature of which can be distinctly perceived and appreciated by the eye, the whole clothed in Nature's

loveliest hues, and relieved by the pretty little village which sleeps in the center of the plain, presents an entire picture on which my eye is never tired with looking.

I have been disposed to distrust my own taste in this matter, supposing that I was possibly misled by my deep interest in all that concerns the institution. But my opinion has received a confirmation which justifies my most ardent adherence to it. Dr. Penny, President of Hamilton College, recently visited and expressed himself highly delighted with our location. Dr. Penny, you remember, was lately the pastor of a Congregational church in Northampton. He has traveled in Europe, and his authority in point of taste is undisputed. You will find his views of our site in a letter published in the last *Register*, and evidence of his good taste in the graceful style with which that letter is penned. . . .

Besides the general scene, there are particular spots, walks, nooks, and corners which have already become favorite places of my resort and associated with the memory of most interesting seasons of meditation and devotion. We have groves which would not have disfigured the retreats of Academe, and whose solitudes (if I may be allowed the misnomer) are daily visited and awakened by the votaries of Apollo and of Polyhymnia, muse of eloquence. We have a mountain streamlet whose source is high up towards the summit of the ridge, in the dark recesses of the forest which crowns its brow. Emerging from the forest, it steals its way rapidly along the bottom of a small ravine, covered from view by the trees which, growing from either bank, overhang and wholly conceal it from the view of the observer without. It runs along in this way, constantly and rapidly descending over its rocky bed, until it sud-

denly reaches a perpendicular precipice of twenty or thirty feet in depth. After taking its fearless leap, the little stream hastens on its way, for it has not reached by far the foot of the hill.

There is one spot upon this brook which is an especial favorite of mine. It is before you reach the cataract, and where the stream is shut up in the bottom of the ravine. As you approach it from without, you perceive nothing but the dense foliage of the intermingling branches. You make your way through them, and step cautiously down upon a prostrate trunk which has fallen across the stream, and enter the little apartment which you seek. This is a cool chamber, open at the two ends, the two sides of which you may touch at the same moment with your extended hands. Its walls are the verdant banks of the ravine; its floor, the rocky ledge over which the streamlet flows; its ceiling, the overhanging branches. Your seat and its back are formed by two trunks which have fallen across from bank to bank. Oh, what a place for meditation and prayer, the music of the waters blending with the melody which your heart sends up to God!

If Nature was a cordial to him, what a well-spring of rest and joyous refreshment he found in the delights of Friendship! One who loved him has spoken of his "capacity for refined friendship, and his life-long constancy therein," and this might well seem the chief jewel of a heart that had room for all good and beautiful things. The story of my father's life might be the story of his friendships, and it is impossible to trace it without weaving that silver thread into the narrative. We follow it, through changing scenes, to his very latest years, and find the first loves the very last

and best. Many others were added, and each had a place which was kept inviolate. In every new field of labor, duties and depressing cares were cheered by the same genial intimacies. But there were no closer ties than the shining cords which bound his heart to the faithful ones first chosen, and no friendships of later time yielded fruits so sweet and ripe as those rooted among "the green hills and fragrant forests of old Hamilton."

Among the very first and warmest of those friendships was one which lasted as long as life itself. The Rev. Dr. Edward Lathrop, who was his fellow-student at Hamilton, was associated with him in the labors which were the crowning work of his life, and as a member of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College, and finally as its chairman, shared his most intimate confidences. The companions who in youth had taken "sweet counsel" together were united in graver cares and counsels, until for one all cares were over, and the other was left to fulfill the last sad office that friend can perform for friend. The memory of this friendship was embalmed in the words spoken in that sorrowful hour. It is again referred to in a recent letter:

FROM REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D.D.

STAMFORD, CONN., July 23, 1880.

Nothing can be more gratifying to me than the remembrance of my life-long acquaintance with your honored father, and especially the intimacy of our friendship in those years, now long past, when, as yet, no great sorrow, and no weight of great responsibility, had suppressed, to any extent, the joyousness of youth. My acquaintance with your father began not long after my

arrival at Hamilton, somewhere between 1835 and 1837. We were together a great portion of the time not occupied in study, now rambling through the woods (he was an enthusiastic admirer of nature in her primeval and wildest forms) and then, arm in arm, strolling down to "the village" on some social errand, or to participate in some religious meeting. That which always impressed me as a peculiarity and a most happy combination in your father's characteristics was his love of fun, combined with the most delicate recognition of what is gentlemanly in deportment and what is right in morals. He could appreciate a good joke. He was genial as a companion, ardent in his friendship, and always ready in his own humorous way to contribute to the entertainment of his associates; and yet at no time did he seem to forget that he was a Christian, nor to lose sight of the serious life-work which was then just before him.

After our college-days were ended, our personal intercourse was necessarily less frequent; but neither separation nor time affected the nature and depth of the friendship formed in earlier years. Although my friend had risen to the dignity of Professor, and afterwards to that of President of a College, whenever we chanced to meet, he was in heart and in manner just what he was when we were known to each other only as "John" and "Ned."

I recall also, in going back to those early days, the image of your dear mother, whose sweet and gentle nature won, as it well might, the appreciative heart of your father. I almost hesitate to speak in this connection of one whose delicate and refined sensibilities would repel such allusion to herself if uttered by a stranger. But I cannot forbear to say, in writing to you, her daughter, that the girl whom I knew as Cornelia Morse has fully realized the predictions of your father's early

friends, and has demonstrated, in her noble, patient, self-sacrificing life, the discernment and wisdom of him who at the "breakfast-table where he first saw her face, took the resolution which he never repented." May God long spare to you her counsel and her love.

Your information is quite correct with regard to your Grandfather Raymond's funeral sermon, which I preached in the old First Church, Brooklyn.

I feel that I have given you a very imperfect idea of my estimate of your father's worth and of my own feeling towards him. If you could know my heart, you would understand how much I loved him, how thoroughly I respected him, and how lonely and sad I felt when God took him.

Other attachments were formed, as the student became tutor and professor. There was never, perhaps, a more harmonious circle than that which gathered under the shades of the college-hill, composed of the families of the Faculty, with a few other congenial spirits. We of the second generation dimly remember the joys that have made those days bright with glad and vivid recollections to our elders. The bond which united the parents reached to the more youthful hearts, and strengthened with the passing years, until they now rejoice in a golden inheritance of friendship, a very birthright to those who beheld the dawn of life at Hamilton.

It was a happy fortune that cast the lots of so many of that circle together in later homes. In Rochester, whither a large number of the professors removed in 1850 to establish a new University, the familiar joys were continued, and still subsequent years found some of the same tried friends united in Brooklyn. A cen-

tral figure in the group that met so often in friendly conclave was one whose loving companionship brightened life through all these changes. We find him first presented to the acquaintance of Brooklyn friends in the continuation of a letter already partially quoted :

I did intend, in this letter, to introduce to you an individual whom I love very much. It is our Professor of Biblical Literature, Prof. Conant, a man of most profound and accurate learning, acute and philosophical mind, unbending Christian integrity, and the most affectionate and endearing spirit. His whole character is exceedingly admirable. Unassuming and simple in his conversation and in all his habits of thought and conduct, plain and placid, you yet cannot be an hour in his society without feeling that you are with a strong man. He is unquestionably the main pillar of the institution. He has inspired us all with an enthusiasm in the prosecution of biblical learning, and is preparing a great amount of work for us next year in biblical studies. If he is spared to the institution, we shall not be in want of competent translators into the various languages of the East.

The fruits of an illustrious life have verified this early appreciation of the eminent Oriental scholar, whose labors in the revision and interpretation of the Scriptures are now so widely known. Nothing could exceed the reverence in which he was held by the younger members of our family, not only as a father's cherished friend, but as one who kept the keys to those strange hieroglyphics that so baffled our childish eyes and seemed to shut out from them a world of mystery. Syriac, Arabic, Chaldee, Hebrew—the whole Semitic family—how we wondered over the ponderous tomes

in our rainy-day explorations in the study on the hill!

This honored friend most kindly contributes his recollections of the life at Hamilton :

From DR. THOMAS J. CONANT.

MY DEAR H——: It is with great pleasure that I comply with your request for my early remembrances of your dear father.

My acquaintance with him commenced in 1835, when he came to the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, to complete his preparation for the ministry. He was then twenty years of age. He had originally selected the practice of law as his profession. While acquiring its practical details in a law-office, his attention was drawn to the subject of personal religion. A skeptical tendency, not uncommon in inquisitive young minds, had somewhat dulled the influences of his early Christian home. But after earnest searching for the truth he heartily received the teachings of the New Testament as divine. Recognizing the Saviour of the world therein revealed, and trusting in Him as his own, he resolved thenceforth to preach to others the Saviour he himself had found.

In this was shown the habitual direction of his mind in all after years : to accept nothing but on evidence and full conviction of its truth, and then to hold it with a firm, unflinching grasp.

It was made the duty of the Faculty to examine applicants for admission in relation to their religious experience and reasons for entering the ministry. With modest self-possession he recounted his mental struggles with the doubts which had darkened his way, and how they yielded to the force of evidence until the truth was

clearly revealed. His analysis of the processes by which conviction was reached; of his mental exercises under the searching tests of the divine teachings; of the grounds on which he at length found rest and peace in a saving faith in Christ—all impressed the minds of the Faculty as giving assurance, in one so young, of no ordinary powers of development.

As his teacher in Hebrew and Greek I had opportunities to observe his aptitude for acquiring language; not so much a readiness for acquiring words and their combinations as the deeper and more subtle philosophy of speech as the mind's instrument of thought, which fitted him to excel in exegetical studies and in the department of language to which he was subsequently called.

It was during these studies that he proposed to devote his life to a particular branch of missionary work; namely, the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the various languages and dialects of the East. Three of his companions in study were associated with him. Their plan was to act in concert, apportioning among them the wide fields of missionary labor, each working in his own field; to acquire the vernacular use of a language by intercourse with the natives; and, while not neglecting the oral preaching of the Word, to make the translation of the Bible their main business. A college of translators would thus be formed, acting on the same principles, and producing a uniform and harmonious rendering of the Word of Life in different languages, and relieving the preachers of the Word from the labor and drudgery of the grammar and lexicon. Their object and the proposed plan were submitted to the Faculty, and with their approval were laid before the Board of Missions. But the time had not come; and the Board courteously declined the proffered service. How differ-

ent would now be the aspects of those fields had the energies of Dr. Raymond's far-reaching and organizing mind been devoted to that necessary branch of missionary work!

But you desire particularly my impressions of our early intimacy in the social and domestic circle. During our long residence at Hamilton and Rochester he was the ever-welcome and cherished guest at our family fireside. Of a genial temperament and unfailing cheerfulness; in conversation grave or gay, sparkling with wit and humor or serious and thoughtful; earnest and playful by turns; satirical without offense; easy and refined in manners; ready to enjoy a jest or to discuss a problem, he was ever the life and charm of the circle.

I cannot do better than to give you the picture of our life at Hamilton, drawn in after years by my now sainted wife. "Our social enjoyments," she writes, "were intense, and entered a hundred-fold more into our heart-life than in these wider spheres since become familiar. The two or three among our immediate associates, of temper and aims congenial with our own, we fastened to us 'as with hooks of steel.' Our households were almost as one family. The summer rambles in the woods, the winter sleigh-rides, the weekly tea-drinkings all the year round, were always in common. Hardly could the housewives of the circle enjoy a successful experiment in the culinary art, or the gathering of an extra fine basket of summer fruit, unless all could gather round the fortune-favored board and rejoice together over the simple dainty. How easy and free, how full of genuine heart-mirth, yes, and of intellectual stimulus also, were those little gatherings! More good wit, atrociously successful puns, and sparkling *mots*, were wasted in those bird-cages of parlors on some of those genial evenings, than would have sufficed to spice a whole London season,—

comparing the chronicles of my memory with the recorded specimens of Sydney Smith and Douglass Jerrold. How loath we always were to part! And yet, however late the hour, we in the cottage under the beeches were never satisfied unless our special *One* could linger after the rest, to finish up the treat with a draught of converse drawn from the innermost fountains, sealed to all others. For even in that narrow and closely affiliated circle the heart asserted its regal prerogative of choice, maintained the order of its court in the ascending ranks of 'dear, dearer, dearest,' and spurned, as if it had thousands to select from, a democracy in love. That single friendship, how its pure, kindly, reviving influence beautified our monotonous existence! I have read of a flower in the deserts of Africa, a pure white flower⁴ springing up here and there from the barren, thirsty sands, which holds in its bosom a supply of clear water, sufficient for a saving draught to the perishing traveler. Friend of our youth, such wast thou to us; nor can after friendships, formed in more prosperous days, sparkling fountains in the rose-gardens and rills through verdant lawns, ever stand side by side in our affections with that cup in the wilderness, which to our deepest social yearnings was then our all."

To these social enjoyments were added more substantial pleasures. An evening every week was sacred to literary studies; to readings in favorite authors, with criticisms on their peculiar characteristics and merits, interspersed with written essays, translations from the German poets, and the like. Professor Raymond's reading was the perfection of elocution; not in art, for in his reading there was none of it. It did not seem the effect of study; or rather, when by study he had mastered the writer's thought, his utterance of it seemed the natural and spontaneous expression of his own. Whether it was Shakespeare in tragedy or comedy, or Christopher

North in "Noctes Ambrosianæ," or Boswell showing his idol or himself, or whatever he read, he was unsurpassed and inimitable. Even the thoughtful younger tribes would cuddle in corners, or crouch behind the chairs of their elders, to enjoy his vocal interpretation of a favorite author. It was a rare gift; and in no other have I ever heard it in equal perfection. To the latest years of his life, it was one of the anticipated pleasures of his visits to our family circle.

Our summer rambles and summer-evening gatherings were enjoyed in a still narrower and dearer circle. His family relatives and home friends were accustomed to seek, in the coolness and repose of that secluded valley, a refuge from the heat and noise of city life. Too many yet remain of that inner circle to allow me to speak, as the heart dictates, of the friendships thus formed, and still cherished among life's choicest treasures. Their record is embalmed in precious memories of the past, and in volumes of correspondence, the pen in absence doing the office of the eye and tongue.

During the two-and-twenty years of our connection as colleagues at Hamilton and Rochester, he was my nearest and most trusted friend. Never, in all after years, occurred anything to abate my trust in him, or cool the warmth of friendship. As he matured in years and experience, and became a counselor as well as friend, I could safely rely on his truthfulness, the unswerving rectitude of his evenly balanced mind, unbiased in its judgments by our personal relations.

Unselfish in public as in private life, he did his appointed work in his appointed sphere; never seeking position for himself, accepting that to which he was called, with all its burdens and responsibilities manfully and cheerfully borne.

Pupil, companion, friend, and counselor, farewell !

T. J. CONANT.

The passage quoted from the late Mrs. Conant gives us a glimpse of the gifted mind and heart whose stores contributed so richly to the enjoyment of that halcyon time. It was found among her writings after her pen was forever silenced, and was then first seen by the one of whom she wrote. How deeply it stirred his heart is seen from his own words :

DR. RAYMOND TO DR. CONANT.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND : How shall I begin to tell you how I prize the inestimable gem? how sufficiently thank you for sending it to me in just this form? I knew that I had been honored by her peculiar friendship, but such an expression of it, traced by her own dear hand, and in words so beautifully characteristic, I had never hoped to possess. It has affected me deeply, more and more so the oftener I peruse it, and shall be preserved while I live, as a sacred memorial of a friendship, the dearest and most precious of all that my memory enshrines.

Every day I feel more sensibly how much I, too, have lost in her. Every day deepens my regret that I should have suffered other engrossments for so many years to deprive me so much of her society (and yours, for it was one and the same thing), that I should have deferred to an uncertain future the plucking of those ripened fruits of friendship which now death has swept beyond reach.

“Forever”? Oh, no, we know it is not so. That future, though removed a little farther than we hoped, and lying now “within’ the veil,” is not uncertain. The seed of such affections is divine and “remaineth.” However interrupted, wherever transplanted, its growth and fruitage shall be immortal. We shall meet again—all of the beloved circle now grown so large and full and rich. We

shall meet, and in fairer "rose-gardens" than the loveliest of earth, beside purer streams, nobler forest-shades than those we have enjoyed together here, shall reknit those broken meshes and renew the converse so suddenly and sadly silenced. Meanwhile, Doctor amatissime, I prize beyond all power of expression, the warrant you (and she) have now given me to mingle my tears with yours as partner in your heart's loss—as privileged to stand in some sense *alone by your side*, within a charmed circle drawn by her own loving pen. With all the tender sincerity inspired by such a thought, let me assure you of a sympathy as life-long as your great grief, while I write myself

Faithfully yours,

J. H. R.

A chief joy of those early associations was the part borne in them by those nearest to him by birth. The bond which held him to these chosen friends, interlinking with the sacred home-ties, made a chain doubly riveted. To each of his brothers and sisters Hamilton was at different times a home, save to the elder brother, to whom absorbing business interests in New York left no time for the summer rest so grateful to the others. It is hard to put aside letters in which the loved names are repeated on a thousand pages, without giving to each one a place in the history of those days, with all the varying circumstances that made them memorable to each. But time would indeed fail to tell of all these joyous hours; of the delights experienced with the brother whom a happy providence sent to share for a time his studies and pursuits, and whose sparkling presence was the promise of all mirth and flashing wit; or of his sheltering love for the younger sister, so early left motherless, who at one time found

a home under his roof. To this sister he owed the strengthening of one of the tenderest friendships of his life, formed in his first years at Hamilton with the Rev. George R. Bliss, then a tutor in the university, to whose care he afterwards transferred her. He tells the story in a few words: "M.'s days are halcyon as ever, and her evenings!—with the Sabine bard may she exclaim, 'O evenings worthy of the gods!' Or with Cowper,

'O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined and with purer *Bliss!*'"

A single scene gives us a grouping of the family party. A golden day of summer finds them exploring a picturesque ravine in the neighborhood of Sherburne Falls, some miles distant from Hamilton:

Thick woods cover the steep sides of the banks to their very summits, and seem to seclude the sweet spot entirely from the dusty world, the "painted pomp" of our every-day existence. We wandered up and down the stream, and found and made a multitude of pretty pictures,—one, when the girls sat in a picturesque group under a natural viny bower, Mr. C. stretched out at full length at their feet. On the opposite side, a little mountain brook came tumbling down into the stream, and across its mouth lay the mossy trunk of a fallen tree, on which reclining, your humble servant,

"lay along,
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that crawls along this wood."

Away up stream, you might see Bliss carefully assisting Sis over a bridge of stones—there, plague on that rolling

stone, it has slipped from under her, and splash! she goes; but no matter—it's only her "wet goods" dress—quite natural, you know, for that to take to the water. Clear off, as far as you can see through the overhanging branches, the white waters foam down—too distant to be heard. But where's Robert? There, look directly over your head, away up among the thick trees. I can just see his white pants—can't you see? Well—hear! Do you know that rich bass? Hark! catch every note—"My heart's in the highlands." Bravo! Can that be beat? Yes! "Some love to roam" follows—fifty per cent better. And listen once more—"The Vale of Avoca"—exquisite—exquisite! There, Bob, come down, that's the gem; you couldn't equal that if you sung a week. And so Bob thought, and the picture was broken up.

But with none in the family band was his heart in closer affiliation than with the elder sister, who, being nearest him in age, was the first to share his confidence. Upon her, as the oldest sister, the father had laid the responsibility of drawing the others together; her home in Brooklyn was the central gathering-place; to that the brother's heart ever turned with longings unspeakable, and in his own a welcome was ever awaiting her. What a volume of pure communing is written in his remembrance of "sweet converse with a spirit nearest of all on earth to my own." The following letter to her, which revives some of those summer scenes, is given with the lines which it contains, notwithstanding her protest: "I should certainly object to putting into print the poetical lines in your father's letter to me. They are not worthy of him except for just the time and circumstances for which he wrote them, and their

charm consists in local and social allusions that none would understand, save those who were personally interested. Your father was not a poet, dear child, except in heart and soul, and I would have no false claims made for him."

It may not be necessary to claim poetic merit for the verses that were intended only for sympathetic eyes. They are given simply as a rhythmical picture of those peaceful pastoral delights, and a fuller description of them than can be found elsewhere in his words:

TO MRS. J. T. HOWARD.

HAMILTON, Nov. 7, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER: This hour to love and thee! Bro. Kincaid is gone, and I am under no temptation to hurry off a hasty scrawl which would give me as little satisfaction in writing as you in reading. So I sit me down leisurely in my little new study, and begin, intending to write for my own entertainment, and to get through,—when it may please the Fates. And a very snug little new study it is, a merry roaring stove in one corner, and my dear old book-cases all around me, with their friendly, cheerful, and (ah, what a blessing in this Protean world!) unchanging smile—and that same Protean, perplexing, ever-whirling and brain-confounding world so far off! I can hardly hear its surges, ever restless without, and occasionally dashing against the walls of my retirement, and making its quiet seem yet the more peaceful and profound. My mind has become much relieved of those anxieties which you are aware harassed it so much last year. I see it to be absolutely impossible for me to leave H. for at least some time to come, and your absolute impossibilities are the most sovereign of sedatives to compose an uneasy mind. It need not distress you, dear

sister, to have me speak in such good spirits, as though it were thence to be inferred that I felt no need of you, and all my dear distant friends, to complete my happiness; for, I assure you, it has cost all my philosophy to purchasè this content—nay, more: my *philosophy* was all gone long before the oppressive sense of loneliness, which for weeks after your return hung on my spirits, would away; and at last I was obliged to draw (most *heavily*, you will probably say before you get through this page) on my poetry—(“*Risum teneatis, amici*,” which is Horace for ‘Stop your laughing, folks’). And thus wailed my pensive muse :

They're gone, all gone! those joyous days,
When balmy Summer shed her rays
From ever blue and laughing skies,
And made the earth a paradise.
In green and gold the fields were dressed,
The foot the flowery carpet pressed,
And through the grass, with ardent looks,
The noon-beams chased the virgin brooks;
Which ever, as they coyly run,
Throw tinkling laughter at the sun;
While fragrance hung upon the air,
And birds careered and caroled there,
And insects swarmed in tireless play,
Dancing their giddy life away
In bacchanalian merriment,
As fiercely gay, as swiftly spent.
Then love and beauty lapped the earth,
And all was music, all was mirth.

They're gone, all gone! the gentle flowers,
Whose life's the poetry of ours;
Speaking beyond the power of art
In silent numbers to the heart,
And waking in the enraptured breast
Feelings that may not be expressed.

All, all, alas! have passed away,
And stol'n its luster from the day;
The modest beauties and the proud,
The solitary and the crowd;
Bright-eyed ones laughing o'er the meads,
And mourners with their drooping heads;
And worshipers with tearful eye
All-meekly lifted to the sky;
The violet that mused alone,
Like hermit, 'neath a mossy stone;
The meek-eyed daisy, primrose pale,
The queenly lily of the vale;
From field and hill they all have passed,
And left this dead prosaic waste.

They're gone, all gone! each happy bird,
Whose song the waking morning heard:
The road-side sparrow chirps no more,
Nor swallow skims the meadow o'er;
Nor from the river's reedy brink
Carols the tuneful bobolink;
Nor linnet, hid among the leaves,
His curious note unwearied weaves.
No parent-robins gather food
To still their open-throated brood;
There, where the cunning nest was seen,
Snug-built behind the foliage-screen
Of vines that o'er the portal crept,
And where unscared the birdlings slept,
Though underneath friends cosy sat,
And whiled the time in lively chat,
Or "sweetly sympathetic" wept,
While plaintive night-winds round them crept.

And they are gone, the friends so loved,
With whom we sat, with whom we roved;
Sometimes discoursed in serious mood
Of things that sober people should;
And sometimes (blush we to confess?)
Spent time in wiser idleness;

Set the "unruly member" free,
And bade it wag in lawless glee,
And lungs to crow like chanticleer
Till Echo answered far and near.
We kicked the football-jest about
Till we had fairly kicked it out;
Loud laughing when the mark we hit,
And louder when we missed of it.
Or took Dan Goethe's "Faustus" down,
With grammar eke and lexicon,
To find the meaning of our lesson,
And where we could not find one, guess one;
Or, foiled at last, would smile to see
"Der Meister" solve the mystery.
And now and then a peep we took
At "Dr. Sam" in Bozzy's book;
Enchanted with the grand old cur,
Sage, critic, lexicographer,
Poet, and wit, as rolling there,
He bolts Sir Joshua's generous fare,
And belches forth such sparkling gems
As pale the sheen of diadems;
And all the goodly group the while
Their thoughtful admiration smile.
Gibbon and "Lankey" and Beauclerk,
Garrick and "Goldy," Thrale and Burke,
And (*instar omnium!*) mighty Boz,
More than the Great Sublime he draws.
We ranged the realm of fancy's lore,
Turned Shakspeare's wondrous volumes o'er,
In wildering moonlit mazes lost
With Hamlet and his father's ghost;
Or, chuckling, watched the garden trick
On Beatrice and Benedick;
Dropped tears o'er Desdemona's fate,
And gave Petruchio joy of Kate;
With many an observation sage
Shed light upon the doubtful page;
Untied all knots, and brought to view
More beauties than the author knew.

Or, throwing books and business by,
Forth sallied to the open sky,
And roamed, a merry company,
Exultant, noisy, far and free;
Climbed to the hill-top's breathless height,
Thence turned to gaze (oh goodly sight!)
Where green Chenango's glory lay
Beneath the enamored eye of day,
At softly slumberous ease reclined,
Her green robes waving in the wind,
With liquid-silver ribands wound,
And leafy garlands wreathed around,
And yon far-gleaming lakelet set,
Like jewel in her coronet.
The fiery god arrests his car,
And bends to breathe his passion there;
While the full chorus of the groves
With nuptial songs salute their loves;
Sounds of the distant waterfall
Embassing the sweet madrigal.
Then, plunging into forest shades,
We sought the cool sequestered glades,
Where pensive Nature dwelt alone,
From sight and sound of men withdrawn,
And, myriad-voiced, her Maker praised,
In temples His own hand hath raised.
But all-unworshipful were we,
Shouting aloud our graceless glee;
Laughing in consecrated bowers,
And plucking all the holy flowers;
Or, huddled in some leafy nook,
Along the margin of the brook,
With songs and cachinnations there,
Startled to life the sleepy air.

Ah! happy days were those, I ween!
Those days of gladness and of green.
But now, alas! in vain we rove
The faded field, the fading grove,
And search each memory-haunted spot
For those we love—we find them not!

The season has begun in town,
And every Gothamite is flown:
Where late we saw their soulful faces
We find but cold and empty places,
And freezing silence smites the ear,
Bent their familiar tones to hear.
They're gone, all gone! the summer hours,
The friends we love, the birds and flowers;
And these entrancing memories seem
The fragments of some fading dream.

But while we mourn, of these bereft,
Thank Heaven our happy home is left!
And other friends, a cherished few,
And cheerful work enough to do.
Then let us do, with willing mind
And ready hand, the work assigned;
Rejoicing still to think how soon
The days of absence will be gone,
Stern Winter and his icy reign,
And all we love come back again!

Having rolled off this burden, and "rid my bosom of the perilous stuff," I was, as you may imagine, considerably relieved—and obedient to the suggestions contained in the "application" above, I set myself at work. By the way, have you read Carlyle's "Past and Present"?—*i.e.*, looked into it—for no mortal could wade through the whole. I cannot help sort o' liking that fellow, even while I abhor his affectations. Pity him I must. He does seem to be struggling after truth, and to be far in advance of the great mass of unbelievers—nay, of many who profess to be believers—of some, perhaps, who are, though hampered by the cumbrous folly of human systems and philosophies. How thoroughly he despises the universal cry for "happiness! happiness! happiness!" and this generation of immortal souls, religious and irreligious, that have no higher end to aim at! How profoundly does he feel that all this cry and all this hot pursuit are vain, necessarily, universally, eternally vain!

that men cannot make themselves happy by any effort directed to that end, that no improvement of circumstances, whether affecting the body or the mind, can do it, that the "practical philosophy" and the loudly lauded "enterprise" of the age are destined to inevitable failure, and are fast working out the demonstration of their insufficiency and shallowness! How clearly does he discern the shame and desolation which are making haste to overwhelm "the wise, the scribes, the disputers of the world" in these latter times, as befell those of antiquity; "hath not God made foolish," etc. But, sensible as he is of the "darkness," he will not come to the "light." The only true wisdom is still foolishness with men. The one only Gospel, than which if any man preach another, he is accursed—this will not suffice. And what is the new scheme? Hear him: the latest Gospel in this world is, "Know thy *work*, and do it. . . . All true work is religion. . . . Admirable was that of the old monks, *Laborare est orare*—work is worship." Ah! if he had said "the work of the Lord," he would have come nearer the mark, for God has said "*it* shall not be in vain." And yet this would not be the proper starting-point. Why will he not hear the gracious voice of the only Saviour: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Give! Ay, there is the rub; then whose shall be the glory? Poor, proud man, struggling for the light, yet loving darkness better! If you have not seen the book, you'd better, should it come in your way.

We make but little progress in the "Noctes," having agreed not to read it except when the Conants are with us. That German, which Prof. Conant's return was to transmute with such marvelous facility into a vernacular dialect, is all Dutch yet. Hows'ever, we have a weekly meeting, and that furnishes a motive to get a weekly lesson, which is a great advance for me. By the way, have you read

Goethe's "Magician's Apprentice" (*Der Zauber-lehrling*)? If not, read it, and then try your hand at a poetical translation, preserving the spirit and meter of the original, and when you are ready to give it up, call on me, and I will send you one!

Our clockwork on the hill is again wound up and going. It strikes the hours as usual, with intolerable accuracy, and "I obey its imperious requisitions," as Dr. Cox said, when, just as he got fairly going, the clock told him to stop,—and I obey with about as bad a grace. But things are certainly running with admirable smoothness, and it is a pity and a shame that all should be in danger of stopping for the want of a little more *grease* on the wheels (a little more *grace* also might be of some advantage). The Faculty, however, do begin to feel serious apprehensions lest our great enterprise is to be arrested, if not wholly defeated, by the want of the right kind and right measure of interest in those who should sustain it. It is the deep conviction that this danger exists, and that our chief security now, under God, is the completeness and efficiency of our internal arrangements. It is this mainly that has set my own mind at rest on the question of leaving.

Good-by, dear sister, and brother, and all. I and mine love thee and thine, and ever will so long as my name's

JOHN.

In trying to present a picture of those early days, we may be forgiven for sharing with others a letter written to meet a special personal want, and to supply a knowledge of that distant time to the memory that touches it so vaguely. None better knows the life that we seek to follow, than the beloved sister whose own was so closely inwrought with it. None can better paint the days which, to those who faintly recall them, have such a dream-like charm, or better

supply the links between the present and that far-off past.

From MRS. JOHN T. HOWARD.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 5, 1879.

No, dear H., I cannot do it. It would be impossible for me to exhume all the sacred nothings of the past, that go to make up for me a treasure richer than gold or gems. To the public they would be empty and void—these precious reminiscences of mine—and they would add nothing to the interest of the book you contemplate. To you, my dear, I doubt not they are of interest, because you love me, and connect me with your remembrances of your dear father. I am willing to write of him to you, but not for “the hydra-headed.” Not that I despise it. No, I respect its claims, and I honor its judgment too much to impose my chatter upon its already overburdened soul. What I have written is for you, and I send it more as an instigator to you, another element in your mental atmosphere, than as anything complete in and of itself.

It is about sixty years ago that my memory recalls a plain and simple home, made bright with intelligence and warm with love, presided over by parents whose earnest and cheerful piety made the strongest impression upon our youthful hearts. There was little personal appeal or direct conversation on the subject of religion, but we had the practical illustration of its influence and power ever before our eyes.

Long before I could have been old enough to reason about it, my feeling was that to be a Christian was to be perfectly happy—as happy as my father. The Sabbath was the most radiant day of all the week to him—“the Lord’s day,” as he always called it with joyful empha-

sis. As he brushed his coat, and made preparation for church, he sang snatches of hymns:

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing."

"My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights."

The key-note was ever happiness and joy. On one occasion I heard him singing these words:

"Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive.
Let a repenting rebel live ;"

and I remember wondering why my father should sing *that*, so strong was my childish faith in his saintship.

The eldest brother was but fifteen months older than myself, and John, your father, was only eighteen months younger; consequently we three were very close companions. A happy childhood has but few salient points; it lies in the memory like a glowing atmosphere, rather than as a picture of well-defined forms and colors. I remember little but our playing and singing together until I was about twelve years of age. The sudden death of our mother then awoke me with a shock into a sad consciousness of life, and of the possibility of sorrow. At this time my elder brothers were both away from home at school, at Hamilton, N. Y., and the remembrance of that long lonely winter, and of my father's agony of spirit, has never faded from my mind. The returning spring brought back the two brothers, and hope and joy sprang up within my youthful heart.

Ward appeared old and grave, and naturally became the companion of our father, who confided to him all his sorrows, and leaned upon his unusually mature judg-

ment. John and I at once like "kindred drops" melted into unison. In this connection an amusing incident comes vividly to my mind. After the first few hours of greeting were over, we went hand in hand to the bookshelves to examine the treasures old and new. As we turned over and talked of one and another, I drew forth a small bright-colored volume, exclaiming, "Oh, John, this is an entertaining book!" He took it in his hand, read aloud the title—"The Adventures of a Donkey"—quietly and unsmilingly laid it down, and said, "I do not read that kind of book much now." "What do you read?" I asked. "Well," said he, "Homer's *Odyssey*, and other works of that nature." Perhaps you can imagine how crushed and humiliated I felt. I remember now the sensation of the warm blood flooding my cheeks as I meekly replaced the book, and inwardly confessed myself trivial and inferior. You may also be able to sympathize with my mood when about a week after this conversation I was sent to find John and call him to his dinner, he having failed to put in an appearance. I searched the house in vain, and at length found him in the garden, snugly ensconced behind the arbor, so intent upon "The Adventures of a Donkey" that he was lost to all sense of hunger or sound of dinner-bell.

My triumph was complete; and all trace of masculine conceit from that time was mercilessly put down by faint allusions to Homer's *Odyssey*. But the balance of power was pretty evenly maintained. No individual was permitted long to enjoy the hour of triumph. The turning back of that special joke upon myself I do not remember; but as I have given you one family picture, fairness would dictate that you should have its pendant. There is somewhere still extant, I believe, a sketch of me drawn by your father's ready pencil. After our mother's death the eldest daughter naturally became the feminine head

of the household, and in this sketch she is represented as seated by the fire in the family sitting-room, a basket of freshly ironed clothes by her side for repairing, a threaded needle in her hand, and across her lap several pairs of mated stockings ready for mending—but alas! above the stockings, and hiding them from the sight of the young housekeeper, is a large volume of Shakespeare, over whose open page her head is bending in complete absorption. The picture was too true, and for many years “Shakespeare and stockings” was a familiar by-word in the household. But verily, “Time brings in his revenges,” and I have lived long enough to enjoy them. When I see the modern young lady studying Shakespeare with all her helps—her commentators and her annotators—making her analyses, and coolly measuring her author’s heights and depths with her two-inch rule, without even the pretence of a thought toward the family hose, I am not so ashamed as I used to be of that picture of the young girl of sixteen; for the stockings always did get themselves mended before Saturday night, and the Shakespeare was enjoyed—if not analyzed and synthesized and “summarily comprehended.” Blessed father! he never allowed blame to fall upon me, nor would he permit my elders to call that time wasted which was spent in reading “nothing but poetry,” as was the formula in those far-away days.

At the time of the “Donkey” adventure, John must have been about eleven years of age. From his earliest youth, however, he was a genuine book-lover and book-collector, and planned two book-cases for his treasures when but a boy. How happy were those days in the long, long ago, when a set of new books brought home by him were gloated over by us together with as much delight as any with which Charles Lamb and his sister ever rejoiced over a piece of rare old china. He was

deeply interested in Goold Brown's Grammar, when not more than nine years of age. When he was just ten years old his mother, wishing to reward some faithful performance of duty, asked him to choose the book he most desired. Without a moment's hesitation he selected a long-coveted work on English grammar, the charms of which were unrivaled by the most exciting tales, and which he afterward treasured as our mother's last gift to him. Grammar was indeed one of our standing subjects for joke with John. How unmerciful was our raillery of each other in those youthful days! Now that I know more of the world and of human nature, I am astonished that such sharp dealing did not produce resentment or alienation. But it did not. A happy retort or a good joke covered a multitude of sins of offense. Indeed, no one thought of taking offense; he that gave the best reply was the "best fellow," and there was, I suppose, a tacit understanding that the antagonism was all upon the surface, while beneath lay an unvarying basis of the truest love and respect.

When I was about eighteen years of age and brother Robert twelve, we both became subjects of the great religious revival which in 1830-31 swept over the land. Then my heart awoke indeed, and my whole soul went out for my brother John. He was at that time in college, and with all the pride of youthful intellect looked down upon the unphilosophical excitement that agitated the community. He believed in the dignity of human nature, and thought it beneath man, made in the image of God, to be so easily moved. He never said an unkind word to me, or tried in any way to influence my action; but, without his saying it, I felt that he regarded the whole movement as a mere temporary excitement. Instinctively I avoided much conversation with him upon the subject; but night and day my prayer went up to God

on his behalf, and the consciousness that my life and conduct was in some sort before him as evidence of the power or weakness of Christian belief exerted in turn great influence over me.

About three years after this time a letter from him brought the glad tidings of his conversion at New Haven, where he was then pursuing his studies in the Law-school. In the interval I had become a wife and a mother, and being at the head of a household I still felt myself his elder. But the depth and fervor of John's religious experience, the earnestness and enthusiasm with which he at once devoted himself body and soul to the work of Christ upon earth, the elevation of his whole being, indeed, soon altered our relative positions. My heart did him reverence, and he became my elder brother, my faithful monitor, my blessed comforter, my honored and beloved friend. He immediately resigned the study of the law, for which he was by nature admirably fitted, having the rare faculty of suspending judgment until he had thoroughly considered every side of a case, and went to the Theological School at Hamilton, N. Y.

It is not necessary, and would be hardly possible even to allude to the many interesting events that from this time kept us in the most lively sympathy; his conflict of mind upon the missionary project; his courtship and marriage, which introduced to our family circle one of the loveliest flowers that ever graced it; the birth and sudden death of his first-born son, and births and deaths in my own immediate household; in short, the varied tide of life, which came rushing upon us both like a full river. But, whether joy or sorrow was borne upon its current, our hearts were still as one.

Now came the happy Hamilton days, the idyllic days of which you ask to hear. Strange it seems, dear H.,

that *you* should not know more about Hamilton—the lovely village where upon the dawn of a 4th of July morning, amid the ringing of bells and the roaring of peaceful cannon, you first opened your eyes upon the light. The ten succeeding years were bright and happy years to me. Forced to seek a retreat from the heats of the city with my little family of children, we went summer after summer for two months or more to Hamilton, then a little green nest in the bosom of softly undulating hills—forest-crowned and, as it seemed to me, bathed in ever-living light, so near they lay to heaven. True, I have heard that frost and snow, and rain and mud did sometimes make their appearance, but in all my sojourn there I never saw aught but grace, verdure, and beauty. Our companionship consisted mostly of the professors and their families; and the perfect freedom of our intercourse, the absence of all formal conventionalities of etiquette or dress, made our summers delightful as well as restful.

Here I first became acquainted with Professor and Mrs. Conant. The manner of our introduction was amusing and characteristic of Hamilton ways. Your father's library had overrun its bounds, and taken possession of the adjoining hall. With book-shelves well filled upon both sides, there was but a narrow passageway left between.

One morning I had strayed into this hall and was enjoying the delicious air, perfumed with new hay, that stole through the end window and blended itself with the odor of Russia leather and books in general. I had got hold of a volume of Kant, and was bending all my mental energy to the understanding of a passage that was far beyond me, and, being outwardly burdened with half a dozen selected volumes under one arm, had sunk down upon the floor, oblivious to everything around. A

slight movement recalled me to consciousness, and looking up I beheld a lady and gentleman regarding me with an amused complacency. I sprang to my feet, and your father, appearing opportunely at the study door, introduced me to "Professor and Mrs. Conant." This was the beginning of a golden friendship which for forty years has run its course without let or hindrance—without the shadow of a cloud to dim its clarity. Dr. Conant still survives, our loved and honored friend. Mrs. Conant has passed onward, the first of our pleasant circle to be "called up higher." She was a woman whose friendship was in itself an inspiration. To a full and genial nature, and a mind rarely comprehensive and enriched by the most generous culture, was added an aptitude for the most noble and enthusiastic friendship. To be all that was "lovely and of good report," it was only necessary to gain a place in her heart. Every weakness or blemish in a friend was overwhelmed in the ocean of her love. Not many were admitted to her intimacy, but how rarely privileged were the elect! Her vivacious spirit enkindled the whole circle, which was in turns electrified by her ready wit, touched by the tenderness of her loving heart, or moved to its depths by the earnestness of her religious convictions. I count it an honor to have been entered upon her list of friends, and this also constitutes part of my debt of obligation to my brother, for whose sake my claim was first admitted.

I know not how I can describe to you the pleasures of those sunny days, or put into words the subtle enjoyments that elude expression. The very simplicity that was their charm forbids description. Professors Conant, Eaton, Kendrick, Richardson, and Spear, with their families, composed our pleasant and congenial circle in Hamilton, to which in time were added Professor Bliss—who

married our sister Mary Ann, the youngest of our group—and brother Robert, with their families.

Our general gatherings were informal and full of interest, but the charm peculiar was in the unexpected meetings. The strolls over the hills, and the mornings in the open air under the beech-trees; the evening readings, sometimes grave and sometimes gay—when we were eagerly scanning the pages of Blackwood for some new poem from Elizabeth Barrett, or joyfully seizing a new volume from the “Great Unknown” the author of “Waverley,” or from Thackeray or Dickens. Later came Tennyson; and one bright summer Arthur Hugh Clough was the diamond that flashed across our path. What merriment we had over his “Bothie of Tober na Vuolich”! I seem yet to hear the chorus of laughter, from deepest bass to highest treble, evoked by his pages. How we enjoyed an occasional dip into Bozzy’s “Johnson,” the perfect *abandon* of the “Noctes Ambrosianæ,” or the deeper tone of an evening with Shakespeare! These, as variations from the frequent discussions among the theologues over questionable translations of Scripture passages, or on differing views of doctrine. Our themes of interest were various, and a hearty spirit of kindness and good-will pervaded the entire circle like an atmosphere:

“How calm, how cloudless, passed away
Our long, long summer holiday.”

After his fifteen years at Hamilton and a professorship of five years at Rochester University, your father came back to his early Brooklyn home as President of the Polytechnic Institute, and for eight happy years we lived side by side. A door was cut through our connecting piazzas that we might have free intercourse, and again

our daily life-streams blended. Happy years! did I say? Yes, radiant with heaven's own light; though among them is numbered the sad and shadowed year that saw the light of life go out from both our households. In October, 1859, a happy party passed across our threshold, full of hope and bright anticipations. My son and daughter, and a bright young cousin, her companion, started with my husband and myself on a voyage to Europe. The only sad drop in our parting cup was the farewell to your father's family, who were watching over their eldest son, then suffering from a long and wasting illness. Our farewell to the dear boy we feared would be a final one; but who could have dreamed that the bright, beautiful girl, who ran back for one more last word with the dying boy, was so soon to follow him, to make her way also, though from a foreign country, to the same "shining shore"! Before the close of that week another procession issued from your father's door, bearing all that was mortal of their son to Greenwood, and leaving the parents under the deepest cloud of depression they had ever known. The first letters we received in London brought to us the sad tidings. Our sympathies flowed back to our sorrowing ones, and Annie's tears fell freely over the loss of this favorite cousin. Dear child! it was her last sorrow. The seven succeeding months of her life were peculiarly happy. Her gay and joyous spirit exulted in new scenes, and our varied experiences of travel brought to her the most exquisite enjoyment. After three months' sojourn in Florence and Rome, she was very desirous of making a little trip into southern Italy. In Naples she had a slight attack of malarial trouble, but soon recovering we made our way—our bright and flowery way—to Sorrento, Salerno, and Pæstum, and returning reached Rome and Florence in safety. In Venice she was again attacked

with malarial fever. We pushed on to Milan, anxious to be in northern Italy. Too late, alas! it proved for her. In five days she succumbed to the disease, and fell asleep to wake no more on earth. For her it was not death, but translation. She went to sleep smiling at the physician's assurance that she was better—she awoke in heaven. She had passed over the dark river without consciousness. For her no farewells, no sighs for the dear absent father, or the sister and brothers in her distant home. Fair and bright as had been her dreams of Italy, earnestly as she had longed in her days of illness to enter the magnificent Cathedral of Milan, under whose very shadow she was lying, what must have been her joyful surprise as she opened her eyes upon the glories of heaven! For her sake we could be almost willing to bear the shock that paralyzed us. Mrs. Browning gives expression to our thought:

“ Well done of God! to halve the lot,
And give *her* all the sweetness.
To us the empty room and cot,
To her the heaven's completeness.”

The charm of our travel was over, and sadly, yet with a struggling submission to the will of “our Father,” we turned our faces homeward. And your father was ready to administer comfort to us—able through his own tears to “see the victory from afar,” even the victory that is given to our faith in the unseen and eternal. Upon his loving heart I leaned, and by reliance upon human love learned anew to trust the Divine.

Your father was by nature so lovely and so just that he was freely acknowledged to be the central influence in our large family circle. Every debatable matter, whether in the conduct of life, in religion, in science, in esthetics, in politics—or whatever might be the point of

difference—was referred to him. Among the young cousins nothing was more common than the remark, "I will ask Uncle John," or the question, "Will you leave it to Uncle John?" and all were so sure of justice, of a calm consideration of every side of a subject, that he was the always-accepted referee.

His decisions were so free from passion, his knowledge from assumption, his rebuke from asperity, that all willingly deferred to his conclusions. I could give many instances of his practical wisdom, and of the tact with which he played mentor to me as well as to my children. On one occasion, being thoroughly indignant at some real or fancied wrong, now utterly forgotten, I wrote to the offending party a letter giving a sharp and definite expression of my feeling upon the subject. Inclosing the letter in an envelope, I gave it to one of my children to take in to Uncle John for his opinion. The child soon returned, saying: "Uncle John says, now that you have probably relieved your mind, you had better put this letter into the fire." I paused a moment, then laughed, my anger gone, and the letter died in the ashes of the grate. But the lesson lived in my heart. I have burned other letters since then, and have learned to wait awhile before sending to any one words written under the spur of vexation.

In this connection a winter-evening scene comes to my remembrance. I was sitting at twilight with my daughter before a cheerful fire. A difference of opinion had arisen between us, and we were discussing the matter rather warmly as mothers and daughters sometimes do. The door opened, my brother entered, and Annie exclaimed: "I will ask Uncle John!" "You may," I replied, "and so will I."

He drew up a chair and seated himself between us, looking smilingly from one to the other. "Uncle John,"

said the maiden, "when a girl has come to be seventeen years old, and is supposed to have a fair share of common-sense, do you not think she should be allowed to act according to her own judgment of what is right and what is proper?" "And, Uncle John," I continued, "do you not think a girl of seventeen owes some deference to the judgment and opinion of her mother?" For a moment or two he was silent as he sat looking intently into the fire. Then, without a glance toward either of us, he said: "Were I speaking to the young lady alone, I should remind her of the wisdom that years and experience must have brought to her mother, and of the mother-love that could have no motive but her highest good. Were I speaking to the mother alone, I should suggest that often the best way of bringing our children to maturity is to grant them the freest exercise of their powers, even permitting them to profit by their mistakes. And to both I would say, that were each more anxious to guard the rights of the other from infringement than to maintain her own, there could never have arisen a necessity for this question." Silence was our only reply. We were answered—wisely and well, and upon a principle so broad, unselfish, and noble as to include and settle not only the momentary difficulty, but every possible contingency of the future.

During the last fourteen years of his life he filled the office of President of Vassar College. His official duties, and the ardor with which he addressed himself to the development of his high conception of the education and elevation of woman, necessarily interfered somewhat with his outward demonstrations of interest in family friends. But how rich has been our enjoyment of his occasional visits, how fair the sunshine that always entered with his beloved presence! "Uncle John has come!" was never spoken but in a joyous tone, and with the fullest confi-

dence that whatever might be the avocations or even embarrassments of the family for the moment, the announcement would be joyfully received. *He* could not come at a wrong time—he was so loving, so beloved!

I could not tell you the half that he was to me: how he taught me to enjoy nature religiously; how he led me to appreciate the sentiment of instrumental music, explaining in his own inimitable manner the development of themes and the meaning of composers, so clearly and poetically that it was equivalent to introducing into my being a new faculty—a power of clothing sounds with ideas—thus enlarging for a lifetime my capacity for refined enjoyment. There was in his mind a native grace that led him instinctively to see and appreciate everything that was beautiful, and an understanding that comprehended bearings to me obscure, and I gladly learned of him.

How my whole life unrolls to my backward gaze! And how in my many joys and my few great sorrows does the image of this dear brother stand ever at my side! In difficulties, how wise was his counsel; in bereavement and sorrow, how tender and heavenly were his words of comfort! After his death, which seemed to take a part of my very life from me, I felt that I did not know how to be calmed, until I heard some loving word from him, and exclaimed again and again, “Oh! if I could but have a letter from brother John!” It was the first sorrow of my whole long life borne without help from him, and the language of my heart was, “How can I do without him? Who can so gently and wisely lead my thoughts from the silent, cruel grave up to those choral shining regions where I do believe my parents and children live, where God my Saviour reigns?” A life, to me, without my brother John, was a wholly undreamed-of contingency, and although for the last ten years our intercourse has not been so fre-

quent as in the years preceding, yet I knew that he *was*, and that his heart was true to all earthly loves and friendships, ever the same and unalterable. Why shall I not think so still? Is he not the same, only more glorious, "made perfect"? To realize our dear departed ones as existing in a higher sphere and under nobler conditions, helps our belief in God and heaven. They become to us more than words, and consciously influence our after-lives. One cannot easily yield to scepticism, or lose the hold on eternal life, with a dear father gone from earthly being, gone in the full ripeness of his mental powers, in the full maturity of deep affections. Gone *whither*? Oh! not into empty space, not merely to be resolved again into the material elements. If, as the philosophers assert, no particle of matter has been lost since the formation of the world, how can we believe that soul-properties, more precious than gold or rubies, will suffer loss, or go out like an expiring wick when the earthly body faints and fails? No, dear H., let us hold on to this precious faith of our fathers and our fathers' fathers, till we also "appear in Zion, and before God."

S. T. H.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE.

THE labors of those early years were brightened by many joyful influences. But among all the sources of comfort and cheer from which my father replenished his strength, one ever remained the central fount. Here all streams of refreshing met in one sweet confluence. To the joys of Friendship had been added the serene and satisfying delights of Home. Of all the lights that fell upon his way, none shed a brighter radiance than that which shone from his own fireside, and none had more power to dispel the shadows from his spirit. He was accustomed to attribute whatever of good he might give to the world to the strength of heart gained in this dear refuge, and we constantly see how its pure happiness gave shape and significance to his thoughts of the Heavenly Home.

To understand his full appreciation of this blessing, we must go back to the time when he was without it, in his first years at Hamilton. He had begun to realize the incompleteness of life, when we find him "sighing for the wings of a dove, or a lodge in some vast wilderness, or one fair spirit for my minister, or any other poetical expedient for escaping the loneliness and perplexing cares of this dull world."

He continues :

I am weary of this old-bachelor life. It is a dog's life—

no, not a dog's; that is a reflection on canine sagacity and sociality: it is a log's life, if life that may be called which life is none. O Solitude! where are thy charms?

Our whole Faculty met last evening, for a delightful gathering at Mr. Edmunds's. We have grown to a noble circle, nine pair and an odd sheep. They laughed at my being an exception to the general rule, and seemed to consider it a very unfortunate condition for me to be in. However, I told them that they formed two opposite sides of a beautiful arch, and that there must be an Odd Fellow for the keystone. But when I came back, alas! from the merry scene to my cold, dark, solitary, cheerless rooms, you may imagine of whom and of what I thought. Oh! how impatient do I feel of the long and tardy-gaited time which must limp tediously away before I, too, shall have a home cheered by the light of loving faces and the music of affection's voice!

He had first become conscious of this need on one memorable morning when a new face appeared at the breakfast-table, in the family where he boarded in Hamilton. The tale of the breakfast-table never lost its romance to his children, who delighted to hear of the sudden conviction that startled him in that prophetic hour, and of the knightly vow which he took then and there. To the maiden of seventeen, absorbed in the gayeties of a visit to that village-metropolis of Letters and Learning, the reverend college-tutor of twenty-three, who expected to "go on a mission," was a paragon of ripeness and profundity who must forever be an outsider to her bright world. It was more than a twelvemonth before she learned what a different destiny was in store. Two more years intervened between their betrothal and their marriage in 1840, and in the mean time his foreign missionary plans, through

the decisions of others, had been exchanged for the hopes of the happy *home-field*. While he was busy preaching and teaching, his future wife was pursuing her studies at the Utica Female Seminary, then at the height of its prosperity and fame. There was abundant opportunity for letter-writing in the long interval. Great was the mystery, in subsequent years, hovering around a certain chest in our garret, known to contain our father's letters of that period, until, having reached an age of suitable appreciation, we were permitted to open and read to our hearts' content. What a revelation of pure delight, of kindly wisdom and youthful propriety! a mountain-pile of information and advice on pretty much every topic within the range of philosophy or belles-lettres, beginning with the first he had ever addressed to his fair correspondent, a marvel of heights and depths. The theologic leaven had begun to work in her youthful heart, when in riding one evening over one of the beautiful hills that surround the village, struck with the loveliness of the scene, she exclaimed, "Oh, why did Eve sin!" and an answer to the question furnished a theme for the twelve closely written foolscap pages which constituted our father's first "love-letter." Exceeded only by the stately courtesy of our grandfather Raymond's letters to his affianced bride, with their address of "Esteemed and Honored Friend," my father's correspondence during these two years offers a compendium of learned and loving counsel on all possible subjects of womanly culture, physical, mental, and moral, which is strongly suggestive of his future mission.

A volume of his letters would hardly be complete without specimens of these model missives, if each

were not a volume in itself. In one, he enjoins her to remember Jeremy Taylor's directions: "First, take care of the soul; second, take care of the body; third, take care of the mind." In another, he advises her to cultivate sobriety, warning her against the dangers of the levity which he has himself found a snare, and by way of a salutary sedative, recommends her to pursue the study of Greek, and to extend her readings in mental and moral philosophy. One of the most voluminous contains an elaborate discussion of the problems propounded in her last; and he writes patient pages of argument to explain "Whether Man is not distinguished from the brutes by Reason and Intellect as well as by Conscience; whether the moral sense is only another faculty of the mind, or whether it constitutes a third distinct and superior element possessed by Man in his separate organization." She has asked again: "If right and wrong reside in the intention, since the intention is mutable, how can right and wrong be immutable?" furnishing a text for more abstrusenesses and all manner of delicate balancings and fine dissectings of motive.

The health of the soul and that of the body are not forgotten in his zeal for mental development. Many rules are given for her religious guidance, and he earnestly remonstrates against the overtaking of her physical strength, declaring that, "No gratification of the pride can be cheaply purchased which costs the smallest sacrifice of health. Cheerfulness of spirits, gracefulness of manner, freedom and force of intellect (I had almost said purity of heart and enjoyment of religion), all depend to a greater or less degree upon the state of the physical system."

The ponderous pages are fortunately relieved by a little playfulness and by much tender feeling, and he sometimes diverts his logic to the proof of points of a more personal interest. All breathe the same spirit of consecration, and entreat her sympathy in the great objects to which he is devoted. In all he longs for the day when it will be a united service, as he chides "the dull-paced hours that creep so slowly away, and must creep, oh how many, and how long, before this separation is forever over?"

The "wished-for day" came at last, and the marriage took place at Angelica, a picturesque town nestling among the Allegany hills in western New York, then the temporary home of my mother's parents, and destined to become a gathering-place for their children unto the third and fourth generations. A letter to his father in Brooklyn, then living, gives an account of the important event :

HAMILTON, May 24, 1840.

MY DEAR FATHER: . . . I reached Angelica on Friday the 8th inst. The wedding was fixed for the following Tuesday, and I found no small stir among my cousins-to-be, in preparation for the occasion. Notwithstanding the earnest dissuasion of the good minister who married us (a brother of Judge Hull), and the unconcealed preference of both C. and myself for a plain and quiet wedding, Mr. Morse had concluded that he could not have his only daughter married without some public proof of his interest and affection for her, and his views were fully and decidedly seconded by his brother-in-law and partner (the Judge), under whose roof they were living. Hence it had been determined that the wedding must surpass anything which those parts had ever known. And so the bustle of prepara-

tion went on. "All hands engaged, the royal work grew warm." I had not been there long before I caught the infection, and became as much enlisted and industrious as the most ardent of them all. On my wedding-day, I can say with truth, I did a harder day's work than I had done for months before.

At length the happy evening came, and the people came, and the parson came, and we came with the rest, and the ceremony was performed in the most approved style. The minister's part especially was made exceedingly interesting by Rev. Leverett Hull, an uncle and a very able and pious Presbyterian clergyman, who reminds you by his appearance, manner, cast of mind, and interesting style of conversation, of our esteemed friend Dr. Carroll. After the ceremony came the congratulations and usual *et ceteras*, and a most delightful evening, wholly disappointing all my fears. Of the fine appearance of the rooms, the splendor of the supper, the well-tempered hilarity of the guests, what avails it to speak? Imagine such an affair turning out in every respect as well as the nature of it would admit, and you have the whole story. But what of the bridal party all this time? Well, they were as handsome and as happy as—as—as they are ever likely to be again, and I trust not unthankful to the Giver of all good gifts.

Wednesday we took to prepare for our journey, and of course did not anticipate any calls, so that I expected to write you before leaving Angelica. Before breakfast was over, however, the young Angelicans began to flock in, and it was soon announced that I must not expect to have it all my own way, and our friends would not be satisfied without at least a forenoon's ride with us. Accordingly, a large party on horseback had been collected, with a carriage for us, and no denial could be taken.

Bright and early on Thursday morning we started on

our journey in a private carriage, accompanied by two cousins as far as Auburn, where we took the cars, arriving in Utica on Saturday evening; and on Wednesday we drove to Hamilton. During the whole time the weather was delightful, and the country wore its freshest and most lovely aspect. But all these things went but a little way, in comparison with the joy which I felt in the attainment of such a treasure as my dear C. I feel more and more confident, as I know more of her, that she is gold clear through, and will wear brighter and brighter. In one respect especially I have great cause of thankfulness, that God has given me a wife of sincere and settled piety, and possessed of much of the spirit of entire consecration to Himself. Whatever sacrifice I may be called to make as a servant of the Lord Jesus, I have every reason to believe that instead of increasing its weight, her cheerful, patient, self-forgetting, and affectionate spirit will relieve me of more than half the load. I cannot but feel confident that the affection which I have given her in all the fervor of youth, will grow with my growth, mature with my maturity, and fail only when flesh and heart together fail, and the loved objects of earth are lost amidst the opening solemnities of the eternal world.

As soon as we get a little more settled, you shall hear from us again.

We are tempted to remember the promise and to take a peep into the new home. The summer months had rolled away, gladdened by the coming of the summer visitors, and the first winter of wedded life had begun:

TO HIS ELDEST SISTER.

November 4, 1840.

I have had a foolish notion for two or three winters past, that it would do me an exceeding deal of good to visit my

old home in the season of snows and frosts and long evenings and fireside circles and comforts. But better than that would be to have you here by my fireside—yes, mine, for I have one now and a dear one truly. But I remember me that the whole aspect of things in my little study is transformed since you were here. The light, cool, summer-like air of the room has been exchanged for one of snugness and comfort. It is astonishing what a change is made by the carpet, with its dark, rich, brown colors. Then the dark green of the Venetian blinds, in place of the blank canvas curtains which were there before, and above all, a neat little Franklin stove, shedding its cheerful light and genial warmth over all. In the corner, between the south and west windows, is my old stand-up desk, covered with the implements of toil.

Snug's the word to-night, unless "cosy" suits the matter better. Without, the cold November rain is pattering steadily; within, the stove hums cheerily. C. is sitting on the other side of the table on which I write, reading by the same light, the dear old lamp that has so often shed its steady and unfailing beams on my bewildered way. I know you would like to drop in and finish the evening, and the old arm-chair that stands leisurely toasting its shins before the fire seems to say, "How joyfully I would receive her, and make myself subservient to her comfort!" From over either door, my Milton and Shakespeare look benignantly and approvingly down on the peaceful scene. But my little literary Cupids, alas! for their melancholy fate. You remember how they stood on the top of my book-case, with studious eyes ever intent on book or tablet, silent but persuasive monitors, eloquent panegyrics of patience, assiduity, and fixedness of purpose. "What though in solemn silence" they sat continually, "in reason's ear they still" uttered their voice, seeming to say perpetually, "not slothful in business." But alas! their silent eloquence is plunged

in profounder silence. The story of their untimely fate is a short one, and "yes, madam, it shall be briefly told." I had taken them down one day, while overhauling my library. They stood below on the ledge of my book-case, when a lumbering tome, the product of some heavy brain, fell from my hands directly upon them. It was too much for their fragile frames. It broke down their "physical constitution," and they have never been able to resume their studies since. Peace to their fragments!

I am as busy as ever this winter. It is my lot again to have the labor of organizing a new department. I hope, however, it is the last change for a while at least, and I have everything to encourage me thus far. I have had claims to urge in the Faculty, involving considerable change in our internal arrangements, and have succeeded in carrying every single measure I wished, and much more than I had ventured to anticipate, so that now I have every opportunity for success in my profession. If I fail, it will not be for want of a chance, but, by the Divine blessing, I do not mean to fail.

This is but one of many glimpses of the peaceful study where he had set up his literary gods, and where he felt the spell of their benignant presence. He tells us something of the studies which he pursued under their tutelary watch:

HAMILTON, June 16, 1844.

This has been my busiest year.

I thought I had about reached the end of that most tedious of all tedious labor, the daily preparation for daily meeting a class, when you have to work against time, and may not stop even to take breath because the immediate business of the day is pressing. To be sure, I knew that in the regular list of studies assigned to my

charge stood "History of Literature," and the present Senior Class was to begin the exercise. But I never dreamed of any special difficulty. The subject was one to which I had given considerable attention, at one time and another, and the materials were so abundant. Alas! I never stopped to think how the very copiousness of my materials was to be the greatest of my troubles.

"What a delightful field you are in, this term!" said Mrs. Conant to me the other day. "An ocean of sweets." "Yes, madam, a billowy ocean, and as good a place to be drowned in as any you will find."

My examinations have thus far been confined to the remotest ages of antiquity, the earliest records of Chinese, Indian, Egyptian, and Grecian literature, where all is obscure and fabulous. All day long I wander amid the fogs and mists of that dim twilight, striving to reduce to some intelligible shape the monstrous forms and incredible events that surround me, and at night I lie down to dream of Menu, and Job, and Con-fuh-tse, and Thoth, and Orpheus, and pore with aching brow over the mystic pages of some Sanscrit Shastra or Purāna, over sacred Shoo-king or the sage Choo-He, or over some up-dug relic of hieroglyphic lore, in a "still-beginning, never-ending" effort to determine whether the characters belong to the species Demotic, Enchorial, Epistolographic, Hieratic, Kuriologic, Symbolic, Tropic, Anaglyphic, or Ænigmatic—rather inclining to think them the last!

July 6th. I just raise my head for an instant above those billows, to say that deliverance has not yet come. I struggle in deep waters, not, however, now, those of the Mediterranean, but those of the German Ocean, or North Sea. Is it indeed almost a month since I wrote the above? Since then I have traveled through more than ten centuries of Greek and Roman literature, and am now lost amid the thick darkness of the Middle Ages,

straying over the icy cliffs of Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, and straining my vision backward into the midnight of the old Scandinavian mythology. I have become deeply interested in these studies, more, I think, than I ever was in any other. But it is hard work, after all. And I daily wonder at my own ignorance, and groan as I catch glimpses of what there is to be known.

He had felt much embarrassment from the inadequacy of text-books to meet his want, especially in the teaching of English grammar, and he filled in the intervals of his regular work with a grammar of his own writing, which narrowly escaped the fate of publication. We find reports of its progress running through his correspondence:

TO REV. GEORGE R. BLISS.

(Then preaching in New Brunswick, N. J.)

HAMILTON, Oct. 13, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER BLISS: You probably thought to excite our envy by the glowing descriptions of your Jersey climate and your luscious catalogue of fruits and vegetables. "You prattle out of fashion and dote on your own comforts." Have you had snow two inches deep and heavy enough to break down the branches of the forest with a noise like the *feu-de-joie* of musketry? We have. But seriously, however much we might delight to anticipate the comforts of your situation, we do not "begrudge" them to you. We are glad to learn that our good friends in New Brunswick appreciate so justly the treasure we have lent them for a little season, and are disposed to tender it with such generous care. We are not surprised beyond measure that the radiance of

merit should even have penetrated the opacity of Dutch optics and forced a tribute from the lofty representatives of Hyper-Calvinistico-Pedobaptistical divinity. May no leaf fall from the chaplet of your glory, and your shadow, doubtless augmented by the abundant provisions in which you rejoice, never be less.

As for me, during the past summer I have known a great deal more about labors than fruits or honors. I took up the history of literature for the first time with the Senior Class, and had, as you can well imagine, quite enough to do to keep up with them through the year. The exercise, however, was one of deepest interest to me, and, I think, not wholly unsatisfactory to the class. During the vacation, which has been a very pleasant one, I have been at work more or less on my grammar, and shall continue that piece of business at least through the present term. I have got Part I., Phonology and Orthography, arranged pretty much to my mind, and shall proceed at once to Part II., on "Language Considered as Significant," which will embrace three chapters: the first containing an Analytical Outline of the whole subject; second, Synthetical View of Etymology; and third, ditto of Syntax. Prosody will occupy Part III., under which name, according to usage, I shall discuss a variety of matter unessential to language, but pertaining to it as accidents, ornaments, etc., etc. You perceive that a plan of this kind will require in the filling up as full an exhibition of the principles of general grammar as of the peculiarities of the English. I justify the combination in my Introduction by the argument that a correct system of general grammar is the proper basis of every particular grammar; and that this, although assured in the grammars of ancient or foreign tongues, ought to be fully exhibited in a grammar of the vernacular, because the latter is the true starting-point of grammatical

study, and the most suitable occasion for imparting to the learner the outlines of the general system. Said I right? . . .

You ask: "Don't you little un-Doctored men there feel very small? I should think you would want the departments separated now, and not expose yourselves on the same platform with so many dignitaries."

My dear fellow, your question is as unintelligent as (pardon me) it is impertinent. It betrays a strange ignorance of the relations that bind us together. Know you not, wise sir, that "we are a unit," and swim together on this "sea of glory"? And why should we now, of all times, desire a separation? Did the new Corporal's wife "feel small," think you, when she announced to her clamorous brood (her light infantry) that it was "only Daddy and Me" who in virtue of the matrimonial oneness were in common illustrated by the newly acquired distinction? Did the Corporal's boots "feel small" and wish to be off when the Corporal's cap came to be surmounted by the official feather, or did the Corporal's sword sneak into its scabbard because, forsooth, it hung beneath the gilded *upperlettes*? *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*—i.e., you are a common fellow, odious, vulgar, and profane, and your frivolity is unseemly and offensive. Think what a "Faculty" page we shall be printed on in the next catalogue, with four pairs of those semilunar coruscations a-gleaming at our head, truly "an army with banners" (*vexilla sublatissima*). The vision is inspiring, and thus saith my Muse:

D. D.

O Dainty Diagram! Delicate Device!
Deathless Distinction's Double-Diadem!
Divine Devotion's Dignified Disguise,
And Doughty Dominic's Delicious Dream!

Dead as a Defunct Dutchman that Dumb Donkey is,
Whom ye Do not Delectate, Darling, mellow-D's!
Dapple our Digs with Decorations Dear,
Dazzle the eye, and Detonate the ear.
No Demon thy Dilated Disks shall Dim,
Or Demigrate thy Dualistic gleam;
No Dagger-tongued Detractors thy Designs Defeat,
No Dull, Demented, Demi-Dunces e'er Delight.
Dire, Dire shall be their Doom who Dare Defame,
Dreadful their Death, and Desolate their name!
Down to Damp Ditches shall their Dust Descend,
And Dark Destruction be their Dismal end.

How is that blessed sister of mine; and how does she
like the pastoral life? Ah! come back to our green fields
and be at rest. C. sends heaps of love, and so does
Your affectionate brother

JOHN.

TO REV. ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

HAMILTON, July 5, 1845.

MY DEAR "PASTOR FIDO:" (Don't say I called you
"dog;" that's Italian.) It is my clear impression that I
do not correspondentially owe you one, because, look
you, that last of yours was written on business and as a
matter of necessity. Were it the most precious specimen
of fraternity ever spontaneously developed, it was more
than answered by the personal visitation which I have
since made to your parts. But "we be brethren," and
in these little affairs you will always find me disposed to
act liberally.

A letter just received from S. tells me that your mind
is made up to old Union and the Semi-centennial this
summer, and that you mean to meet me there, and after-
ward make your visit here, like a man. So far, good!
If you have fully conceived the idea, I need waste no
time in pointing out the grandeur, the glory of it. We

shall embrace each other in the bosom of *alma mater*—I feel sure of it.

What do you think I am so busy about this summer? I am hammering away at "that grammar," and the way the chips fly is a caution. But oh, it's "chaos come again:" I am still floundering in the morasses of English phonology and orthography. But I am in it for now, and sink or swim, survive or perish, I must on. Who knows but I am doomed to a life of drudgery in the mines of philology and grammar? Years of it I must anticipate at the very least. Pity and pray for me that what little remains of the juice of intellectual and spiritual life may not be dried up in the process. I do seriously feel the work of exsiccation begun. My religious experience for the past year has been singularly dull, for other reasons, probably, as much as for this. My increased responsibilities in the institution, while favorable in some respects, tend to absorb my thoughts more entirely in worldly cares and objects, and so to deaden my feelings to spiritual themes. But I am not contented to let it remain so longer. I want to get back to the Saviour's feet, and to enjoy once more his favor, which is life, and which triumphs over all outward hindrances to progress in spiritual knowledge and grace. This is one reason why I want you to come and make me a long visit, and I hope you will come in a frame of mind that will enable you to assist me, that the opportunity may be one on which we shall look back with great delight and with gratitude to God, who has made us possessors of like precious faith and helpers of one another in the upward path. In this wish I know my dear C. will heartily unite. We both need quickening anew, and shall hope much from a few weeks' intercourse with a brother fresh from the field of Christian labor, and from daily study of the word of God. And then we must

overhaul one another's notions on a variety of subjects that have come up since we last met, and on which we may now but will not continue to differ.

Till then, farewell, with many, many loves for yourself and all the dear ones round you.

The expected visit took place, and we may have a glimpse of the fraternal greeting:

HAMILTON, Aug. 26, 1845.

This is the first day in which I have sat down in my study, with any of the feeling or the fact of leisure, since four weeks previous to our anniversary, when I was sitting (just as I am now) at my little table, and calmly nibbling my pen to perform this very epistolary act, when——! You see I had reluctantly given up my cherished project of attending the Union Festival at Schenectady, for the very purpose of doing up several little items of business, so as to have the full comfort of Robert's visit. I expected him the next evening certainly, and there were two or three letters and a promised article for one of our literary societies which must be completed before his arrival, and I felt just like doing up the work like a man, when—rap, rap! goes the knocker—the door opens. Heavens, whose voice is that? It's Bob's, as I'm a tea-pot! Away goes pen and paper, away go all thoughts of the absent, away goes the professor, and in one short no-time the affectionate brothers rushed into each other's embrace. The fellow, finding that I was not to be at Schenectady, had taken the cars at 9 on Tuesday evening, and arriving at 4 next morning, had engaged a buggy and driven, nor paused in all his course, until he stood before the green door of my humble cottage and looked through two pairs of gold

rims into fraternal eyes. He read a welcome there, I can assure you, and the rest need not be told. I find my business (save and except what could not be put off) just where I left it on that memorable morning.

TO REV. GEORGE R. BLISS.

HAMILTON, NOV. 10, 1845.

Yesterday was a memorable day for us, and witnessed a scene that will live imperishable in the recollections of many. Having appointed the afternoon as the time for organizing our infant church, we were anticipating a day of solemn interest, and you may judge what a thrill ran through my breast on receiving early in the morning a notice from Dr. Kendrick, informing me that Dr. Judson was at his house (having arrived the preceding evening, not merely unexpectedly, but wholly contrary to our expectations), would remain through the day only, and would see the Faculty at 9 o'clock in the morning. We accordingly had a delightful interview with that apostolic man at Dr. K.'s study. I had been led to expect an inferior-looking man, but was most agreeably disappointed. Rarely have I seen a countenance or a mien more expressive of true intellectual and moral greatness. Refinement in every feature, indications of suavity and firmness most strikingly blended, and a certain indescribable expression of Christian simplicity, godly sincerity, sobriety, and sweetness thrown over the whole man like a celestial robe. His smile struck me as singularly significant and lovely, diffusing its sudden light over his dark and profoundly serious features, like sunshine breaking through the rifted clouds. His conversation was to me as delightful as his personal appearance was impressive, and as I looked on the man, and all the

startling and romantic incidents of his wonderful life passed in review before me, and I thought how unsought and apparently unprized was all the eminence to which his modest and laborious career had brought him, I felt impressions of admiration and love surpassing any with which I ever remember to have looked on man. In the forenoon we worshiped together in the village, Mr. S. preaching and afterward acting as interpreter or mouth, for Dr. Judson, in some sweet remarks expressive of gratitude to the churches for their generous support (!) and of profound grief and shame "before God and man" for the poor use he had made of their benefactions !

In the afternoon we met on the Hill. Remarks by Dr. Kendrick, followed by a ten-minute sermon on the theme "Look to Jesus" (deeply affecting), and closed by Dr. Maginnis, in his happiest vein. We afterward assembled in my recitation-room to organize the church, and closed with prayer by Dr. Judson. It was a remarkable scene when he stood up with streaming eyes to invoke the divine blessing on this infant church of the Lord, and all gathered close around him and bent our ears to catch his whispered words. We felt that the occasion was rendered more impressive and memorable by his presence, and the spiritual prospects of the church were brightened by his prayer. Dr. Judson expressed himself greatly pleased by what he saw, "a wonderful school," and said that he had had no such visit since his arrival in America.

TO REV. GEORGE R. BLISS.

March 2, 1846.

Dr. Arnold says, you remember, that there is no good excuse for neglecting one's correspondence with one's friends, and that such negligence is always to be attri-

buted to sheer indolence or thoughtlessness. I have no doubt that this is the true doctrine on the subject, often as I have to make excuses for delay. Wherefore, having taken my pen so promptly this time, I burn with virtuous indignation against all dilatory letter-writers, and glow with genial self-complacency in the consciousness of supreme merit. *Καὶ σὺ ποιεῖ ὁμοίως—καθὼς ἔχεις τύπον ἡμᾶς.*

You see by my Greek that I have read Dr. Arnold's letters to some purpose(!) By the way, Arnold was a delightful fellow, wasn't he? Rather fast to be safe, perhaps? Race-y, as well as racy, eh? What an idea of the church! "a brave man struggling in the toils of"—superstition. Longing for liberty, but missing the way out.

Your long-looked-for letter came at last, and *well* came. The only fault I had to find was that after waiting so long, one has to put up with so little. A letter-sheetful of conversation once a quarter, with you, is just enough to give edge to my discontent, and make me long for opportunities to talk, or, better, to hear you talk on the subjects which you have just room to touch on, and a thousand more of equal interest. Methinks (and as Carlyle says, *me feels*) that I would willingly part with six months of ordinary life, for one good week's visit with you. But for the full enjoyment of friendly intercourse, for the free, uninterrupted, unrestrained intercommunion of thought and soul, I suppose we must be content to wait until we get *Home*, "where the wicked cease from troubling." Meanwhile, we have something else to do than talk or even think and search for truth. Work, work, work. "Know your work and do it." Carlyle's latest new gospel is (as you and I know well enough) only a part, but an important part, of our precious old Gospel, and, rightly understood, the most im-

portant part. For "our work" is the "work of the Lord," and the work of God is to believe on Him whom He has sent, and to keep His commandments, and (delightful service!) "to make known His way upon earth." "Let us therefore be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that our labor is not in vain in the Lord," not fruitless either for ourselves or others. What a blessed assurance, in a world where everything seems so hollow and worthless, where things seemingly so pregnant with blessings bring forth only wind, or at least, like Macbeth's "juggling fiends that palter with us in a double sense," "but keep the promise to the ear and break it to the heart." Faithful in this cause, we are disappointment-proof—nothing can cheat us out of our great reward.

I have had an opportunity to try my hand this winter at a kind of business which is to me somewhat new—I mean, academical discipline. We have had a case of a tedious and difficult kind—a conscientious (!) wrong-headed and wrong-hearted fellow, who felt bound, as a faithful servant of the Lord, to find all the fault and make all the difficulty he could, and to get as many as possible to help him—the very worst kind of rebel, and requiring peculiar treatment, in order to dispose of him without sacrificing his less criminal *confrères*. Now, so it fell that the management of the case devolved on me. Professor Taylor used to do up this kind of work, and so ably that we have felt considerable anxiety lest we of the Literary Department should find it difficult to do without him. It was rather a hard nut for a youngster to crack, but I paid attention to it, and have no reason to complain of a want of appreciation of my performance, among either Faculty or students. I really began to think that I had more taste for this kind of business than I ever imagined before. I have always feared my back

was not stiff enough to grapple a real hard one successfully, but I find when one's blood gets a little warmed, one's faculties work more sharply, and I think I should rarely meet with a worse test case than this.

TO HIS SISTER.

(Called to the Presidency of Granville College.)

HAMILTON, April 7, 1846

DEAR S.: We have just been reading your hasty letter to Mrs. Conant, and unanimously vote it "first rate." You can't think how a slight flush of "indignation or something of that nature" sets you off. It lights up your whole air beautifully, and concentrates into vivid forked lightning-flashes that wit which otherwise might have played over the page with the aimless languor of the summer heat. I used to be terribly scared at the occasional developments of this electrical inspiration, but I have looked upon so many without hurt to a hair of my head, and have seen so many pass by, leaving the face of the firmament as serene and lovely as ever, that I have ceased to fear.

Seriously, dear S., if you imagine that I had come to the conclusion that I ought to stay at home, without many a pang, you did me great injustice, for I never could contemplate the necessity without a feeling of impatience, that it required all of principle that I possess to subdue.

As to Mrs. Conant's visit to Brooklyn, this Spring, I am afraid that it can't be had—the wherewithal being nowhere-at-all. She talks about it with tears in her eyes, and as though her mouth sympathized with them in their watery estate; but the estate won't liquidate the expenses, and so poor Hope is put off until the Fall. And now if you have a heart to resent it, the Lord forgive you; but as to your staying away this Summer, it is not so, and it can't be. Just remember. This may be the last opportunity you will

have to see us in Hamilton, for what would you think of my accepting the presidency of Granville College, Ohio? I have just received an official communication from the Trustees, and may have it if I will. Madison University would doubtless suffer, should I leave! Dr. Kendrick assures me that she could not recover the blow in five years! But then on the other hand, there stands "the great State of Ohio," waiting for some one to take the helm and guide her on to glory. But heigho! the question has got to be seriously considered, though I thus trifle with it, and considered, too, by myself. And what shall I say? Pray for me, my dear sister, that in this, as in every action of my life, I may do not my own but the Master's will.

Have you heard the rumor of a matrimonial engagement between Dr. Judson and Miss Chubbuck ("Fanny Forrester?") Do you know that it is true? If it is not known in Brooklyn, keep it quiet, for it will doubtless occasion much discussion. When it begins to be talked about, say on my authority that there are much weightier reasons for such a connection than the world (or the church) will be likely to suppose, and that though remarkable, it is by no means wholly unsuitable.

TO REV. ROBERT R. RAYMOND.

HAMILTON, Nov. 16, 1847.

I am deep in philological ethnology this winter, and am fast becoming acquainted with every blessed language, dialect, idiom, and tongue, and all the families, tribes, stocks, branches, divisions and subdivisions thereof, spoken under the whole face of the heavens,—with their names, I mean. Save me from knowing all their ridiculous quail-tracks "by sight" and their worse than ridiculous gibberish by hearing. All this, of course, has a remote bearing on "The Grammar," and I should not dare to say that I have not found it deeply interesting.

My book advances slowly on the "productive" plan, as Roswell Smith calls it. When shall the end be? I read to Prof. Kendrick my "Introductory Outline" the other day, in which I have laid the foundation for my whole system. When I had finished, the Professor brought down his hand with emphasis on the table and exclaimed, "You will effect a revolution in the study of grammar." "Sir," said I (rather Johnsonically, you perceive), "you speak the language of my ambition's hope." My better judgment, of course, tells me that neither the suggestions of young ambition nor the decisions of a partial friend are to be trusted in such a case. But it is not in my nature not to feel encouraged by such an expression from one whose opinion on such a subject is so worthy of respect.

Have you read "Modern Painters," one of Wiley and Putnam's last Summer's publications? If not, get it by all means. It will cost a little attention at first, but as soon as you have pierced the shell, and see what the author is at, it becomes easy reading, and is to me as delightful as it is instructive in all the practical mysteries of landscape-painting. As a guide to the observation of nature, and an instructor in the criticism of this particular branch of art, I know of nothing to compare. A dashing, immature book in some respects, but full of philosophy and science and thought, and fine specimens of expression.

. . . The article on "Truth" in the last number of the *Christian Review*, is from Dr. Eaton, have you read it? Have you compared Conant's and Stuart's translations of Rodiger's Gesenius? They offer a perfect contrast in manner, as you may suppose. Stuart makes not the most distant allusion to Conant's beautiful version of Gesenius, and (so far as "silence" can be made "expressive") manifests supreme contempt for him and his claims. And yet his own book is a perfect abortion, full of the most stupid and (fortunately for Conant's purpose) ludicrous blunders.

The doctor has in pickling a most awful *flagellum*. He thinks old Moses never had his "will broken," and the time has come when it must be, or his neck. So look out for breakers. Conant's publishers, the Appletons, have called on him for information as to the precise point of difference in the character of the two books, and the grounds on which they may claim superiority for his. His answer will be printed in pamphlet form, and probably make the ears of every one that heareth to tingle, and of some, to smart. Stand by for a crash!

[The pamphlet was duly issued in 1847, entitled, "Defence of the Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius against Prof. Stuart's Translation. By the Original Translator" (Prof. Conant having seven years previously introduced the admirable German work of Gesenius to English scholars in America and England). The result of the "crash" was to put a quietus on the later and less careful book. Dr. Conant always freely accorded great praise to the philological enterprise of Prof. Stuart as the pioneer who introduced the fine influence of German scholarship into the study of Hebrew in this country, despite the fears and suspicions of the orthodox. But when that enterprising spirit culminated in a crude and careless re-translation of a work which had been already presented in English by himself, and widely known as both accurate and adequate, Dr. C. took up the cudgels on behalf of the author whom he believed to be misrepresented by the new version.]

To the Same.

HAMILTON, NOV. 21, 1846.

And so, Carissime Frater, you took it somewhat hard that I should remain a day longer in Brooklyn, and then

return home without stopping at Hartford. But do you well? Think of me. Was it no privation to me, to feel absolutely obliged to forego that pleasure? If you took it hard, be assured I took it harder. Just imagine the feelings with which I whizzed by the fraternal manse—so near that, had the window-blinds been open, I might have looked in upon the dear circle there; so near that I almost seemed to catch the savory vapors of the parson's waiting cheer; so near—but let me forget that!

I learned at Brooklyn of the new plans which you have under consideration, and cannot but hope that a change of scene and an ultimate change in the place, and perhaps in the form, of your labors will restore your wonted health. How I wish we could be together, not for a few fleeting hours or days, but “for good and aye.” Is it not possible that we may get yet together, all of us, to live and labor in one place—and what place so suitable as the old home? Or is this only one of those dreams of earthly rest and enjoyment which it is so foolish to indulge, but so impossible to drive away? The thought of your *re-migrating* to the old spot quickens the blood in my veins, and my heart will be asking: Why may not I go too? I like the idea of your taking hold of a New York religious paper. It would afford you a fine field, and one which you could not fail to occupy successfully. With you at the helm of hebdomadal influence, we should feel strong here.

Some weeks ago I delivered a hasty address to the Society of Inquiry on “Christian Union” (the Scriptural and only true idea thereof), a train of thought suggested by the recent talk and movements on that subject. It was well received, and requested for publication in the *Christian Review*. I consented to revise it for the purpose, but conscious of my want of sufficient acquaintance with the literature and history of the subject, I be-

gan to read. One thing led to another—I became interested in the whole field of investigation into which I had been so unexpectedly introduced, and I soon found that instead of one I had twenty problems for solution, each branching off into as many different directions, and all inviting to thorough and protracted study. As my remarks bore mainly upon outward unity (so much undervalued by Protestant writers), I have been drawn into examining the whole subject of church organization—"a mighty maze," as human reason has exhibited it—and yet, thanks to the providence of the great Architect, "not without a plan," and a very simple and an equally glorious one, if we would be content to exchange our imposing but shallow devices for that unpretending scheme which is so full of the meekness and the majesty and power of its Infinite Author. From what little I have now read and thought on the subject I am satisfied that it is susceptible of a more effective exhibition than it has yet received, one which should through and through

"Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they would patiently receive the medicine."

But mind, I don't expect to make such an exhibition just yet. My article, which I call "Perfect in One," touches but a single point—namely, that the Scriptural plan requires some outward unity of organization (as well as an invisible spiritual unity), without attempting to determine what is the form of that unity. I write in opposition to the popular indifferentism on the subject, and to show that indifferentism is not Scriptural and cannot afford a sufficient basis for a Catholic union of Christians. If you know of any recent publication in which that specious doctrine is broached, I wish you would send me a copy. Has any fuller account of the pro-

ceedings of the Evangelical Alliance been published than appeared in the *New York Observer*? And has Dr. Cheever's sermon at the dedication of Pilgrim Church been put in print? If so, I should like to get hold of both.

But I must close. I will not undertake to tell you "how greatly I long after you all, because I have you in my heart." Particularly since I heard of Robert's continued ill-health I have felt as though I wanted wings to fly to you, that I might see exactly how things stood with you and know what opinion to express as to the future. As it is, dear brother and sister, I can only commend you to the care and guidance of our heavenly Father, and entreat you, dear Robert, to be prudent. If there is any danger of a seated disease, do not increase the danger by unnecessary exposure or labor. Would not a jaunt to Hamilton do you good?

How are your chick-a-dees? Tell them if they forget their uncle they'll get a terrible smacking.

With love evermore,

I rest, thy brother, JOHN.

The quiet life at Hamilton was almost over. The question was agitated of removing the University to a new and more prominent location, nearer the great currents of business enterprise, and many of its best friends were in favor of the change. Prof. Raymond was, from the first, one of its strongest advocates, and perhaps no one did more than he towards the final arrangement. The measures necessary to secure an act of the State legislature authorizing the removal of the University to Rochester, labors to prevent the repeal of that act, to secure another act granting a new charter, and the effort to raise a new endowment fund

—all involved much energetic action. It was just the stimulus that he welcomed; and the natural opposition which the movement met from those of differing views gave opportunity to his special gifts, whether for honorable warfare or skillful adjustment.

Aside from his earnest conviction that the Baptist University of the State should have a more advantageous location, it was perhaps not unnatural that, after fifteen years of unremitting work in the same limited field, he should have labored under a feeling of personal restlessness. This was at all events an experience repeated at subsequent stages of his labors, when, the difficulties of organization being conquered and the machinery being completed and set in perfect working order, both health and spirits sank beneath the pressure of protracted routine work. His elaboration of every plan was carried into the minutest detail; but when it was at last complete he sought a new Idea to work for. He seemed to need the inspiration of a broad plane of action, something to employ what appeared almost a creative talent. The absence of this incentive, together with the overtasking of strength and nerves in long-continued confinement to desk or classroom, can alone explain the moods of depression which offer such a paradox to his habitual cheerfulness. It is but fair to say how few there were who ever knew of them, even among his inner circle of friends. The universal testimony is to the joyousness and even mirthfulness of his nature. We are taken into his deepest confidence in his letters to the sister-confessor whose ear was ever open to his outpourings. The correspondence with her during the last years at Hamilton betrays the disquiet which we can easily forgive

when we see how quickly it yields to the slightest cheering influence :

HAMILTON, October 23, 1847.

You know how often I have had a depression of feeling, from the extreme loneliness and inactivity of our secluded place, especially when returning to it from the bustle and vivacity of the great cities and thoroughfares from which we are so effectually cut off. This painful feeling never weighed more heavily on me than when coming home this fall, and as I lumbered and jounced along over a wretched road in a miserable old stage-coach, from 3 P.M. until after midnight of a cold, wet night, my only consolation was that there was some prospect of an effectual and permanent change. And most devoutly did I pray for the success of all measures tending thereunto.

The folks had all retired, giving me up for the night. But I found a warm stove and a big arm-chair and some nice biscuit and butter, and all the precious *et ceteras* that make up the blessedness of "home, sweet home," and as I looked round on the familiar objects and felt myself once more in the embrace of Home, I could not without some twinges of compunction recall the feeling of discontent and the thoughts of change which I had been indulging, but which now fled before the genial vision like scared ghosts and goblins, at the breaking of dawn. The ugly phantoms have not "protruded" themselves (Dr. Cox) on my musings since.

Our present house is very comfortable, and we enjoy its ample rooms; but it is a little hard to transfer our affections from the dear old cottage. We are more reconciled to the change since the Conants have established their domicile there. It is really pleasant to have them so near at hand, and to see how they enjoy the

transit from that cold and comfortless tenement on the Hill, which is really unfit for winter use, to the snug, cosy darling little jewel of a home, which still seems so much like our own that we could endure no one else in it at all, at all. When they are finally settled, and after we get a little over the excitement of our prospective removal to Rochester, we shall calculate on many a pleasant winter evening beside their cheerful stove, the same busy little genius who for four successive winters sung his merry song for us, and plied his tireless powers to diffuse a genial warmth to almost every corner of the house. Oh, it was a dear home! Earth will afford no other such a one, but heaven (blessed thought!) a better, when all the lost ones gone before, and all the loved ones scattered far asunder, will be gathered into one, within our heavenly Father's house, to go no more out forever! In the presence of such a thought, dear sister, how quickly fades all the glory of this world! how all our projects and prospects for the present life lose their interest, and the spirit pants for those nobler joys!

HAMILTON, Dec. 17, 1847.

I have not been without some apprehension, dear S., that your mind might be again under the cloud whose somber shade made the world so dark to you a while ago. I do not know why I should fear so, unless it be a reflection from my own dull spirit, which you know is seldom luminous with its own light, and which feels more than usually solitary and destitute of aids just now. Dear C. has burdens enough of her own to carry, of the substantial kind, in that great, bouncing baby—a noble fellow, who has knocked himself a great hole in my bosom, and is welcome, but at the same time an unfilial scamp, who just knocks his mother down and stamps on her a

dozen times a day. Still, we are all well, and ought to be happy, for surely the means of enjoyment are multiplied abundantly. But I must confess to a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the world and myself. "Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" does it all seem, and whether the difficulty is in myself or in things around, still does my vexed spirit fret against its prison-bars. To be chained down by stern necessity to this narrow spot, while the broad earth and the great universe are all around, and the dear objects of love are scattered far in this and other worlds, is there a soul whom it would not chafe? Week after week, to tread the tiresome round of petty duties, while a thousand wide-spreading fields of thought on every hand invite me, and my aching desires pant, like greyhounds in the leash, for leave to enter, but are still held back, again and again and yet again denied, until their eagerness has spent its strength in air, and the heart relapses on itself, indifferent and sick.

Do not think I cherish a disposition to murmur against that wise and gracious Providence which has blessed me so immeasurably beyond my deserts, and even in my trials is working out my good. Oh, let me ever recognize the mercy of my God in all His dealings with such a wayward one as I! Still, trials are trials; and what trial more severe than to be "cabined, cribbed, confined" in such a world as this, while through our dungeon windows we may look out into a universe of life and liberty and love. Oh for a new "Professor Morse"—for some celestial magnetism which should annihilate these ugly laws of space and time! not for thought only, but for souls, and bodies with them. Could such a system of wires be extended over the land, it would be something to tell of. Do you say that Love is that magnetism for souls? Yes, but where are the wires? Alas, alas! Death is the only inventor that has yet solved this problem for

loving hearts. And I much doubt whether we shall ever attain to this perfection of soul-intercourse save by his ancient, awkward, but not obsolete way. Well, he will teach us the art, and I love him for it. Do tell me, Susy, am I singular in this, to me, habitual way of thinking? Is mine the only spirit that chafes against the walls of its cage; the only one that feels that it cannot endure to live by minutes and move by steps—step after step in slow and weary succession, each step but a few inches long, and these steps not “onward, ever onward,” but “round and round and round and round” within the same tiresome compass, while so much of all we care for is beyond the narrow bounds? Poor Hamlet! he was right after all when he pronounced “the world a prison, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark [meaning Hamlet beyond all question] being one of the worst.” Thanks be unto Him that hath come to “proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound”! Oh! shall it ever be? Emancipate from this dungeon-world, and the yet more hateful “body of this death,” our term of penitentiary-confinement at hard labor for life fairly ended, and our discharge made out, and our joyous souls in actual possession of the liberty of the children of God—could we ever begin to speak our gratitude to the great Deliverer? Oh, joyful immortality of liberty and praise!

HAMILTON, March 24, 1848.

Surely some good angel must have been hovering over you, dear S., while you penned that sweet letter, “shaking thousand odors from his dewy wings.” It bore the balmy fragrance faithfully hither, and has comforted and strengthened all our hearts. It lifted a mountain of anxiety from us, for we had begun to fear almost every

bad result from your long-continued sufferings. What would I not have given to have been near you, with you! But it is a consolation to know that you have not only had the sympathies and assistance of the dearest earthly friends, but the presence of Him who "giveth songs in the night." Oh, my sister, how have the disciples of our Lord almost forgotten the idea of *suffering* to His glory! To *do* and to *give* is the sum-total of our service. But the primitive saints honored Him by patience, fortitude, and triumphant faith amid calamities and pains.

The one absorbing subject here is Removal. I had to smile at the idea with which you close, of my "sitting afar from scenes of excitement," and sending into your troubled regions "a peaceful rill from Siloa's mount." Certain it is that the surges which toss us are not those of a troubled main. But the full significance of a "tempest in a tea-pot" we have for the last two months been made to understand, and the rage of the elements, though there have been temporary lulls, we apprehend is yet far from having subsided.

So brother Ward thinks I had better finish my house and move in. My compliments to the old gentleman—perhaps he would like to buy, as he seems to think a Hamilton residence desirable. I can recommend the domicile in its present state as an airy habitation for summer, and a still more airy one for winter, and would be glad to sell for twice as little as it cost. Poor old frame! there it has stood in shivering nudity up against the bleak sky, grinning ghastly omens on the village, provoking maledictions from the pious and public-spirited citizens thereof, waking in my own breast bitter memories of minus five hundred dollars, and calling forth adjurations like the following, as I have passed daily by it, to and fro: "Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! Avaunt and quit my sight! Let the earth

hide thee ! Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold ! Thou hast no speculation (none of the profitable kind, certainly) in those eyes which thou dost glare with." Seriously, I have no expectation of ever finishing it, or ever owning, or even occupying, a house here longer than through the coming summer.

We are looking forward to the grand and final reunion in old Hamilton, when you come in July. To such seasons, dear Sister, we shall bid adieu with sorrow indeed. But how little they make up of *life in Hamilton* you can hardly think, and if they occurred thrice as often and continued thrice as long, the claims of duty and of the great public interests for which we labor would be paramount.

June 23, 1848.

MY SISTER DEAR : The days are flying, and you are to be here by Saturday of next week. Now don't fail to be here by that time, because you know the 4th will come mighty quick after the 1st; and Robert is coming, and would be sorry not to have a squint at you. Besides, the speech, you know; but enough said, I know you will, and at the thought "my heart leaps up" as neighbor W.'s did when he "seen a rainbow in the sky." It is the sign and the pledge of "a good time coming," a time of love and sunny joy. Old Hamilton is washing up and putting on her greenest bib and floweriest tucker, and shining in all her glory of leaves and grasses, to greet and make you happy. I tell you, she looks nice; and at this moment the birds singing sweetly around me seem to be pleading in behalf of "the present location" with all the power of their eloquent music. But then I remember that the lawyers always talk equally well on both sides, and so I doubt not the birds do. And could I be transported to some green hill-side near the queen-

city of Western New York, I should hear airs as divine, rendered yet more powerfully persuasive by the blinding tenor of the silvery Genesee and the rich base of its rapids and distant falls. Before the bright conception Hamilton hides her diminished head and pales her ineffectual fires, and I go for Removal as strong as ever. I have had "impressions" not a few since my return this time, and the multitude of my thoughts have troubled me. The feeling seems to be that the Lord hath need of me, as He had of another animal of the same species on a certain occasion, and I seem to myself to be waiting for the arrival of the messengers who in His name shall summon me away—alas! how unfit for such an honor, to bear my master, in His cause, whither He may direct me! If a call should come, I feel now that there is so little to bind me to my present situation that nothing would be easier than to "loose and let me go." But of that more when I see you.

HAMILTON, May 10, 1848.

Prof. Conant seems to have been much interested in what he heard of Mr. Beecher while he was in Brooklyn, and, for Tasker's sake, I certainly rejoice in his success. I give you fair warning, however, that I stand in doubt of him. At the least, he is as yet on the outside of my heart. That he is a man of generous, ardent impulses I have no doubt, and mayhap of genuine naturalness (though that is a rare attribute); but if irreverence and self-worship, in any form, are a part of his nature—that is, are characteristics—I won't love him till he gets rid of 'em. I commend him to your instruction on these points, and according to his profiting shall be my approbation of the young man.

The year 1848 had been marked by the beginning of another life-long friendship. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had come to Brooklyn the year before as pastor of Plymouth Church, an enterprise of deep interest to my father because one of its three founders—indeed, the one in whose mind and by whose activity the project originated—was Mr. John Tasker Howard, the husband of his eldest sister. Attracted by the new Congregational movement, in which that denomination were about that time aggressively beginning their great extension outside of New England, Mr. Howard had left a Presbyterian church to assist in the organization of the Pilgrim Church in Brooklyn, and shortly after saw in the sale of an old church-building the opportunity of starting still another independent congregation. After a few months of existence the new church called Mr. Beecher, then a young man of thirty-four years of age, and his acceptance of the call gave an immediate and abounding life to the enterprise. His genius, his eloquence, his fresh and peculiar methods of presenting truth, produced an electric effect on the community. While still a little doubtful “whereunto these things would grow” doctrinally, many were led captive by his resistless fervor and his great royal nature. This new comet which had darted across their religious and social system was the subject of free correspondence between my father and his Brooklyn friends, and with their customary reliance upon his judgment they looked forward to the time when a visit to his old home should give him opportunity to see and hear for himself, and to pronounce his verdict upon their new friend and pastor. Slow as he had been to give his confidence without the sight, all doubt was dispelled by an acquaintance which

ripened into intimacy, and continued during thirty years of the truest friendship. Their first meeting was in Brooklyn in the spring of 1848. But in the following summer Mr. Beecher went to attend the Commencement of Hamilton College, and preach before the "Society of Inquiry," at Clinton, N. Y. This was twenty miles distant from the town of Hamilton, where he then made a brief visit at my father's house, there joining the party of Brooklyn friends in their summer festivities. A letter from his pen tells of the pleasures of that visit, and of the friendly covenant which was then formed:

MR. BEECHER TO MR. J. T. HOWARD.

CLINTON, July 24, 1848.

MY VERY DEAR HOWARD: I believe I took no oath to write you a letter, note, or billet doux; and as I seldom write either, I wish you to have a suitable emotion of vanity at this signal exertion on my part to youward. However, in this little vacation I have improved, for I have written, besides an unusual amount to my wife, several letters to old friends and former correspondents who will be astonished out of all propriety at receiving an actual letter from the latent friend.

Clinton is indeed situated in a beautiful valley, and as seen from College Hill, the prospect is very fine. I believe that I should look out of the window more than I should study if I were a student here. Good-by till I date from Hamilton.

HAMILTON, July 26.

In a few minutes John and I are off for the "fish-pools of Heshbon;" that is to say, the trout-brooks where we can catch shiners and pout.

I have had two or three glorious talks with this same

John, and we agree to a hair, so far. Indeed my heart has gone forth unto him greatly, and I find all the premonitory symptoms of falling in love with him. Here comes the buggy.

Evening, 11 o'clock. Did ever two fellows spend a finer day together! Why the way I talked for three mortal hours on a stretch in the morning was enough to tire a Hercules. Then we fished and caught enough to save our reputation. In the afternoon, he took up the "thread of discourse" and led off in the same self-sacrificing manner, and now, I am confirmed in love and admiration, and wanted to tell him so, but "*darsent*." But I guess he was a little reciprocal, for he said at the tea-table to-night that he had taken me into the family, so that I was a regular member! I found that my good friends had prepared my way before me, and so I was ready to begin where others would have ended after weeks of acquaintance. I was captivated with Mrs. C. right off, and had begun to flirt a little with the Professor himself—a deep-hearted man. I am quite delighted with Hamilton, and if I could make the people half as fond of me as I am of them, there would very soon be a mutual understanding between us. Indeed, I did hint a little to Kendrick and John about giving me a call to the University, and offered to go through fire (if not water) to oblige them!

UTICA, Friday morning. Here I am, an hour and a half before car-time. I rejoice with exceeding great joy to set my face homeward. I long to see you all. For although I have had one of the most various, exhilarating, and delightful weeks possible, yet I begin to be home-sick. What under the heavens those people can do who have nobody to love and nobody to love them, I don't know. Ah! if ever I am called to leave Brooklyn, will it not be to me like rending soul from the body? Heretofore, I have had to labor often up hill; to carry

everything, inspire everything, and do everything, besides which there was sorrow in my house and sorrow in my heart. But now I seem to have gone over to the opposite extreme;—what comfort is wanting—how many dear friends who love me far beyond what I deserve—whose kindnesses are ceaseless! Sometimes, when I think of all God's mercies to me, my feelings rise and almost suffocate me!

I used to brace myself up under sore trials by saying to my soul, "Thou art not a man if thou canst not endure all that God will lay upon thee." But now it is question how I shall come out of prosperity. Will not the summer melt what the winter could not blow away? I long to live in sympathy with such a mind as Paul's—I long to have such a fullness of heart that whoever loves me shall find himself growing better for it. Could any epitaph be more simple but noble than this of the New Testament, "He went about doing good"? A commentary on that sentence would be like clothes on a lily—covering up without adorning or setting forth.

H. W. B.

Mr. BEECHER to Prof. RAYMOND.

HARTFORD, Aug. 30, 1848.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR: If good resolutions were only letters, what voluminous epistles you would have had from me! Alas, that a *thought-a-type* could not be invented! What an advance will that be when one can slip a sheet of prepared paper into his hat, upon which the electricity of the mind shall act as the light does upon a photographic plate, and sally forth. Upon his return—oh joy!—all that he has thought would be found transferred to the paper! The advantages of this new invention promise to be so many that I hope no time will be lost in prosecuting the

matter to a discovery. Thus a paralytic author might triumph over the infirmity of his hands; a mercurial head like mine might, for once, write as fast as it thought. A paper night-cap would give one in the morning all his dreams; a suitable *head-book* would register the most perfect of journals, for thus all that we think would go down, good and bad—and go down just as it happened, a thing I suspect that is not always to be found in pen-made journals. Then, too, what self-knowledge might not this afford—should we believe in our own identity? Each evening would put a new volume into our hands, for I suppose that we all *think* at least one volume in a day if all our cogitations were written. What a fiction it would be!—alas, the strangeness of fiction and the stubborn validity of fact! For who does not throw the filmy veil of self-esteem upon his life, through whose witching colors all looks change to a heightened excellence? Who could bear to read in a volume at evening all the *somethings* and *nothings*, all the evil and good, all the frets and fancies, all the venturesome ranges of thinking, the vain imaginations, the hopes, fears, suppressed angers, involuntary opinions of men, and, above all, the critical thoughts which one has of even the best? For who lives without great faults? and who lives with habits of attention without *seeing* them? Yet to see in full print that which otherwise only glances through the brain, and whose trace is lost—as is the stream of a meteor—would be shocking.

There—was I not foreordained to be a letter-writer? For who can spin a longer yarn than this out of such a little lock of wool?

New England contains so much that a reflecting mind in passing through it is in danger of having nothing to write, for no one wishes to write an encyclopædia, and yet even that would not contain the things to be written. Just at present, however, the theological world is on the

qui vive for Dr. Bushnell's sermons. His Cambridge sermon on the Atonement, and his late New Haven sermon on the Divinity of Christ, together, I suppose, with one next week to be delivered at Andover, will soon be published in a volume. No sooner is that done than three or four batteries, already loaded to the muzzle, will open on him, and we shall see a great *canonade*. The Princeton men—Dr. Taylor (probably), the East Windsor men with Dr. Tyler at their head, and some Boston men, will take the matter in hand. Can't you start one of your professors to take the matter up and put the heresy under water, for its everlasting extinction? Although I cannot agree with Bushnell, I can as little with his respondents; nor do I see any benefit in a controversy. It will be a fierce technical dispute about propositions at the expense in the churches of vital godliness. It is therefore a joyful matter to me that the points of disagreement do not touch the *practical* use to be made in preaching and personal experience of the doctrine of Christ's sacrifice for sin. It seems to me that the only thing on earth that truth is good for is to convert men from evil to holiness. That truth which has temper to do that is manifestly divine, and to be believed for its work's sake. I am sure I am willing to stake any individual truth on the test by which Christ ventured his whole mission. When will ministers learn that putting up fences and disputing about landmarks is not an equivalent for the careful cultivation of the soul, for whose sake alone a fence is of any worth?

As for myself, I mean to go home and labor and preach and pray for a revival, and if I can, to have so much to do within as to have no ear or heart for the storm that rages without. So others may blow the bellows and turn the doctrines in the fire, and lay them on the anvil of controversy, and beat them with all sorts of hammers into all sorts of

shapes; but I shall busy myself with using the sword of the Lord, not in forging it.

I shall not soon forget that gem of a visit to Hamilton. It is not often that everything conspires to make a visit brimful of interest without a drop being spilt to the ground. I look back upon it as upon a dream. It seems as if I had read it all in a novel, and remembered you all as so many sharply drawn characters. You and I were rambling about so much together that I think of you as one outside the cover of the book, a reader with me.

[Here follows a humorous description—or “portrait-gallery,” as he calls it—of the various members of the Hamilton circle, with other personal matter.]

This tirade has quite put my picture-gallery in confusion, upset my frame and spilt my paints; yet I will scrape up enough to give the outlines of the Reverend Visitor himself—for I have observed that all great painters have succeeded well in drawing their own likenesses. Imagine, then, a tall, portly man, rather precise in manners, evidently reared in a school in which etiquette ruled out nature, naturally taciturn and singularly careful when he does speak to say only, and the most, profitable things; whose feeling has manifestly been subdued until one doubts whether he ever had much; never venturing upon jests and humorous frivolities, and therefore wearing a face full of premature care. It is quite manifest that this reverend divine has been saved from the cloister or the cave by being born one or two hundred years too far down the stream of time.—There! if from that portrait you cannot discern the original, may heaven help your wits!

But really this is too bad. I take my “corporal oath” that I intended no such prolix infliction when I began, but we

slipped down the epistolary hill so easily that I hardly perceived the motion. Now that we are safely at the bottom, I will save your patience the necessity of further travel by blocking up the road with the name of

Your friend (that would be),

H. W. BEECHER.

During this year, the Plymouth Church building was destroyed by fire, and the congregation were for a time dependent upon the hospitality of sister churches. That this great misfortune would be overruled for good to the church and its zealous pastor who lamented the hindrance of his work, was firmly believed by his newly-found friend, who expresses his faithful wishes for him in writing to a sister in Brooklyn:

HAMILTON, January, 1849.

I came home last evening, with my mind intent on sending you the communication due; but the whole thing was driven out of my head by an event such as don't occur in "these parts" every week in the year—no! not even in happy Brooklyn. What could it be? you say. And sure enough, what could it be but the apparition, as unexpected as of your own, of our Robert and his Ros sitting cheek-by-jowl by my ingle-side, and comforting themselves in the genial beams of my domestic altar! For you must know that we are here in the midst of January, and rejoicing in the fact that the forests are not all cleared yet around this Central Metropolis of the Republic of Letters. They rode out from Syracuse in a buggy, and needed, as I tell you they received, a warm reception. Well, I had almost let another day slip through my fingers, and only just bethought me, as I entered the door of the Conant

cottage a few moments ago, whither we have come to take tea. So, you see, I have called for pen and ink, and seated myself to scribble you a line, but with what success remains to be seen. Robert is talking a steady stream in the adjoining room, and Mrs. C. is ha-haing treble and the Professor haw-hawing bass accompaniments, so that I can hardly hear myself think.

I have been about half sick since I returned, five days ago, from Albany, owing to excitement and labor there. Still, I must confess, I like the fun. It is what I have needed for years, something hard to do, something to bring me in contact with men. And it is with some reluctance that I come back to the old treadmill. I spent two Sabbaths in Albany, and occupied the Pearl Street pulpit (Dr. Welch's) both days, and I assure you, when I found that my talks had made some impression, and that if I would give a word of encouragement I might be sure of a united call to that most inviting field, it cost me something of a struggle to shake my head and forbid the presentation of my name. But I did it—"honor bright." This is no time for the most insignificant man to talk of deserting the ship. Let us fight this battle through, and see how things stand then. One thing rather encourages me, and that is that I feel my qualifications for pastoral success not diminishing, but (so, at least, I fancy) on the whole rather increasing. And who knows but you may see me yet, not a Beecher, but still a preacher not without some degree of success.

That name reminds me to say that I could not mourn very much over the burning of the old Plymouth, because I am very sure that the Lord designs it for good. Give my best love to the Dominie. I do feel sad when I think of the interruption to his work, but am satisfied that the occurrence will turn to good account

in more ways than one, which he can foresee better than I could describe. Perhaps, having fewer sermons to write, he may get time to give me a scratch of his pen. That surely would be one blessing growing out of his calamity. Tell the blessed boy that my heart reaches after him through interposing space, and grapples him unto itself as with hooks of steel. I do esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake, and for his worth's sake. As to his doctrine (is that the rub yet?), if it were my dying charge, I should say to him, "*Preach what you believe,*" not on the shallow ground that what any man honestly believes is fit to be preached, but because, if I know what the Gospel is, H. W. B. knows it, and beyond measure more deeply, richly, sweetly, and powerfully. Only let him preach it (and he will preach it more clearly and copiously every month he lives, unless God deserts him) and I shall be satisfied—a point the importance of which I trust he will duly appreciate. My prayer for him is that God may be with him, multiply his troubles and his comforts, his foes and his friends, give him afflictions to fight and courage to fight them, and just as much success as will not stand in the way of greater success to come; keep his proud spirit chastened to a Christ-like tenderness, his fiery and impetuous will chained to salvation's car and on the track of truth, his soul full, full, full of love, and like a gushing fountain ever towards the needy and the lost, and, in a word, everything about him just so that he may suitably and safely receive all the honors and blessings which God has to bestow on his most highly favored ones. And if my prayer for him can in any particular be improved, let me know how, and I will amend it.

Remember me particularly and affectionately to Mrs. Beecher, of whose discernment I have had a very high

opinion, and of her love the strongest assurance, ever since she discovered my resemblance to you. I must not be forgotten, either, to the children of the Manse, because I "took to" them and have them in my heart.

And so, with love to all who love him, writes

JOHN.

TO HIS WIFE.

ALBANY, July 20, 1849.

What can you have thought of this long silence? I can hardly tell how long it is since I wrote you, nor where I have been in the interval. A busier week, or fortnight rather, I certainly never spent, and I hope it will prove work worth the while. A week ago last Monday, we received intelligence from Albany that one of our suits was to come on, last Monday, at Cooperstown, together with a call for testimony on a great variety of points. It fell to my lot to get up a large number of the affidavits. This was three days' busy work—and three nights', too, for that matter. Then I had to make out my own, which was expected to be very full and accurate. And as it was important to have some testimony from Utica, and to have some one familiar with the facts present at the argument, I must go to Albany. When I reached Albany the argument was deferred till the 27th of July, and our attorney had made up his mind to get another of the suits ready for the same time, and nothing would do but I must off coat and at it. We worked just as rapidly as we could, and, having got all the papers ready, I left Albany at 2 o'clock P.M. yesterday, took a horse and buggy for Waterville last night, arriving about midnight; was up early this morning and spent the forenoon in getting another necessary affidavit; took a new horse and, without stopping for dinner, spent the most of the afternoon

in getting still another, and have just served the papers on Judge Nye in time to accomplish our purpose. Mr. Harris thinks I would make a tolerably good lawyer, and says he will take me in as partner at any time. To-night and to-morrow I spend in getting some more testimony here, to be used at the time of the argument, and on Monday I expect to return to Utica for the same purpose. Perhaps I may have to go farther, but am getting rather sick of the fun.

In Albany I had delightful quarters at the house of Mr. Hamilton Harris, the Judge's brother. I rode down with him one morning to see my old friend McIntosh, who lives in the veritable old Schuyler mansion, where Mrs. Grant was before she was Mrs. Grant—an exceedingly interesting relic of the olden time, in perfect preservation, and furnished with princely magnificence.

OSWEGO, July 28, 1849.

Amidst the whirl and dust and smoke and clangor of the combat, your dear image often rises to my mind's eye; and oh! how happy I should be to look upon the dearer, dearest reality! I am now sitting in the courtroom, where the lawyers are fighting away; and seeing nothing that I can do just now to help on the battle, I will rest my weary soul by a few minutes' converse with yours. What a fortnight or three weeks this has been to me! It has carried me back to the ancient or legal or ante-evangelical dispensation in my own history, when I, too, was a son of Themis, and a law-office was my home, and complaints and answers, and depositions and notices, and orders of court were my daily and familiar companions. I presume I have written two or three hundred folios of affidavits for myself and others within three weeks past,

and traveled to and fro, from Hamilton to Albany, from Albany to Hamilton, from Hamilton to Waterville, Syracuse, Auburn, Elbridge, and now to Oswego, and had my head and hands full, so full as to exclude almost everything else, and to compel my heart to be unfaithful even to you, so far as temporary forgetfulness is infidelity. But that infidelity is all atoned for, my heart being judge, by the enhanced ardor and delight with which the arms of my tired spirit are thrown around you, when now and then I do catch a glimpse of you. But love-making, I suppose, is not according to the rules of court, though it be of courting, and so I will turn to other matters, adjourning that until we meet.

Keep up good cheer. I trust our meeting is not far distant.

Yours faithfully (since first I saw you at the
breakfast-table),
J.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND CHILDREN.

THE life which has been shown in many of its relations had yet another side. To none is its memory more hallowed than to those who learned from it the treasures that a Father's heart can hold. The first impression left upon my memory is the clasp of a father's hand in an evening walk, in which the shifting splendor of sunset clouds blends with the light of the fatherly smile that gave such assurance of love and protection. From that hour there is hardly an experience in life which does not recall his sympathetic enjoyment or loving guidance.

It is difficult to draw the line between the amusement and the instruction which his children owed to him, the brightest pleasure was so skillfully combined with all his teachings, like the interlacing threads of warp and woof. In how many ways he contributed to our happiness, from the songs and stories and merry frolics that made our childhood a delight, to the higher enjoyment which he taught us to take in everything beautiful and true in books or nature or the world of art! The artistic care with which it was his habit to finish everything that he touched was characteristic of all that he did for his children. He would hardly give greater elaboration to a literary criticism or university lecture, than to the enchanting fairy-tales which he wove for us into such a web of glittering beauty and

fascination. He did not fail to "point the moral" as well as to "adorn the tale," and out of all the bewildering complications and the ingenious development of the plot emerged the lesson, which was all the more effective from being dressed in such gay colors. His most carefully prepared sermons could hardly contain a more complete exposition of truth or subtle analysis of human character, or a more forcible application to his "dear hearers," than the long Bible-stories, in which the familiar actors appeared again and again, invested with an ever-fresh interest, as we followed them through every shade of feeling and experience to the dramatic end.

Our only trouble was lack of the *time* required for such protracted entertainments, and our patience was sorely taxed in waiting for the hour of leisure that came so seldom. How we counted the days to vacation, which was always our gala-time! Then the old pen that never stopped writing was turned to better account, according to our way of thinking, in the puzzles and charades that taxed our guessing powers, or the merry rhymes that commemorated some family event. Or it was exchanged for the pencil which drew such magical pictures, or the tools which mended our broken toys and made for us new ones. One great source of delight was the games which he invented, like those of his own youthful choice, taxing the head rather than the hand. Everything was carried to the utmost perfection of detail. A little manuscript volume is preserved in which a set of rules to a missing game, which he attempted to restore, is multiplied fifty-fold, covering every possible combination and contingency, and carrying the interest to the intensest height. Never

were there such jackstraws as *our* father's knife cut, in an endless variety of forms so delicate that the fate of the player hung upon a hair-breadth touch.

Nowhere was his graceful and painstaking art displayed to our greater delight than in the yearly Christmas-tree which he wrought into such a wonder of beauty to our eyes. Every drooping branch must be a curve of faultless symmetry, and its gay burden of gifts and decorations so disposed as to produce the most brilliant effect of contrasting color. Nor was it complete till words and music were composed for the accompanying Kriss Kringle song, in which we could see the jolly old fellow "so blithe and gay," "with his peaked hat and his reindeer sleigh," fairly feel him bound "over the crinkling ice and snow," and hear his bells with their "merry, merry ching," "as up to the roof the reindeer spring."

In any of our projects our only anxiety was once to win his interest. For we knew that when he had given it the first moment of attention, we might be sure of an exhaustive treatment of the whole subject. He confesses this weakness in warning one of his children of its danger. "S. accepts your promise, and says she 'bides her time.' Let her bide. Don't write to her, or to any one, except when you can do it without taxing your strength. Is it of any use to add—learn to write *short*? I am afraid not. I recognize myself in you; a constitutional necessity—whatever is said or done—of going just so much into detail, and giving to every part a certain fullness of finish, which is none the less a necessity because the desirableness of compression is apparent."

This characteristic furnishes him an explanation for the delay of a long due letter:

This *dolce far niente* is an enormous devourer of time. Hour after hour and day after day slip down its smooth, mysterious gullet, uncounted, un-sensed, and, alas! irrevocable. One thing I have noticed which is wholly inexplicable—that, no matter how many things there may be demanding attention, and no matter how perfectly easy it would be to dispatch half a dozen of them at odd moments of a day of hard work, during this dear, delicious vacation, it is never possible to accomplish more than one thing in one day. Are there three or four business letters to be written without delay? You never get but one finished in time for to-day's mail. Have you promised one child a kite and another a story? Happy the one who holds the first lien, or is the first to foreclose, for the assets are never sufficient to reach the second mortgage. And woe to you if just as you get seated at your table to attend to "that little matter" which will not bear another hour's delay, one of the chicks brings her slate and asks you how to draw a chimney to her house. You seize the pencil to dash three lines in briefest answer to her question, and when the sun goes down you cannot for the life of you recall a single thing you have done that day except that in the morning you finished up an elaborate, comprehensive, and spirited landscape in slate-pencil, which elicited general admiration and many regrets that it had not been done on paper, so as to have lasted beyond noon.

I have had a good time with the children this summer. We are devoting ourselves to the "carpenter and joiner" business, and have been getting up a wonderful play-house. As the work advanced, I grew more and more interested in it, saw forty ways in which I could improve on my original idea, and (according to my besetting infirmity) kept refining and adding fancy touches until I find it has really drawn on my strength, and yet I am

not quite ready to stop. But I have had a good time working at it, and so have the children, watching the progress, and we are going to have a mighty pretty thing of it when it is done. I begin to suspect my father spoiled a highly respectable carpenter when he sent me to college and gave me a professional education.

He devoted himself quite as zealously to the entertainment as to the discipline of his children, the family government being as much a system of rewards as punishments. Fortunately for us, he was a firm believer in moral suasion, appealing always to our own sense of right, and then leaving us to the tender mercies of our own conscience. Whatever responsibility he may have felt with regard to making use of the terrors of the law was all discharged in experiments upon his oldest children, these not being attended with sufficient success to encourage repetition. He must have had his trials, if we may judge from the flattering tributes to different members of his flock which we find in his letters. Our sympathy is awakened by the first allusion to his paternal perplexities:

— continues the same wayward, variable, unaccountable spirit that she ever was. Her path runs through a rapid succession of alternating lights and shadows. "By fits she's sad; by starts she's wild." There is no mezzotint in her composition—all contrasts and all extremes, her lights are always blazing and her shadows profound as Styx. She puzzles my philosophy awfully, and makes as sad work with my art disciplinary as Napoleon did with the scientific tactics of his veteran antagonists. I have pretty much abandoned the idea of bringing her up, and shall let her come up her own way; that is, if she will.

Little Robert is a more intelligible Christian-like baby. He begins to show an aspiring nature. His ruling passion is to climb; his controlling destiny, to fall: and between the two he has had much experience of the ups and downs of infant life. Stools, chairs, sofas, tables, and piano are each in turn "young ambition's ladder," and "when he hath attained the topmost round, he then unto the ladder turns his back, looks into the clouds and"—falls, like Wolsey or Napoleon. He begins as though he were born to be a splendid exemplification of *Sic itur ad astra*, and ends as though by some envious stroke or hocus-pocus trick fate had dashed out that motto and substituted *Facilis descensus*.

Of another three-year-old he writes:

He is the most easy, self-complacent, self-righteous little sinner you ever did see. "Father, I did be good when you was gone. I did be good till when you was praying," is the tune most of the time. He is going to heaven on the Arminian track by good works, which are just as easy and natural to him as bad ones are to the commonalty.

He was less disturbed by the displays of natural depravity in his later children than in his first experiences, having learned not to expect precocious developments of early piety:

How I wish you could see our ——, the very picture (no the reality) of ruddy health, and hear him shout! 'Twould make your lungs to crow like chancicleer. I am afraid he is getting a little "bahd"—to use his own pronunciation. He certainly is not the Infant Model of Deportment, which his eldest sister at one time fancied she had almost made. But

then he is gloriously healthy, and I confess I take a little naughty satisfaction in that. He does not seem, physically or spiritually, in immediate danger of canonization, and I am afraid I thank the Lord for that, with entire sincerity and heartiness. Being the *only boy* in the family, he seems to think that consistency requires him to be *boy only*. "All boy" he certainly is, full of noisy life, impatient of metes and bounds, eager for perilous ventures and far-away expeditions, constant in transgressions, and equally ready, when night comes, to repent and promise amendment. "Ah, mother," says he one evening, after a day of forbidden wanderings, "I think I shall have to go to hell, for I *can't help* running away."

The baby—well, she isn't quite perfect after all. I took her in hand to-night, after she had brought nurse Marden to a non-com. and kept her mother an hour from the party. As soon as she saw that "Captain Scott" had arrived, the young coon came right down, and went to sleep like a dose of paregoric, which speaks well for her discernment and discretion.

The hopeful view which he was inclined to take of youthful development was often a support to the drooping faith of our long-suffering mother. We quote from his advice to her, notwithstanding some of its heresies:

For yourself, let me advise you to take things just as easy as possible. Let the children run—let them quarrel—let them get crazy, and dirty, and saucy, to their hearts' content. I believe it will be better for their health, and as to mind and manners, we'll find time for those hereafter. I suppose you will shake your head at that advice, and I know "Grandma" will. But I give it seriously and with reference particularly to your health and that of our dear child.

For one summer, I want you both to be as free as possible from restraint and care. If the children about her are not vicious, I would let her play with them as much as she pleases, and when she wants to go anywhere, just let her go. And when you wish for any reason to draw her from any particular haunt, do it (as far as possible) not by calling her into confinement, and giving her what she will regard as tasks, but by getting up some counter-attraction. *Give her a lump of sugar and break her will.* I don't want her to write and study any more than she inclines to, but want her mind held back rather than urged forward. "Retard her development." Give her father's love and many kisses, and tell her to be good for his sake.

There seem to be two extremes to which parents are liable to run, either of which is to be regretted. One is to worry their children with constant, minute supervision, and themselves because they see no immediate fruit of their labor. The other is, for this same reason, to give up in despair, and let them go without instruction and care. *Immediate* results we must not look for. Line upon line, line upon line—precept upon precept, precept upon precept—here a little and there a little, is the only way. And this, faithfully practiced, cannot fail in the end. The impression is made, first, upon the mind. Children get correct ideas of what is right, and amiable and lovely in character; then, as they grow and their love of approbation comes out, they gradually learn to prefer a little self-denial, rewarded by smiles and affection, to a selfish pursuit of present enjoyment without; and finally, if grace touch their hearts and they become enamored of virtue for her own sake, they have something to guide them in their efforts to improve and refine themselves. So, hope on, and hope ever; give the daily admonition, reproof, and counsel, just as circumstances require, not expecting to see the child perfect, but looking

for the fruits in the matured virtues of the woman. I don't see perfect children anywhere; I see none but, what, closely watched (as one watches one's own), betray many unlovely traits. There may be one now and then; but, I tell you, little Cornelia Moses don't grow on every bush. And many a child of most unhappy showing has proved in womanhood an ornament to her sex. The very elements of her character, which untaught and ill-directed have made the child deservedly disliked, have in a different form and direction given strength and beauty to the full-grown woman.

He often expresses his doctrine of love as the aliment on which the soul most truly thrives. He says of a possible error of management: "I fear that we have held up to — too high a standard. She is surrounded by such paragons of perfection as constantly to discourage her, and the thought that her shortcomings are set in the clear light of such unerringly critical eyes is anything but inspiring to the hope or purpose of amendment, or conducive to amiable feelings towards the law that ever condemns and, if it does not frown, at best but endures. In an atmosphere of love she is sure to do better." It was the golden atmosphere which he ever created. From earliest infancy we were compassed about with a father's love and sympathy. And with the sympathy came the loving help that never failed in our most childish trials. How many scenes come up to recollection when his ever-ready aid made crooked places straight! Our youthful dilemmas furnished material for the lessons in mental and moral philosophy which began so early. In his own thorough way he went to the bottom of every trouble, and the

cause once found the cure was sure to follow. Or, if it were a grief too deep for reason, it was never beyond the reach of the fatherly comfort that was so sure to heal. It could not be too trivial for a sympathy that saw all things from the sufferer's stand-point. Of all the sorrows which that sympathy consoled, none is more vivid than one of days long past, when he found an unhappy child weeping over a hopeless and uncongenial task. The time had come for the first lesson in feminine accomplishments, and motherly fears were aroused by the utter lack of zeal manifested. The decree had gone forth—to hem an impossible handkerchief—and appeals and tearful defiance only made it more inexorable; for once the gentle mother-sway was firm as rock. To add the last bitter drop, a fascinating book had been confiscated, and the key turned upon the hapless prisoner until the work should be accomplished. What an idea of infinity dawned in that woful hour, and stretched away in that white expanse of handkerchief, as life lost its charms, and the waves of hopelessness rolled over the soul! Into such midnight darkness came the fatherly apparition that chased away the Giant Despair, with the soothing hand that wiped away the tears, then took the needle, and slowly and patiently plied those endless stitches till the last one was finished. Help has since come in many greater trials; but memory can never lose the vision of the fatherly spectacles bending over that tear-sprinkled handkerchief, while through them beamed the light of hope and joyful deliverance.

The bond that knit his heart to his children was made doubly tender by bereavement. If his deepest happiness came through the affections of Home,

through them also came sorest chastening. The sacred home-circle had ever been to him the type of all that was pure and perfect; but it was not enough that he should be drawn to Heaven by the sweet attractions which its joys prefigured. The blighting of those joys and the loss of its loveliest treasures must drive him to the Home of which he so often writes, "where the lost treasures will be restored, a thousand-fold more precious; where the circle will be complete and glorious and eternal." The letter that contained the joyful announcement of the birth of his first-born son was followed, in six months, by one giving the painful circumstances of his death. The young mother had taken her first child home to gladden the eyes of the proud grandparents. It was on her return, in the long stage-journey, that the accident occurred which became familiar to other children as the most tragical chapter in our family history. The following letters, written to different family friends, refer to this and other bereavements:

HAMILTON, Aug. 27, 1841.

O my Beloved Ones, our precious little boy is gone, and we are left bereaved and desolate—our choicest treasure, the fondest of our earthly hopes, cut off by a single stroke. How sudden and severe the stroke! my unsubdued heart will sometimes say, Cruel, oh how cruel! I never knew till now how much I loved him, how much I reckoned on his future growth. In all my arrangements even for next winter, I find his little form filled a place in every plan, in every picture of anticipated happiness. Hopes all blighted in one bitter moment! Bereaved, bereaved and desolate! I can feel no interest in anything; the charm of life has fled. For think, he was

our first-born, and our only one; taken, too, at a moment so unexpected, while his poor mother, full of pride and joy, was hastening home to show me the improvement which six short weeks had witnessed in this idol of our hearts, and which she had carefully concealed from my knowledge, that my surprise might be the greater.

How eagerly I had looked for the day of my loved ones' return! It came, and they returned indeed. But oh, how different the meeting from that which I expected! poor dear C. a bruised and broken-hearted mourner, and for our happy darling an icy form of clay.

Since Commencement, brother R. with his family have occupied a room at Mr.—'s, and on Saturday afternoon I was lying on his bed, trying to solace an aching head with thoughts of C. and Johnny, whom I expected that evening. About three o'clock Mr.—'s son came to the door and informed M. that her sister was below and wished to see her. Supposing it to be sister Mary Ann who had called, she asked him to send her upstairs. "She can't come up," was the reply. "She is in the stage with her babe. Her babe is dead!" You must imagine our feelings. In a few moments my poor afflicted C. was in my arms, and the dreadful news was confirmed. We proceeded at once to our own room, and there removed the covering in which the remains of our darling were enfolded, beautiful in marble. Oh, my dear sister, what a sight for a father's eyes! How different from the sweet image which had lived in my memory! those bright and laughing eyes, were they indeed closed forever? That sweet smile, was it forever fled? Should I never again feel the quick spring of those active little limbs, on the expectation of which I had been living so long? And above all, must I bid adieu to all my anticipated delight in watching and guiding the development of his mind, and seeing him, by the blessing of God on

our own exertions, growing up to a happy and useful manhood? How much pleasure we had anticipated in showing him to our friends in Brooklyn! Under the constrained moderation with which we spoke of him, how did our deceived hearts swell with pride! And indeed he was a sweet child, and full of promise. But what avails speaking of his loveliness! He's gone; we are childless, all our plans for the future are robbed of their chiefest charm; we begin life anew and from the lowest depths of prostration. God grant it may be a wiser, as it must be a sadder, life than that which ended in our dear babe's grave.

The melancholy story was soon told. They left Angelica on Thursday, and after a pleasant ride to Bath, started again at two o'clock Friday morning, the baby comfortably sleeping, never again to open his eyes on this sin-stricken world, never again to bless his mother with the light of those much-loved eyes. Cousin Andrew, who sat on the middle seat near the door, had taken him from C.'s arms, and all were drowsy and silent, when suddenly the stage was overturned, the force of the shock with which the ground was struck being the first intimation they had of danger. In an instant A. attempted to raise the babe, but found that its head had been thrown through the open window, and the post of the door, falling upon it, held it fast. Assistance was immediately given, the stage raised, and the little fellow taken out still breathing. They were obliged to walk a mile to the next house, where physicians were sent for, and every attention rendered. But to no purpose; the Lord had called for our dear boy, and he must go. His skull was fractured in two or three places, so that, though he lived about two hours, the only sign of life was a gentle breathing, probably without any sense of pain whatever. In this condition he breathed away his sweet spirit in the

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arms of his mother. Their first thought was to stay there till her father could be sent for. But as that would occasion so long a delay, she concluded to commit herself to the protection of her heavenly Father, and come on immediately home.

I would not have you suppose, dear S., that there are no lights in this dreary picture, or that we are dwelling only on its shades. In the first place, how kindly all was ordered for the darling boy! When we hung over him, last spring, and watched his agony while apparently in the very embrace of death, it seemed too much to bear, and again and again were we ready to pray that God would end his sufferings by taking him to Himself. Yet when the last struggle seemed to approach, our spirits still shrank back, and more earnestly we cried that he might be spared. Our prayer was heard: he was restored to life, a happy life, and continued just as long as our heavenly Father saw best. And now he is not called again to suffer, and to wear away existence amid disease and pain. Fatigued with excess of pleasure, he falls asleep in his mother's arms, and at the appointed instant the bright dreams of infancy are at once exchanged for the glorious realities of the heavenly home. How delightful to follow him to that bright world! what a welcome from the band of loved ones to whom we have before bid farewell! Spared just long enough for Cornelia's mother to see and embrace him, who can doubt that he has since rested in the bosom of mine? And then how wonderfully Cornelia has been supported! When I first heard the news, I thought of her with intensest anguish. What must she not have suffered for thirty-six long hours, bringing along a weary way a lifeless babe to its eagerly expectant father! There seemed to be not a gleam of light to relieve the dark picture. Yet I was hasty in my judgment. From her own lips I

learned how all her melancholy journey was smoothed and comforted, how generous was the sympathy and kindness of strangers along the road, how calm and clear her own mind, how filled with the consolations of religion, and with such exalted views that she could say, "I spent hours that might be called happy, such thoughts I had of Johnny's blessed state." For this, above all things, I bless our faithful God, that to her, my dearest one, thus lonely and distressed, He was a present Help in trouble.

For my own part, I can almost put my finger on the sins that have made this stroke a needful one for me, sins frequently rebuked, yet still unchecked, and growing into habits destructive to my usefulness in the Redeemer's kingdom. The Lord's hand is as visible to me as though I had actually seen it dealing the fatal stroke upon our baby's head, and it brings me to realize a new relation to our heavenly Father as one faithful and kind even in discipline.

Our friends here have wept with us in tenderest sympathy. Dr. Kendrick preached a sermon from the words, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." And our hearts responded "Amen." It was hard to look for the last time on that noble little form, that fair and manly brow. The sweetness which was his characteristic expression in life was exchanged for a most striking and interesting one which affected all who saw him—"majesty," Prof. Conant called it, a lofty seriousness and almost mature dignity; and it seemed to say, "The jewel gone, the casket is sealed up and *sanctified* unto the day of the Lord." And so we laid it away to rest at the foot of a young beech-tree, just in the edge of the grove, there to rest until the resurrection morn.

Five years later he was again called to meet the bitter struggle:

HAMILTON, June 4, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I feel that I must write you a few lines, although I requested S. to send you information of the calamity that has overtaken us, and you will probably receive it from Brooklyn before this reaches you. I was in such a state of nervous agitation yesterday that I could hardly finish the hasty note I sent to her. To-day I feel much more calm. Yes, dear brother, your little namesake is asleep, and for the second time we mourn as those who mourn for an only son. But oh! with me it is the first time. I lost Johnny. God had taken him and he was not, and all my anxiety centered on the suffering mother. But Robby was torn slowly, sternly from my arms, although I held him stoutly back from the destroyer and heard my aching heart-strings snap as the mighty one prevailed. Oh, how can I convey to you an idea of what I have felt since the beginning of this dreadful week! I know it is impossible, and God forbid that you should ever learn it in the only way in which it can be taught.

More than ten days ago the little fellow began to seem unwell, only showing it, however, by somewhat less than his usual buoyancy and glee. Two or three days later there appeared other symptoms, and soon the scarlet fever manifested itself in the most malignant form.

After a description of the progress of that terrible disease, he continues:

Poor mother M. has almost sunk under it. Robby was her sunlight, and it has seemed at times that she

would die of her distress. Dear C. is thus far greatly sustained, although it came upon her like a thunder-stroke; for notwithstanding her great anxiety, she felt no apprehension that Robby was to die until about noon on Tuesday, when it suddenly broke upon her, from the manner of the physicians, that it was a hopeless case. For a few hours her distress was very great, but the Everlasting Arms are under her. She does not "refuse to be comforted," because she does not believe that her children "are not." She can follow them to the heavenly land, and has a constant assurance of their blessedness there. I cannot but hope she may be spared that dreadful gloom and agony which made the winter following Johnny's death a period of such unrelieved wretchedness. In the school of affliction, among other things, we learn to endure.

With me it has been different. As long ago as Saturday night, during most of which I held the little fellow in my arms, and watched his dreadful conflict (oh! with what a sore and sinking heart!), I felt the conviction pressed like iron into my soul that God was calling for my boy. It was not an absolutely unexpected call. For six months past I have felt at times and vaguely that when God came to chasten with severity, the blow would probably fall in just that tender spot. And when on that bitter night the chill shadow of death fell across my threshold, I was ready to exclaim, "The thing that I feared has come upon me!" Then when I raised my bleeding heart in prayer, I met a righteous and a faithful God, as well as a merciful, and I could not make it the burden of my prayer, "Oh that my child may live!" but "Oh for grace to endure chastening! Not my will, but Thine be done!" Then I would try to pray—"If it be possible, let this cup pass!" while faintness and fear sank into my heart, until I was forced again to cry,

"Not my will, but Thine, O thou Faithful in severity as in goodness!"

And now, oh that this lesson may be enough! Daily do I discover more and more of the wisdom and goodness of God in the affliction. Blessings always intoxicate and weaken me; but affliction brings me to my senses. It makes me feel my perfect weakness, nothingness without Him, and my glorious fullness, completeness, satisfiedness in Him. Then I am strong again. Then it is that the whole scheme of salvation stands out before me a distinct, all-comprehensive certainty—a world, a universe of glorious, spiritual, and eternal realities, which clips me round in its divine embrace, and separates and lifts me up above the perishable world of sense over which I long to triumph.

HAMILTON, June 29, 1846.

We are very lonely, but the thought that you would so soon be here has helped us greatly. You would not believe—I am sure *I* should not a month ago—how great a change the absence of that one little body would make in our house. Dear little fellow! he occupied but a small space, but he was felt everywhere; his voice, like the music of birds, rang in my ears often when he was hushed in sleep; his presence was sunlight to my path, to my world. I had no idea how perpetually he was on my mind, till now that I miss him. Even when at work in my study, at every pause I thought of him. At every unusual sound in the house I stopped and listened till I heard his voice again, lest something should have befallen him. In all my visions of the future his image was present and brightest. How often since, when, for instance, meditating the plan of our new house, have I

found myself saying: "It shall be so or so for my boys," or when noticing some error in parental management, "It must not be so with my boys," or when weighing the claims of different fields of labor, "This or that will be better for my boys." And oh! how like a blow the bitter thought has come: "My boys! my boys! Alas, I have no boys!" And it seems now as though the Lord intended to deny me this, one of the choicest privileges to which I have ever looked forward in this world—that of striving to correct in my sons the errors of my own development, and giving to the generation following what I cannot show to my contemporaries, "the type and substance of a man." But I do not mean to murmur. I feel no disposition to murmur.

I only fear that my treacherous soul will let the blessing slip which is wrapped up in this rough husk, the "sweet uses of adversity." This hard, hard lesson is so full of instruction that I feel as though, if fully improved, it would of itself make my life holy, and I have tried patiently to receive it. But alas! my forgetful soul! I fear that the work of my sanctification is to be as slow as heretofore, and that I shall be called again and again to taste the bitter pang.

The same experience of sorrow had come to other households that he loved, and he gives the comfort which he has himself found:

HAMILTON, Jan. 21, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I have just returned from Albany and learned from C. the sad intelligence which she received from Syracuse the day after I left home. Oh that we might have been by your side, to mingle our tears with yours, in the day of your distress

Well do we know the bitterness of the cup you are called to drink, the tenderness of the spot on which the stroke has fallen. God give you grace to bear and to profit by it. You have gained a new item of knowledge—of experience—you have tasted a new sorrow, and you will never lose the memory of it. The circle of your sympathies with weeping ones you will feel to be by so much enlarged. Those words, so often heard in this dying world, "lost a child," will have to you a depth of mournful significance, a power to open the fountains of tears, which they never had before. Home is no more complete for you on earth. The sacred spell is broken, the sweet circle is shattered, the shadow of the Terrible One is on your hearth-stone. But you have also begun to learn how these bereavements, which make earth desolate, enrich heaven, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are unseen. I feel quite sure, my dear brother and sister, that you have ere this begun to realize that hard as this affliction is to bear, it comes fraught with blessings which no prosperity could impart. It is the old story—"Whom He loveth He chasteneth." We are weaned by privation and amid cryings and tears. And oh, when do we prize the bosom of our Father so as when we flee to it to hide our sobbings there, and to find repose for a bruised and aching spirit? Oh, faith—faith—though it were but as a grain of mustard-seed, what wonders it will perform! To the world a mystery and foolishness, but to them that believe, the wisdom and the power of God! Give me this talisman that unlocks the Blessed Heart of God, and makes the soul welcome to the treasures of Love, and what can all the powers of evil—what can death or hell do unto me? This precious gift is yours, dear brother and sister, and you have before now been comforted and gladdened by its more than magic power.

For myself, I look forward with trembling, for I know these strokes must come, and come again, and I do not expect to become less sensible from the repetition of them; nay, rather that each will bring intenser anguish.

His conviction of the discipline yet awaiting him proved to be well founded. The sorrowful cup was indeed pressed to his lips "again and again." Five times the angel of death entered his household, and each time took the fairest of the flock. It seemed a sad and special feature of these bereavements that in almost every case they were made keener by the separation of the sorrowing parents and by the startling suddenness of the blow. The home at Hamilton was broken up, and while the husband and father was engaged in the excitements of removal and of the preparatory work at Rochester his family were sheltered under the dear grandfather's roof in Angelica, which ever extended an eager welcome to the only daughter and her children. The loneliness of the father's heart creeps into his letters amid all the hurry and pressure in his changing field of labor, with a premonition of coming evil in "this long and weary and sorrow-shaded separation:"

TO HIS WIFE.

HAMILTON, May 20, 1849.

Your last letter, be assured, went to my heart like the cry of the lost lamb, and my first impulse was to go after you. But I am glad that you did not spend all your sympathy on yourself, for I really feel that I need a little of it too. Think of me, coming where home ought to be, and finding no home there—no wife, no children, no roof

or fireside of my own; and hardly able to enjoy my friends, because of the feeling of desolateness and want in my own bosom. Every one is, of course, very kind, but that does not fill up the void. I really did not know how much you are the better part of me. Thus far I have tried to busy myself with getting things straight in my room, and having looked carefully through all my drawers and desks and pigeon-holes and book-cases, and handled every article, one by one, and put each exactly where I wanted it, and hung my pictures and kindled a fire in my stove, until things smiled around me so comfortable and home-like, I sat down with a sigh, feeling that now my occupation was gone, and that after all here was only the shell. The life and the soul of it was wanting, and still I was a solitary and a homeless man. For home, beloved, is the spot of which you are the centre, and whose circumference embraces the precious fragments of our sweet, shattered circle, and thither my heart turns with ever-deepening yearnings, as I feel how swiftly the time is hastening on when either Death or Absence will make new changes, tending to its final and complete dissolution.

The shadow fell quickly and silently. Another idolized boy had been given to take the place twice made desolate. A child of spiritual loveliness, it seemed in keeping with his angelic ministry of three bright years that he should so gently obey the voice that called him back. Without a day's warning, with no alarm of sickness, after a few hours of painless languor, he fell asleep, and the wires bore the message that summoned the stricken father.

The childish heart that was saddened by this its first sorrow was comforted by the first letter received

from a father's hand. It was known and kept as the "Happy Land letter," from its paraphrase of the juvenile hymn which had been a favorite in our family circle since first introduced as a popular Sabbath-school song:

HAMILTON, November 14. 1849.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: It gave me great pleasure to hear from Mother that you are fond of your books and of your school; at least, fonder than you were at one time. Very soon, I think, you will like them better than ever. And when you learn to write, I hope you will find it easier and pleasanter to answer letters than you do now. Well, I must have patience till then, I suppose.

The other day I called at Mrs. Kendrick's, and Helen came running to me with a piece of paper in her hand, and what do you think it was? Why, nothing more or less than a nice letter which you printed to her last spring when you first went to Angelica with Grandma. She has kept it very nicely all this time. In that letter you inquire very particularly about our dear little Willy, who was then with his blue eyes and golden hair playing about Mrs. Kendrick's house; and everybody loved him, he was so good, so sweet and full of pleasantness. How little we thought his lovely little spirit would so soon spread its wings, and fly away to the "better land"! After I came home I could not help thinking a great deal about him; and shall I tell you where I went in my thoughts, and what I saw?

As I walked to and fro in my mind, feeling very sad and lonely because all my dear ones were far, far away, I came to a great gate in the side of a mountain. It stood open night and day; and people kept going by me, and passing through. Old and young, even little babies, seemed to glide along, and disappeared in the great gate. Some went joyfully, with their hands and eyes lifted to heaven, as if

singing; but many seemed full of terror. They wrung their hands and shrieked, and tried to hold back; but on they went, as though some unseen hand forced them through the gate.

So I came near to look in; but it was exceeding dark. Nevertheless, when I strained my eyes, I saw away off in the dark two bright spots. The one on the right hand was white, like the brightness of the sun; but that on the left was red, like the glowing of a furnace.

While I wondered in my mind what this should mean, and was troubled, suddenly there stood by the gate one with silvery hair and a flowing beard, clad in a long robe as white as snow. He held a scroll in his hand; and looking upon me with a mild and loving eye, he seemed to read what was passing in my thoughts. For, without waiting for the question I was about to ask, he said, "This is the way appointed for all the living. Be ready; for your time will also come."

"But, sir," said I, "what are the two bright spots which I see at the far end of the dark way?"

He stretched out his hand toward me, and answered: "Come and see."

So I gave him my hand; and he led me through the gate. I shuddered as we entered; for it was colder than winter, and the darkness was so great that it could be felt. I could no longer see the white robe of my venerable guide. But his hand was warm and firm; and it held me up, and drew me gently forward. So I ventured on.

As we advanced, the bright spots grew gradually larger and brighter, until we came to where two ways met. One went downwards towards the red light on the left; and the other sloped gently up towards the white light on the right.

Here we paused, while I gazed down the left-hand

road. And as we stood and listened, I could hear wailings and groans afar off. And I saw those who had come through the gate frightened and unhappy. Oh, how they struggled, and turned back their straining eyes, and stretched back their hands as if imploring for help! But alas! there was no help. Then I heard the voice of my guide whispering in my ear, "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness." But I quaked exceedingly from head to foot, and my heart trembled with fear. So my kind guide drew me away from the fearful sight; and we walked together along the right-hand way.

Now I saw, as we proceeded, how that at every step the path became smoother and lighter. I began, too, to hear sweet sounds; and these grew more and more distinct. And the air was soft and full of pleasant smells. By and by, we came to the opening at the end. But how shall I describe the scene which ravished my eyes! A broad and beautiful valley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach and drest in living green. On the right, the soft meadows sloped up into hills; and beautiful trees and groves were scattered over all. Beyond the hills rose a high mountain, with white cliffs and diamond peaks, towering up against the blue sky, and sparkling in the light. And bright clouds lay along the tops of them. A silver stream flowed down the mountain's side and among the hills, and then, meandering gently down the valley, was lost in the distance. On its banks grew many trees, laden with fruit. Birds of paradise flew over the fields or sported in the branches, and made the air all music with their warblings.

And I saw shining ones everywhere, walking and talking together, or seated in groups under the shadow of trees, with faces full of joy and love. Sometimes they sang together, with their golden harps all ringing so harmoniously, no tongue can tell the sweetness of it.

High up in front, over the valley, I saw what seemed to be a great white throne in the sky. It seemed a great way off, yet it could be plainly seen from every part of the vale and mountain. For its pillars were of light, and from the top of it streams of light were pouring in every direction, brighter than sunlight, yet softer than moonlight. And around the throne the sky was full of angels—ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Though they were far off, I could see they were all engaged, and full of life and motion. Some were darting away, like streaks of lightning, as those who carried messages. Others flew swiftly back, as those who brought home reports. And always as they came near the throne they bowed and cast down their golden crowns, and those that stood by struck their harps and chanted songs of praise.

But now I must tell you what pleased me most of all. By the side of the river was a beautiful garden, or orchard, or rather both in one. For there were fruits of every sort and flowers of every color. And great numbers of children were in the garden playing. Oh, how beautiful they looked, and how happily they played! The kind gardener allowed them to pluck all the flowers and fruit they pleased, and in their play every one seemed trying all he could to make the others happy.

Then I clapped my hands for joy and spoke to my good guide, who still stood by my side: "Oh, ~~sir~~," said I, "I too have five dear children, four precious boys and my darling H——, whom I love very much. Let them come into this beautiful garden and play too."

Then he smiled and said: "I know you have five, but three are here already."

And I looked where he pointed with his finger, and there stood three beautiful boys apart from the rest, waving their hands and smiling towards me, and nodding their heads, as

if to catch my attention. The smallest of the three was nearest me, and I looked into his face, and indeed, indeed it was Willy! our own dear little angel Willy! There was his dear sweet face, his laughing blue eye, and his white pretty hand; but Oh, so much more beautiful! Golden curls all over his little head, his cheeks as red as peaches, his eyes bluer, and his little hands and feet (for his feet stood bare on the velvety greensward) whiter and prettier than ever. The two others, who I soon saw were Johnny and Robby, stood behind him, with their arms clasped round each other's waists. But they were much grown since we saw them here. Johnny was nearly a head taller than you, and Robby about a head shorter. There they stood, two noble angel-boys, with auburn locks clustered round their white foreheads. Golden circlets confined their hair, and their silver tunics were bound about the waist with diamond girdles. But their necks and arms and legs were naked, and shone in the clear heaven-light, round and white as polished alabaster. There they stood smiling, while Willy waved his tiny hand and beckoned me to come.

Then I would have rushed forward to clasp the dear ones in my arms. But a wall stood across the opening. I had not seen it, for it was thin like the air and clearer than crystal. The happy spirits who had come through the gate passed through the wall without difficulty. But it held my coarse body back. And my guide spoke and said: "Wait patiently all your appointed time, till your change cometh. For flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."

So I stretched out my hands to have them come to me, for I longed to embrace them. But he said: "They cannot come again to you; but you surely shall go to them. Be patient, therefore, and hope to the end."

Then I looked, and they were tuning their golden lyres,

for each carried a little lyre in his hand. Oh how sweetly they did sing together, all the time playing on the three little harps! And these were the words they sang:

“ This is the happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints immortal stand
In endless day.
Hark, how they sweetly sing!—
‘Glory to our Saviour-King!’—
So their joyful anthems ring,
Ring, ring for aye.

“ In this delightful land,
Gladly we stay;
’Mid the happy cherub-band,
Mark how we play.
Loud we shout, and swiftly run;
Naught to mar our peace is done;
Love unites our hearts in one,
One, one for aye.

“ Here in the happy land,
’Tis always day;
And our Saviour’s gentle hand
Wipes all tears away.
Sickness comes not, cares nor pains;
But, o’er all the heavenly plains,
One eternal summer reigns,
Reigns, reigns for aye.

“ Come to the happy land!
Haste, haste away!
In the holy seraph-band,
Dear father, stay.
Our sweet mother bring with you,
Hatty bring, and Ally too;
For our joys are ever new,
New, new for aye.”

And while they thus sang, two shining ones came forth from amidst the trees of the garden, walking towards them

hand in hand. These were my own dear father and mother, Grandpa and Grandma Raymond. And when the boys saw them, they ran to them and caught them by the hand and kissed them. Then the boys pointed towards me, and they all looked at me and smiled.

At sight of this I could forbear no longer. My heart melted within me to water, and I cried aloud for joy, and said: "Oh that my change were come even now!"

"But," said my kind guide, "where are Hatty and Ally? Will you leave them behind?"

"True," I replied; "I will return and teach them the way to this 'Happy Land.'" And as I turned, in an instant I awoke, and lo! it was a dream.

But it was not all a dream, dear daughter. Therefore let us constantly study God's Holy Word, for if we rightly understand it we shall know the happy way. Pray to God that you may love and walk in it. Be good here and you shall be happy here and hereafter.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

From this time the father's letters were messages of joy and loving counsel, for many years carefully printed in the clear type which youngest eyes could read, and often illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches, or accompanied by rebus or acrostic or amusing tale in prose or verse, to give spice to the unfailing chapter of advice.

In later years his counsels touched the questions of conscience which we carried to him. For the sake of the grandchildren who may read these pages, selections from these letters are given:

ROCHESTER, July 7, 1850.

MY DARLING CHILD: I have thought of you a great many times since I bade you good-by, and left you

trying to smile through your tears at Grandpa's door. It gives me more joy than I can express to hear such good news of you, that you are perfectly well, and that you are happy all the time. I hope you are beginning to think of living to make others happy too. That is the true secret of being happy yourself. Wherever the beautiful sunlight falls, things shine back again into the sun's face; but when the dark storm-cloud scowls upon the earth, everything grows dark and scowls back. Be, then, not like the cloud, making all look gloomy wherever you come; but like the beautiful sunlight, and then all faces will meet you with smiles, and it will be pleasant weather around you all the time. In other words, have a smile for everybody, and everybody will have a smile for you; but have a frown for everybody, and it will be strange if you don't get two frowns for one, all the way through life. When the birds sing sweetly, the echoes sing sweetly in reply. When the hoarse thunder mutters and grumbles, the echoes mutter and grumble just as hoarsely. Now, our friends and acquaintances are very much like our echoes, and give back to us the sounds that we first give out to them. So, if we want to be surrounded by pleasant looks and pleasant words, all we have to do is always to look pleasantly, and speak kindly, and act rightly ourselves; and by so doing, first make others happy, and then ourselves.

I know that you love your father, dear daughter, and if you want to make him happy, very happy, all that you have to do is to be good, very good. Much love to Grandma and Grandpa and to all who care for me, and for yourself the full heart of

Your ever-loving

FATHER.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 14, 1852.

Your enjoyment of the fresh wild beauties of nature pleases me very much, and I trust that you will never have less than you now manifest. These are the works of God—the lofty mountain, the forest with its green robes waving and fluttering in the free breeze, the merry little brook that brawls over its pebbly bed in the meadow or the grove, the bold majestic stream and foaming cataract, the flowers, the birds, the broad blue sky and silver-tinted clouds—how full of beauty and joyous life all things are! I want you to have an eye for all these beauties, an ear for all the sweet music of nature, and a heart to love the dear Father in Heaven who made and has given them all to us.

But the time for such enjoyments, at least for this year, is drawing to a close. The blessed summer hours are closing up, and soon the golden autumn will be past, and winter will spread her snowy mantle over the dead year, while her chill gales warn us to go to indoor duties and enjoyments. Are you ready for the change? It came rather hard for me to come back to the city and take up my work, especially as I had to come alone. But I just set myself at it, determined to be cheerful, and it is astonishing how soon I got interested, and how glad I feel that I have the privilege of working. It is all very comfortable to lounge about and play, when one does not think of any higher style of living. But such is the life of a butterfly or a grasshopper, and it amounts to nothing—it leaves nothing behind. Be mine and yours, rather, the life of the little bee, happy in our work, and gathering honey—sweet honey—to make us rich in future years.

I found a pretty little German song, the other day, which I thought I would translate for you, because it contains a useful lesson. And here it is.

LITTLE MARIANNE'S SPINNING SONG.

Little wheellet ! haste thee, haste thee !
Pretty threadlet ! twist thee, twist thee !

Turn, and twist, and never stay !
For on earth, in air, or ocean,
Every atom is in motion,
Turning, twisting, night and day.

Should I leave my little garden
All unstirred, to bake and harden,
It would yield me nothing green;
Were no gentle winds from heaven
To my little turf-bed given,
Not a violet would be seen.

My great uncle—the professor—
Of all wisdom is possessor,
He knows everything that's done;
And he says, we're all in motion,
Cities, castles, land, and ocean,
Swift as thought fly round the sun.

Oh then let's be ever whirling,
Ever twisting, ever twirling,
Like the dust-wreath to and fro;
Like the merry dancers reeling,
Right and left the circle wheeling,
Ever, ever on the go.

Now, of sun, and wind, and weather
Uncle knows a great deal better
Than a little girl like me;
But this little thing know I, too,
Dance you can't, unless you try to,
That I know as well as he.

So, my wheellet, haste thee, haste thee
And my pretty threadlet, twist thee !
Turn thee, twist thee, in and out !
In this busy world of ours,
Come no dancers, come no flowers,
If we will not stir about.

Good-by, dear child, and ever love

Your affectionate

FATHER.

ROCHESTER, July 17, 1854.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY: Have you almost forgotten that you have a father? I have not forgotten that I have a darling boy of about your size, though it does seem an age since I saw him, or heard his pleasant voice about the house. I think of you every hour in that sweet country home, and especially in the woods and in that charming grove, with the green leaves dancing above you, and the birds and squirrels hopping and running on every side, and the sunlight and shadows playing hide-and-go-seek all over the ground. How good our heavenly Father is to us to give us such a delightful summer home. Think of it—two homes we have, both full of plenty and comfort and loving friends and dear ones, while so many of our fellow-creatures have not even one home that is decent and comfortable. Truly we ought to be thankful and good, and contented and happy, from morning till night. And surely we should be more than willing to give up all wrong and sinful pleasures. A sweet word indeed is home, and a precious thing, and I hope we shall so live in our earthly homes that we may at last meet in a heavenly home to part no more forever.

I have been thinking what I could send you for a letter, and I don't know how I can please you better than to write you a story which I read the other day in a German book. It is the

STORY OF A PENNY.

In the Mint, the place where all the money is made, a gold dollar and a copper penny had just been stamped. There they lay, side by side on a table, with a large heap of other new pieces which sparkled and glittered in the sunshine.

Then spoke the gold dollar and said to the penny: "You mean thing! lie further off! You are made of coarse, dirty copper, and are not fit for the sun to shine on. Soon you will become black and filthy, and will lie in the dirt, and no man will take you up. But I am of precious gold. Therefore I shall travel far abroad in the world, and do great things; and who knows but at last I may become part of the Emperor's golden crown!" The poor penny felt ashamed and spoke not a word. In the same room there lay by the stove a wise old cat. When she heard what the gold dollar said, she gravely stroked her whiskers, turned herself over to the other side, and softly purred out these words:

*"Purr-per-haps it may
Turr-turn the other way."*

And so indeed it happened to the two pieces of money just the other way from what the gold dollar had said.

The gold dollar came into the hands of a rich old miser, who locked it up in his money-chest; where it lay for many years with other gold pieces dark and idle and useless. And when the miser became old and sick, and was going to die, he buried all his money in the earth, where nobody could find it. And there the proud gold dollar lies to this hour in the dirt, black and filthy, and no man will ever take it up.

But the penny, on the other hand, was to travel far abroad in the world, and to come to great dignity and honor. And thus it happened:

It was first given to a boy who swept out the mint-house. He took it home; and because his little sister was pleased with the bright new penny, he gave it to her. She ran off to show it to her playmates; but as she was going, a poor, lame beggar met her, and begged for a piece of bread to eat. The kind-hearted little girl

had no bread for him; but she pitied him so much that she gave him the penny, saying, "Go, buy some bread with that." The poor beggar thanked her, and hobbled off on his crutches to the baker's shop. As he came near the door he saw an old acquaintance of his, in a pilgrim's dress, sitting by the roadside. He had beautiful pictures of good men and women, which he gave to the children, and for which they put pennies into his box. The beggar spoke to his old friend, and asked him where he was going. The pilgrim said, "I am going many hundred miles away to the city of Jerusalem, to pray at the grave where Christ was buried. I also seek to deliver my dear brother, who is a captive among the Turks. Therefore I sell these pictures that I may get money to buy him free." The beggar's heart was touched, and he put his penny into the pilgrim's hand, saying, "Take my mite also; the good Lord will provide for me." Now the baker had heard all, and, calling the beggar to him, he gave him two such loaves as the penny would have bought.

Then the pilgrim wandered on through many countries, and sailed over the sea, till he came to the great city of Jerusalem. He prayed at the grave where Christ was buried, and then he went to the Turkish Sultan who held his poor brother captive. He offered him a great sum of money to free him, but the Sultan would have more. "Alas!" said the pilgrim, "I have no more except this one penny, which a poor hungry beggar gave me out of the tenderness of his heart. So be thou tender-hearted, and God will reward thee." When the Sultan heard the story of the poor beggar his heart was touched, and he set the pilgrim's brother free. He gave back also all the money, and would take nothing but the beggar's penny, which he put into his breast-pocket.

Some time after, the Emperor made war against the

Sultan, and came with an army to fight with him. The Sultan led his soldiers forth and fought bravely for a long time without being wounded. At last he saw an arrow flying swiftly toward him. It struck him on the breast, but instead of piercing him through, as he expected, it glanced aside and fell harmless to the ground. The Sultan wondered; but after the battle, searching his pocket, he found it was the beggar's penny which had turned aside the point of the arrow and saved his life. Then was the penny held in high honor, and fastened by a gold chain to the hilt of the Sultan's saber.

Some time after the Sultan was taken prisoner by the Emperor, and was obliged to give up his saber. So the penny came with the saber to the Emperor's palace, and was put away in his treasure-house. One day, as they were sitting at the table and talking about the war with the Turkish Sultan, the Empress said she would like to see the saber. So a servant was sent to bring it in; and as he was handing it over to her hands the penny fell off, and dropped into a cup of wine from which the Emperor was just about to drink. When the penny was taken out it was found to be all covered with green. By this they knew that there was poison in the wine. A wicked servant had mixed it in to kill the Emperor. The servant was sentenced to death; but the penny, which had saved the Emperor's life, he had set with precious stones and fixed in his crown.

And so the words of the cat came true. The proud dollar did nobody any good, and got no honor or love. The poor penny had given joy to a child, got bread for a beggar, shielded a Sultan from being wounded, and saved an Emperor's life. Therefore it was loved by all, and now is set in a golden crown.

Now, isn't that a good story? It teaches us how foolish it is to feel proud and to despise the poor. For they often come to honor when the proud and the haughty are despised.

And now, my dear boy, good-by a few days longer, when I hope to hold you in my arms, and to join you in your play and work. For I suppose you work some. Make yourself as useful as you can. Be obedient to your grandparents and kind to your sisters, and remember

Your loving

FATHER.

TO A DAUGHTER AGED TWELVE, ON BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.

ROCHESTER, January 28, 1854.

I take the first moment which I could command, dear child, to answer your last deeply interesting letter. No words can express the joy which it affords your dear mother and myself to know that you feel a personal interest in this greatest of all subjects, and especially that you have a "desire to be a Christian." What greater blessing have we to desire and to pray for for our beloved H. than just this? "To be a Christian," what is it? A Christian is one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of the soul; that is, one who has been taught by the word and spirit of God "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," who feels it to be a burden and grief, and that there is no escape from the condemnation of God, which it deserves, except through the atoning sacrifice and prevailing intercession of the Sinner's Friend, the Incarnate, crucified and risen Son of God. One who has therefore fled for refuge to this Almighty Saviour, and committed to Him the keeping of his soul with joyful confidence that He is well able to keep what is committed to Him until that day; one, therefore, who

is safe against the terrors of death and of judgment, and ever happy in the hope of glory.

But this is not all. A Christian is one who loves Christ sincerely, supremely, practically; loves Him for what he is in Himself ("chiefest among ten thousands, the One altogether lovely") and for what He has done for us; loves Him in all His offices and characters; loves His perfect instructions as "Prophet;" loves His perfect mediation as "Priest;" and loves the pure and blessed though self-denying service He requires as King: one who, loving Him, loves whatever belongs to Him—His name, His word, His people, His day, His worship, His ordinances, His cause—and shows that love by preferring these above every selfish interest and every worldly joy.

And yet again, a Christian is one who has the spirit of Christ; who, having received Christ as a Saviour, has received with Him the gift of the Holy Spirit, and for the old heart of stone a new heart of flesh, a spirit meek and lowly, submissive and obedient, patient and forgiving, generous and kind—a heart full of love to God and love to men, the home of everything noble and beautiful and pure—a character, in short, that just fits its possessor for heaven, and even on earth makes a heaven within and around him as far as his influence extends.

Oh, if it is this to be a Christian, what greater blessing can we desire for our dear ones or can they desire for themselves? Think, dear daughter, how much your wish contains. It means not only the condition but the character of the Christian; not only the safety of happiness and hope, but also the feelings, the love, and the life of a child of God. These are, in fact, inseparable, and I trust your desire includes all.

It is a delightful thought to me that there is nothing to prevent your "becoming a Christian" in this sense if

you really desire it—a delightful thought that the blessed Saviour is even more happy than we are to see such feelings in your bosom and to hear them uttered in prayer, and that He ready stands to receive you into His embrace, to wash away your sins in His precious blood, and to accept all your attempts (however imperfect and weak) to serve and glorify Him. If your heart is heavy on account of its sins, you need not fear to roll the burden upon Him; He will carry it for you. If your heart feels drawn out towards Him in any lovely character He wears, you need not fear to offer Him your love; however unworthy of His acceptance, He will not reject it. If you long to be like Him, to have your whole nature changed into a glorious image of His, you need not fear to ask Him to make it so. He is more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children.

You have doubtless asked yourself the question, with deep interest, "Am I a Christian? Have I ever begun to love and serve Him? Have I passed from death unto life?" It is a great question, dearest H——. I rejoice heartily in any evidence you may have had in your own feelings, or may have given to your Christian friends, that such has been your happy experience. But I would not have you over-anxious, or too hasty, to answer that question. Many a dear child of God has felt great doubts of his adoption, yet lived a life of earnest, fruitful piety, and died triumphantly at last; and many a one has felt the greatest confidence and made the loudest professions of being a Christian, but afterwards shown that the root of the matter was wanting. It is a question not to be answered in a day or a year. *It takes a whole life to prove to a certainty that one is really a Christian.* Every day may bring forth evidence for that day, and the longer any one abides faithful, and the more one grows in grace, the

stronger the proof becomes; and in process of time the faithful Christian may attain to the "full assurance" of hope. But this is not to be looked for at the outset.

What did our Lord say to the "many who believed" on Him? "If ye *continue* in my Word, then are ye my disciples indeed." He did not say this to discourage them, as I do not to discourage you. But to instruct them, to prevent them from resting in something which they had already experienced or done, and forgetting that true religion was a living principle which (whenever it existed) went on as it had begun, and grew better and stronger even to the end. So, dear daughter, I would not have you rest in past experience, but look daily for new, present, living evidences that you love the Saviour and His service. Look not backward, except for courage to look forward along that glorious path which shineth more and more to the perfect day, and upward for grace to help you run it to the end. "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Then, dear H., if (as I earnestly hope) you have become a Christian, we shall know, you will know it by your continuing in His word, by your growing in knowledge of divine truth, and becoming more and more free from the slavery of sin, the bondage of corruption, by your making constant conquests over selfishness and worldliness, and showing forth more and more of the gentle graces of the Christian character. God grant that in such evidences you may abound!

Farewell, dear daughter, and believe that you lie very near the heart of

Your loving

FATHER.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 23, 1855.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: You would not be surprised at my long silence, if you could see how my time and thoughts are engrossed from morning to night, and from one week's end to the other, by the cares and labors of my office. Four hundred and thirty wide-awake boys are no small family to have thrown upon one's hands all in a day, as it were—and when you add to the care and management of these, the direction of their numerous instructors and the superintendence of all their work from hour to hour and from day to day, you can hardly expect that much of your father will be left for his children or himself. But though small and seldom the expressions, the *love*, dear daughter, is large and ever-flowing, and that you know without my telling you. If you and I didn't love—as Dr. B. prayed—more than we “showed it,” our affection wouldn't be worth much more than his piety was.

Your delineations of social and sylvan enjoyment, in those Bæotian wilds, were exceedingly racy, and would have been thoroughly delightful had they not stirred some feelings of regret and envy, as though I had some unregarded right therein. But it is a real comfort to me that, while I must be at the wheel, my dear ones may still breathe the pure airs of those sweet Allegany hills, and I laugh under my whole skin, as I lie awake o' nights and feel the mosquitoes pegging away at my impenetrable hide, to think that the tender flesh of which they are in search is far away beyond the reach of their insatiate fangs!

And how, dear H., do you get on with the maternal and other cares that you are sharing with “Mother”? Fretted and tired and almost discouraged sometimes? Never mind—it is a good school, and if you improve its advantages, you will not regret the hardness of the

lessons. You may be sure of *my* blessing in all the help you can give your worn and heart-sore mother. Let her have your warm sympathy and your watchful endeavors to anticipate her wants and to break the force of her daily anxieties. Every sacrifice that you make of your own little gratifications for her sake, will be abundantly rewarded by the approval of your conscience, by the returns of her love, and by the assurance you may thence feel that you are indeed Christ's, because the spirit of Christ is in you. This is the highest joy of our life—"the comfort of love," as Paul calls it—of loving and being loved, not only by our earthly friends, but by our heavenly Father and Saviour. This school of experience is the best to learn religion in, for it calls into requisition patience and fortitude, love and faith, and every Christian grace; and if we *answer* the call, we learn what these graces are, in the only possible way—namely, by exercising them. I would not by any means discourage your searching the Scriptures constantly and thoroughly, in order to get light on the great questions of Christian doctrine about which good men differ, nor would I disapprove of conversation or even discussion on such points. But I want you to remember that *the spirit* and *the life* of religion are the principal thing—that these doctrinal questions are full of *philosophical* difficulties, and not to be fully comprehended by a youthful or indeed any finite mind; that some of the best and wisest of men have been found on *both* sides of them; that it becomes young Christians, therefore, to think modestly, and to express themselves modestly, on such subjects, and to take time to mature their views before they argue confidently about them. "If *ye do the will* of God," said the blessed Saviour, "*ye shall know of the doctrine*,"—and for my part, I think very little of the religious opinion of any whose religious character and conduct are not

imbued with the spirit of this sentiment and of Him who uttered it. I trust, dear daughter, your interest still continues in the best things, and that during the coming winter we may enjoy many a conversation on these important topics, which we have had no good opportunity for doing yet.

Good-night, dear child, and the Lord be near you to comfort and bless. So ever prays

Your loving

FATHER.

ON THE DUTY OF CHRISTIAN GIVING.

BROOKLYN, July 2, 1855.

It would be easier, dear child, to write a sermon on your questions than a letter, especially amidst the hurry and confusion of my present circumstances. Nevertheless, I will suggest a few thoughts which may help your own reflections.

By what principle shall you regulate your benevolent contributions? what proportion of your means shall you set apart to this purpose; and how distribute it among various objects?

1. Do nothing *for the mere sake of denying yourself*. There is no benevolence in that whatever, and nothing to make you more acceptable to your heavenly Father. Many people think there is some sort of merit in making themselves unhappy, or involuntarily foregoing the innocent and healthful means of enjoyment which Providence has afforded them. It is not a Christian idea. It will do for monks and anchorites, for papists and pagans. But it is utterly unworthy of the child of God, to whom His grace has been revealed in its fullness, and who is called to *liberty* through the spirit of life and of love which has been given to Him. Every creature of God is good, and to be received

with thanksgiving and sanctified by the word of God and prayer. We are called indeed to self-denial and the daily taking up of the cross, as ready (if needs be) for crucifixion. Not, however, in the miserable sense of afflicting ourselves, of daily penance, of abridging our enjoyments; but for the very reason that by so doing we shall at once exalt their nature and infinitely augment their amount. "He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth it for my sake and the gospel's shall save it," "shall receive a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." Deny thyself; that is, abnegate self as a supreme object of affection and care, not because there is virtue in unhappiness, but that you may exalt another Sovereign upon the throne, one worthy of your love, able to insure you a nobler and more lasting felicity. You say, "I see that it will not be denying myself, unless I give *all*." But that of itself is no reason for your giving all. Remember who it is that has said, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." That is, the offering acceptable to God is not penance, which he has not required at our hands, but the "cheerful giving" of a heart that loves to do His will, and to promote the welfare of His creatures.

It is the spirit which breathes sweetly in another sentence of your letter, a sentence worth to me more than all the rest, however interesting the whole might be: "If I were sure that I should be pleasing my heavenly Father by giving all, I should much rather do so than not." Ah, dear child, could we but maintain that as the controlling spirit of our hearts, it would be of secondary importance to what particular objects we gave, or exactly how much to each.

2. Give nothing with the feeling that God needs your contributions, more or less, and that, therefore, a great deal depends on their amount.

I don't wonder that it seemed to you, after a little study of the missionary field, that a fraction of your

diminutive store would go but a little way towards supplying the destitution. But how much difference would be made, in that respect, by giving the whole! What then? Will you reason as some do, that you may as well keep the whole and spend it on yourself? God can certainly get along without any of it. But if you have the right spirit, you could not be happy without contributing something in some way to His cause and the good of others.

Every real act of benevolence is "twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes," but neither merely in proportion to its amount. With respect to the giver, its value is reckoned by the measure of love which prompted it. "This poor widow hath given more than all the rest." And to the recipients the value of the gift is just what God in His wisdom may please to make it. He can so link together causes and effects as to make your sixpence bear a measureless harvest of results, while my dollar or thousands of dollars lie barren and unproductive. Do you remember the little German story I used to tell the children, about "The Penny and the Golden Ducat"? Ah, you say, how little good in my giving five or ten dollars to the mission cause, which needs as many thousands or millions! Ah, said the disciples, as they looked from the five loaves and two small fishes to the swarming multitudes around them: "What are these among so many?" But what said Jesus? "Divide and distribute, make the little less and give according to that you have." And as they obeyed, the crumbs grew to bits and the bits to slices, and the slices to loaves, and the loaves to baskets-full, so that the multitude were filled, and twelve baskets remained to rebuke unbelief and make the Christian understand how in his weakness the strength of the Master is made perfect.

3. But if love prompt the gift, how much will love

give? Love gives *all*, and *always* all. Not merely that little pile of twenty dollars—hardly earned and fairly your own—but every other possession, every endowment of mind and heart, whatever you can make of yourself, whatever you can do, in all your relations to the near and remote—all, without reserve, will you give to the Redeemer who has bought you, and to all men, in His spirit and for His sake. It is radically unchristian to talk of setting apart a portion for the Lord and keeping the rest to ourselves. To love, the thought of such a separation of interests would be simply painful. "To pay tithes of all I possess" may satisfy a legal spirit, acting from a cold sense of obligation, but to give the whole and myself with it—nothing short of this will satisfy the true child of God. Yea, he cries,

"If I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my Lord with zeal so great
That I should give Him all."

I don't wonder at all that when you began to search for the proper place for such a line of partition in your twenty dollars, you came out just where you did—that it was all His. One step farther would have brought you out clear. "I, too, am His, body and spirit, for time and eternity. Whatever, therefore, I eat or drink, whether I earn money or spend it or give it away, whether I consult for my own welfare or that of others, those of my own kindred and country or those far away in more destitute regions—whatever I do with this money or with myself, let me do all to the glory of God."

4. But, finally, you will say, "This does not help me where I need help. There must be a practical appropria-

tion of this money to *some* object or objects. What shall it be?"

Well, dear daughter, I confess that that is a question which I think of little importance just about in proportion to the difficulty of answering it satisfactorily. "Just which you please, my little dear." You have earned your money, and I shall not object (and I think your heavenly Father will not) to your using it as your own heart inclines you, if it be with a desire to please Him and to make it as productive as possible of true happiness to yourself and others. That is what He made it for, and what He gave it to you for. Try to turn it to some good account. That is the main thing.

Men are very prone to speculate about the best way of doing good. Some would powerfully convince you that every cent should be given to foreign missions; others, to the home mission; still others, to the Bible Society. The tract cause, the Sabbath-school, and ministerial education have each its champions, fierce to prove that *it* is the true center around which the great cause of God and humanity revolves, and where every cent is worth more than a dollar contributed elsewhere. Another wise man will declaim against all those "man-made societies" as a diversion of Christian influence from the only divinely instituted agency for the benefit and salvation of men—namely, the church—and claim the whole for the maintenance and multiplication of churches. Still another will tell you that there is too much *preaching* of the Gospel through all these channels, and too little *living* of it—that it is sympathy with the actual, visible wretchedness of the poor, the sick, the degraded which best exemplifies the spirit of Jesus and prepares the world for His reign, and he will plead for hospitals and poor-relief associations, children's aid and industrial schools, and female-employment societies, for

asylums for the aged, the insane, and the idiot, for temperance, anti-slavery, and moral reform. "Pshaw!" cries a fourth (or fortieth, which is it?) "you are all wrong. Benevolence is not collective but individual. All this philanthropic machinery is only killing the heart of philanthropy itself, by making that mechanical and vicarious which must be personal and direct or it is not at all. To every individual is assigned a sphere of his own, limited and definite, within which he is to let his light shine for the glory of God in the happiness of men. By a faithful cultivation of his own mind and heart, and an exemplification of all the sweet amenities of life, by nobleness and purity of character in the family circle, in the neighborhood, in his own church, among the poor and needy around—let him occupy till the Lord come, and he will have more to show as the fruit of his labor than by going abroad for objects of sympathy and care." Words—words—words! It is well enough, perhaps, to hear these comparisons made, and to think of them ourselves. We get broader and richer views of the whole broad field of philanthropic exertion, and in the multitude of counselors there is safety.

But what saith the Scriptures? "Do good unto all, as you have opportunity." Sympathize with all; have a tender heart and a kind word for all; pray for all. You can't give to all, simply because you haven't enough, either of money or of strength. Give, when you have anything to give, to that which for the time being (the "opportunity") is uppermost in your heart, or divide among several which are specially pleading, some to the church, some to this society, some to that, some as tokens of affection to brother, sister, friend, some to a destitute widow or an orphan babe, some for means of self-improvement or innocent self-gratification—to all as you have opportunity, and do all to the glory of God.

What, then, is the sum of the whole matter? Don't try to please God by making a great sacrifice. Don't expect to accomplish wonders by the largeness of your contributions to His cause. Don't limit your view to any single form of doing good, as though there was special wisdom in doing that and neglecting others; and, on the other hand, don't hesitate to throw the whole into one plate if, after reflection and prayer, your heart cannot satisfy itself in another way. So much for negatives; and affirmatively:

1. Be sure that you love Jesus with all your heart, and all around you with a pure and earnest affection, and desire to do your utmost to make all happier and better, now and hereafter.

2. *In that spirit* lay out your money *just as you please*, for yourself, for the folks around you, for the poor, for the church, for foreign missions, or a little for all, and God will bless it and you and others in it.

The Lord grant you a happy birthday, and many happy, useful years in His service here, and hereafter a place very near Him in glory, is the daily prayer of

Your affectionate

FATHER.

ON AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN, January 23, 1859.

For dancing as an amusement, especially for grown people, I have little respect, and I think it proves very injurious, almost ruinous, to many young women. But, as an education for the body and the manners, I think it may be made valuable to all, and to some it seems almost indispensable. The moral danger of dancing is not in the use, but the abuse of it. The right use of it, as a means of physical and esthetic education and as an innocent recreation, true religion not only sanctions, but will sanctify.

If I believed that the taking of the extreme "anti-dancing" ground, by Christians, would have a tendency to prevent the abuses to which it is unquestionably liable, I should by all means favor the taking of that ground. But I believe the effect is just the contrary. The devil knows well the injury which a bad argument does to a good cause. He is always on the watch for this chance of mischief, and next to getting good people to sin themselves, he delights in getting them to take extreme and untenable ground against it. For thereby their testimony is distorted, their influence weakened, and religion is made to appear one-sided and narrow, while it is in fact as exact in the balance of its impartiality, and as broad in its comprehension of good, as the infinite sphere of space itself.

So long, indeed, as you have doubts as to the absolute innocence of anything, refrain from it. For "he that doubteth is damned (that is, condemned) if he (so much as) eat." And great deference should be paid, by the young especially, to the general sentiment of older Christians as to the moral quality of any act. On the side of liberty, I would never counsel indifference to the judgment of others. But then every Christian has a right, and a responsibility too, to search the Scriptures and seek for the mind of Christ for himself, and every Christian has a duty to assert the liberty as well as the law of the Gospel. When you have fairly considered the grounds of conflicting opinions, and have honestly matured your own, stand in quiet firmness on the truth, and however you may, under peculiar circumstances, forego your own privilege lest others, misunderstanding you, be ensnared, never take ground which you believe to be false, nor allow yourself to be quoted against the Christian liberty of doing any right thing any more than in favor of the sinful license of doing anything wrong.

With regard to dancing, it is not difficult to discriminate

between the right and wrong practice of it. The whole subject has been amply discussed, and experience has tested the validity of conflicting theories. It is time for the Church to take just the right ground, and by a right example to show the world the beauty and benignity of the truth and to make sin ugly by the contrast.

The theater and opera question is a more difficult one, and I think you do well to hold your judgment in abeyance, and meanwhile defer any action. Visiting the theater can hardly claim a place among the important means of personal culture, and as a recreation, however innocent under certain limitations, is not at all indispensable. Besides, it has long been my conviction that public entertainments, to be thoroughly healthful, should be used as a mere auxiliary or extension of home pleasures. Going to the theater with your parents, or with your brothers and sisters, is practically a very different thing from going with casual acquaintances or irresponsible young friends, for the mere fun of the thing.

His advice on questions of this nature illustrates his mode of dealing with his children in all matters of conscientious doubt. For, while he was careful never to violate even their faintest or most fanciful sense of right, he felt it a sacred duty to proclaim to them liberty of thought, having first so *educated* the conscience that it should be able to make its own free and intelligent decisions. How patiently he sat down with us to examine every side that a question could possibly present, arraying the pro's and con's before us, and then leaving us to make our own choice! In every view that he gave, we seemed to sweep a whole broad horizon of truth, and to take in all its varying lights and shades. The result to himself had been a universal charity that saw the good in everything

—and forgave the evil. He was just as ready to look at any view that we urged ourselves, however opposed it might be to his own well-known opinions; and we knew that no question would be decided against us without a thorough investigation of its merits. Our confidence in his *justice*—both to our thoughts and actions—was the rock on which we rested.

His policy at home was the same that distinguished his treatment of all who came under his training as pupils—to which he afterwards gave expression: "Our aim is to develop in our students habits of free and independent reflection on philosophical questions. They are made as much as possible to feel that one intelligent conviction which is really their own, gained by honest reflection, and maintained with earnest candor, is worth an army of borrowed opinions, however profound, whether as an element of thought or an inspiration to life."

To one who shared with him these responsibilities of his last years, he confessed himself very emphatically "a believer in Christian liberty, and in the emancipation of the Truth and Spirit of Christ, in His people, from all the trammels of a narrow theology and a harsh and stern morality." But he never forgot the distinction between liberty and lawlessness, and in preaching freedom never failed to prescribe its bounds, and to guide to some definite and well-grounded belief.

His own faith in the wisdom of such independent thought was sometimes tested, when it led his children to differ with him in questions of importance. The loving jealousy of the father's heart, while he protests against it, creeps into the following letter in which he gives his idea of the province of parental influence.

Happily, his theories of youthful friendships therein expressed did not always admit of special application, and he lived to embrace within the circle of his own fatherly sympathies some of the doubtful characters to whom allusion is made. The same letter refers to one of the chief regrets of his life, the divisions in the Christian church, and the bitterness of some who, unlike himself, could not permit any belief but one. His ideal church in which all creeds should be "perfect in one" was never to be realized, and he ever mourned the partition-walls which separated him from some who were nearest to his heart:

BROOKLYN, June 14, 1857.

MY OWN PRECIOUS DAUGHTER: Can it be possible that you needed an assurance that I should welcome a letter from you, and would be more than glad to respond to any desire of yours for a nearer communion and correspondence between us? If so, dear child, you have yet much to learn of a father's love. But that will come in time, and I wait without anxiety for the tests of time to teach you what it would be unreasonable to expect you to understand before. Not the least jealousy have I, dear child, of the loves and the friendships which bind you to others now, and fill your thoughts and heart with other images than mine. I rejoice in it, and earnestly hope these ties you are forming may all be as lasting as they are now pleasing—that no one of them may ever snap in the hour of trial, and bring disappointment and a pang where you looked for consolation and support. I hope, but do not expect it. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" The friendships of youth are too often like the buds and flowers of spring—

"Sweet, but not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;"

not valueless, nor unreal, but subserving their end while ministering to the temporary joy and culture of the unfolding spirit, then passing into forgetfulness amid the fiercer heats and tempest-shocks of real life. Enjoy them while they last; cherish them with vigilance and care; some of them will ripen and bear in later years the fruits of a faithful, perhaps a life-long, friendship. But if you ever find that any of them fails you, yea, though all should fade and perish, be sure of this, that a father's heart changes never. To that you may always repair with a perfect certainty that it is before you in loving, ready to meet you more than half-way in any form of sympathy and converse. But, "something too much of this."

As to letter-writing, I am glad to learn that you mean to "turn over a new leaf," and, though I can't promise letters as confidently or as profusely as I promise love, yet I think I may venture to engage that I will be as faithful to you as you are to your pledge. Your letters are a great delight to me, to whomever they are addressed. Addressed to me, they will have a ten-fold charm if you are but free and happy in the writing of them. But if you are not, I would simply say, don't write merely because you think you must or ought to, for there is no must or ought to in the case. I feel as sure of my place in your heart, my darling, even though silence cover it for a time, as you may feel sure of yours in mine. When you have anything to say to me, anything which you must say to me—to me, and to no other—you will come, ever more and more freely come, and say it. Meanwhile, we shall love "in deed and in truth," whether in "word and tongue" or not.

You had something to say to me when you took your pen to write this letter, and I will try to answer it as frankly.

If I have any desire in relation to you, dear daughter, that infinitely transcends every other, it is that your religious development may be genuine, independent, and strong. You do right in recognizing the delicacy of others in not pressing their views upon you. A *father* might perhaps have been excusable for a little more active effort to "proselyte" his daughter to his own opinions. But you will bear me witness that I have never invaded the sanctity of your conscience by any attempt to bias or even forestall its independent action. My only anxiety has been that it should be first active and then enlightened. I have sought to bring you within the reach and under the influence of the means of grace, and left it to the word and spirit of God to direct you. I rejoice with unspeakable joy at the evidence we have that your heart has been touched with a love of the truth, and if I have interposed any check to your natural and proper desire to profess your Saviour publicly at once, and to join the company of His followers, it has been not because I was solicitous to have you adopt *my* views *as* mine, but to have you sure of your own, and sure that they were Christ's.

If the Church of Christ remained as it was in the beginning, *one* blessed fraternity embracing *all* who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, built together on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone, and striving with one heart and one way for the faith of the Gospel, the question of a "choice of churches" would be indeed a question of very little importance. But alas! how different! The seamless garment rent in pieces—the "one body" torn limb from limb—contending sects and factions, each claiming to be apostolic in its history and its symbols, and all filling the world with the clamor of their strifes instead of the blessed gospel of peace—their miserable rivalries and animosities only here and

there covered with a thin veil of professed "union" which, profuse in words, has always failed when put to the test of acts. Ah, dear child, sooner or later every follower of Jesus who has a mind as well as a heart *must* meet the question, and for himself decide, as in the sight of God, upon the "choice of churches."

I am far from thinking that this question or these questions (for they are many) are all to be considered and settled before the young Christian "joins a church." In the majority of instances, where there is nothing providential to call his attention to such matters, where he has been brought to the knowledge of Christ in the Church of his parents and of his own childhood, it would be needless and unwise to disturb his mind with such topics. He should be informed, however, far more than is usually the case, that such questions do exist, and of their vast importance, and of the solemn responsibility that will come upon him of deciding them for himself—and he should be taken into the Church, not to be bolstered up by partisan reasonings in a "foregone conclusion," but to be furnished with facilities and aids for understanding them fully and determining them *impartially*. And if this were done in all the churches, if everywhere (instead of the sectarianism which labors to conceal every side of truth but one) there was a manly spirit of honest free inquiry, earnest for itself and *truly* catholic towards others, then I should feel much more as though it were "of very little difference which church was first joined" than I do now.

Another thing I wish to say. The usual style of preaching on the duty of joining the church is very appropriate, when the alternative is (as it is usually) a continuance in the world, and a gradual neglect of all religious duties, and loss of all religious feeling. Better any church than none, certainly. But when the alternative is really, *This* church or *that*? when providential circumstances have

really forced the question on the young Christian, and he pauses, not from any faltering in his purpose to follow Christ, but from sincere anxiety to follow him *indeed*; when he is meanwhile truly living the Christian life from day to day, and especially in his studies of God's word on this point, the case is a very different one. I know of nothing more likely to please his Master than a willingness to patiently wait for this great privilege. You "hunger and thirst to partake of the supper of the Lord," and you do well. But if you deny yourself this precious religious enjoyment for a season, that you may prepare yourself more perfectly and wisely to enjoy it hereafter, that very self-denial may be a most powerful means of grace to you. It is the tendency of feelings as of fluids, left to their own indulgence, to spread abroad and lose themselves. It is only when held in between the banks of principle and running in channels dug by thought, that they acquire depth and become a power. It is so with the feelings of the youthful Christian too, and a great deficiency in the churches of our day is seen just here. There is not sufficient encouragement and impulse given to the study of principles by young Christians. Their ardent desire for the associations and privileges of the Church is cordially met; the door is thrown open to its immediate indulgence, and in too many instances, the novelty having worn off and a new set of feelings being awakened, the soul unsustained by the aliment of reflection and knowledge grows faint towards God, and its religious life becomes feeble and fruitless, if not extinct. It was not so in the better days of the Church.

Against this danger I have wanted to guard you. I have not been afraid of holding you back from religious enjoyments a little, if thereby I can increase your religious intelligence, and make those enjoyments in the end more rich and nourishing. I did not do it indeed without anxiety; for *any* church, I repeat—I had almost said, *any religion*

—is better than none. But I do not now regret it. It has not diminished, but (I trust) deepened and strengthened your interest in the great subject of religion, and given you an opportunity of reflection on some points which you ought not to be entirely ignorant of. No doubt you have still a great deal to learn, even when you think that now you see “clearly.” But you have at least begun to think—to think under a sense of responsibility, and with some feeling of the vast importance of truth—and if that can be made the *habit* of your piety, my great object will be gained. I don’t expect you to settle these questions absolutely and at once by any means. But I cannot bear to have you join any sect without knowing at least where their doubtful points lie, or without holding your judgment in reserve for a free and thorough scrutiny hereafter. . . .

And now, my one desire for you is that you follow—not me, but Christ. He is the way, and if I could say but one thing to you, it would be this: “Strive to know and do the will of Christ, wherever it may take you, whatever it may cost you, *from whomsoever it may separate you.*” And though, in acting on that advice, you should be compelled to go a totally different way from mine, however painful the parting, I should not regret having given it, nor desire its recall.

That God may guide and give you the fullness of His blessing is the fervent prayer of

Your ever-loving
FATHER.

As the years went by, and our father’s duties became more and more pressing, he had little time to give his family. But the hours that were snatched from work were prized all the more highly; and when we could not have hours, there were in every day golden moments when his presence brought a gleam of bright-

ness into our midst. Such were those spent around the family table, the one joyful meeting-place where cares and clouds were banished; where, whatever the harassing problems, the weary routine-work from which he came in study or office, we were sure of the cheerful table-talk. How it bubbled over with wit, with repartee and merry challenge, with description and story and apt quotation! how it sparkled with word-scintillations in the forbidden pun and the conundrums that he was so fond of propounding! Nothing fascinated him more than the play of words, and he had a remarkable power of ingenious combination. Or, if question or remark from one of us diverted the conversation into more sober channels, a chapter of information was ready in any department of knowledge, and the unfolding of some favorite theory was rich in the wisdom that lay beneath the sparkling surface. As in our younger days, fun was only the sauce to the more substantial feast of reason. Certain lessons will be forever associated with that hour around the table. One, the little sermon which he found so many opportunities to preach on Christian charity. Our merriment never ran too high to be checked in a moment, if it chanced to turn upon the failings of others. It was dangerous to discuss the shortcomings of our neighbors, if we did not wish to be reminded of our own, playfully as it was almost always done. How skillfully he would use the very weapons with which we were in the act of attacking them, to delicately touch the vulnerable point in ourselves! We sometimes fairly yearned to serve up the little dish of gossip that we knew would be so summarily upset. We never had the least satisfaction in that kind of sport, especially if it involved a discussion

of the motives of others, one of the few things that provoked him to a sharp reproof. It seemed to hurt his sense of justice to hear a meaning (of which we could not be certain) assigned to any action. He saw a possibility of good in the most unfavorable appearances. We used to think that, if his inmost heart could be laid bare, we should find the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians indelibly engraved upon it.

Another theme on which he frequently discoursed to us was the vanity of earthly riches, as he replied in triumphant tone to the lamentations of his children over their very moderate share of worldly stores, declaring himself to be the richest man on earth. The sacrifice he made in early life had given shape to all his ideas on this subject: and it was with perfect sincerity that he laughed to scorn the one who could call him poor, while he counted up his possessions in a kingdom which is not of this world, a kingdom into which, he intimated with gentle satire, it is so hard for certain people to enter.

One more opportunity which we did not fail to improve for intercourse with our father was the daily walk which became a necessity to him in absence of all other relaxation. While he gathered strength and inspiration for his work, he made us partakers of the new life which he drank in. We could not be with him in those communings with Nature without sharing his intimacy with her; and we gladly followed, as he drew us deeper and deeper into her heart. He trained our eyes to discover a thousand hidden beauties, as he directed them to every varying line and blending tint in the landscape. Or he taught us a new avenue of enjoyment in closing the eyes, as was his habit, to listen

for the sounds that, one by one, stirred the most profound silence, multiplying to our attentive ears in the gentle undertone which Nature has for all who will hear. His habit of close observation opened a new world to us. It seemed as though he had a special and a finer sense that discerned sights and sounds unknown to others. We felt it especially in the significance which he gave to every object in the heavens, transfiguring to our imagination what would have passed unnoticed. In a long line of feathery, overlapping clouds he would point out the glistening ranks of an archangel band, till we could fairly see their winged forms. In every vista, in evening sky, he could see an entrance to the Celestial City; and through the slightest rift made by parting cloud-masses, could catch the glories that were so real to his radiant faith. The sunset was always the event of our day, when we gathered with him at the windows, or hurried at his summons to the hill-top to watch the glowing pageant. How his words seemed to kindle new glory in the picture, as he painted all the scenery of that shining City, while some molten "sea of glass mingled with fire" stretched away before us, or dome and pillars rose in crystal splendor. In his intense love of Nature and understanding of her meanings, he interpreted to us the mystery of a life hid with her in divine fellowship, "throbbing with her throbbing heart," and answering to the spirit in her forms which "beckons to spirit of its kin." His very being seemed interwoven with every form of beauty, until all Nature has come to seem a part of the beloved father's nature that made life such a constant lesson of loveliness to his children.

Of scarcely less importance as an education to them

was his discriminating love of art, and the delicacy of his esthetic taste. We were never too young to be his companions in the visits to art-collections that were so rich in profit and delight. Chief among the recollections of that period of our life passed in Brooklyn is the memory of those rare Saturday excursions to New York, when we explored with him the treasures of gallery and studio. No formal commentary or code of criticism could have done more to form our judgment than the hints which he threw out so spontaneously. In this, as in everything, he shared with us his own opinions and knowledge so naturally that we were unconscious how much we were imbibing. His perceptions were so keen that we learned to watch with him for the minutest shades of excellence or error, and to rejoice in all subtle harmonies of color and form. Sometimes he would strike a historic vein, and give us an impromptu lecture on some school of art suggested by the specimen before us. When he began to go backward in history, or downward to the "underlying principle," we never knew how far we were to be carried.

Music was another world in which he reveled; and here, too, he was our guide. No one knew so well as we, who were most intimately with him, how he drank in all heavenly sounds. It was a language which said more to him than to any one we had ever known. Of all who spoke to him in that language, none spoke to his deepest heart like Beethoven, who was, above all others, master in his soul. A Beethoven symphony was a feast that seemed a very sacrament. "Oh, why could you not have been here," he writes, "to hear Beethoven's 'Seventh'?" It was never performed so

well before—never! And there was a man in the ‘*seventh*’ heaven’ that night, whether in the body or out of the body I know not—he sat in the gallery. But alas! he was alone, and he longed for, he knew whom, to keep him company, and help him hold what there was not room within him to contain.”

How many times the experience was repeated which he records in another letter, the exaltation to which he rose from weariest mood at the call of that wondrous master!—

I had gone last Saturday evening to the Philharmonic to hear Beethoven’s ineffable “Eroica,” and I sat in most congenial company, waiting for the music. But I was not in tune at all. Three days of the printers, added to three days of rheumatics, had about used me up, and I was feeling inexpressibly jaded and depressed when the tap of the conductor’s baton summoned me to Beethoven and Beethoven to me. Account for it as you may, the depression and weariness were gone, and my soul was lifted up to just the right key, and I had a most delicious and refreshing evening. “Spiritual?” Ah me! what shall I say? That God is in such music, and in the power to enjoy it, I have no more doubt than that He is in the flowers or the dawn, the mountains or the sea—if we had only faith to find Him; and if not, shall we condemn the music or the unbelief that misses its highest significance and loses its most exquisite delight?

But to his children there is no association sweeter than that awakened by Beethoven’s sixth—the “Pastoral Symphony”—because the first that through him became intelligible, when those of deeper meaning could not have been comprehended. It is impossible now to

hear it without a tumult of those self-same "feelings of delight on arriving in the country" which he first interpreted to our youthful ears, as he taught us to distinguish the music of the brook, the song of birds, and patter of the shower in those melodious sounds. In the deeper enjoyment of later years we may smile at brook and bird that have learned no profounder notes since those days of childhood. But still they sing on, and the same little cuckoo *cuckoos*, and the thunder-storm comes and clears away, and the blue sky breaks forth, while through the parting clouds we see a fairer sky, and heavenly depths undreamed of then, beloved faces looking down, and the father's form that was ever at our side, now shining far above us. From that fair height we still hear the voice that ever called us to things pure and heavenly. The highest enjoyment that earth can give in sight or sound, all that is sweetest and noblest and most transporting, is still a medium for the influence whose uplifting and refining power must be forever felt.

CHAPTER VI.

ROCHESTER.

THE question of removing any chartered institution from one locality to another necessarily involves a clashing of local interests, and it would be neither wise nor, at this late day, interesting to enter into all the tangled maze of cross-purposes and conflicts engendered by the proposal already mentioned, to remove Madison University to Rochester. Suffice it to say that the convictions of both parties were sincere and earnest, and the labors in diplomacy, law, and social influence, most energetic and persistent during three or four toilsome years before the Removal party succeeded in securing their charter for a new institution—new, because the Madison University remained at Hamilton, and is still flourishing, while the Rochester enterprise was started at the foundation by the greater number of the Hamilton professors and students. Thus, in the providence of God, the interest aroused by the ardent personal efforts of both parties resulted in raising up friends and ample funds for the support of two strong institutions, instead of one without endowment and ever struggling for existence.

The University opened at Rochester in the fall of 1850. The preceding months were marked by incessant labor and extreme anxiety on the part of those most active in the movement. The new charter being conditioned upon the raising of a large endowment

fund, the fate of the enterprise was not certain until a short time before the opening. The progress of the effort to secure this fund may be traced in hurried letters:

To his Father-in-law, Mr. A. MORSE.

UTICA, December 10, 1849.

I left Rochester last evening. The Committee there acted with vigor, and laid out a noble piece of work. Their plan is to continue the effort to remove the injunction from Madison University, but meanwhile to apply to the Regents of the State for the pledge of a new charter on the raising of \$130,000, and to send out agents at once to collect the funds. They propose also to form a new Educational Society, for the support of a Theological Seminary at Rochester.

HAMILTON, February 2, 1850.

DEAR FATHER: You have probably noticed in the papers that our application to the State Regents has been successful. They have granted us their usual sealed instruments, pledging a charter for the "Rochester University," if \$130,000 of good subscription be obtained for endowing it within two years. Thus far the work of raising the subscriptions has not gone on quite vigorously enough to suit us here, and the Faculty (some of whom have thought I could not be spared) begin to talk strongly of my going to spend a few weeks at the West.

ROCHESTER, March 13, 1850.

The good work goes bravely on. But our friends must not be impatient for results. There must be a seed-time before a harvest, though just at present the reaper is following pretty closely on the heels of the sower.

Our brethren here have but just got at the work; but they are doing nobly. Five or six are busy all the time, day in and day out, and I have never been so impressed with the amount of labor required to carry through such an undertaking. It must be remembered that the \$1000, \$500, \$300, and \$250 subscriptions are generally gathered in, and when you get down to the \$100's and \$50's, it takes ten or fifteen men to make every thousand. To talk over this whole subject with some two or three hundred persons in a single city, a large proportion of whom need to be visited two or three times, is no small task. It will take time, of course, to roll up the great ball; but I do not see the first sign of giving back.

We have fixed upon Mr. Bright for Corresponding Secretary of the new Educational Society, and shall open a correspondence with him immediately to induce him to identify himself with the movement. We have encouragement that he will regard the appointment with favor. If he accepts, I shall think a great point gained.

To his WIFE.

ROCHESTER, July 26, 1850.

As the summer wanes, and with it the time for completing our subscription so as to open this fall grows shorter, our anxiety deepens and our sense of the importance of pressing every moment and at every accessible point. We have added \$10,000 within ten days, and are now in sight of \$90,000. But I never before realised how "mony a little" it takes to "mak a mickle," or how large a sum \$100,000 is. We are straining every nerve to reach that point before Commencement at Hamilton, that we may feel warranted in announcing the opening of the University this fall, before the students disperse.

The article signed "L" was mine. It has produced quite a stir, and great curiosity to know the author. At one time it seemed probable the secret would be out. But Mr. Porter, who wrote the other articles, has acknowledged them, and attention has been diverted from mine.

To-morrow I expect to go to Avon with William Sage, to make collections. It is hardly possible to tell where I shall be, or whither go, for the next three weeks. I fear I cannot get to Angelica, though I am eager to come. How I long for repose and for *home*! In all these busy days when my time is all occupied and more than occupied, I am conscious of a constant, vague uneasiness, as though something was wanting, as though a strand was lost out of my thread of life, and what remained was imperfect, unsatisfactory, and weak.

Heigho! but keep a good heart. I trust the day is not so far as it has been.

Yours patiently—no, impatiently— J.

TO MR. JOHN N. WILDER.

ALBANY, August 30, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. WILDER: It was fortunate, on the whole, that I came this way, for things are very far from being so well advanced as I hoped to find them. I trust a little flame has been kindled, and a few more chips, the driest we could find, have been laid on; but it will need close attention and nursing to get up a conflagration. At every step I have felt the need of your presence, counsel, and influence.

Deacon Sage will have reported the character and results of the Saratoga Convention. . . . In Albany, last evening, we had even fewer out. No preparation had been made. I made the *long* speech and Judge Harris

the *weighty* one. A good impression was made, and the pastors were appointed a committee to make an arrangement for a large meeting two weeks from next Wednesday. We must see to it that that is no failure. You must make your calculations to be on the ground, and we must be in force enough there to put the thing through.

I have been greatly perplexed as to my own best course now. It was but a feather's weight, as it were, that turned the scale in favor of my coming this way, and whether to remain or return, I wot not. A half-hour's talk with you on the subject would be worth a week's with any other man. But one thing has deeply impressed me—yea, two—that there is a great deal of *preparatory* work to be done in this section of the State, and that it is high time for some one to be about it. . . .

Cutting and Lathrop are here from New York, both as clear as a bell on the right side. One important object I have in going on is to see more of Anderson. I had a good deal of conversation with him at Saratoga, and all his sympathies are with us. He is constantly getting a clearer notion of the state of things among us, and will come "right as a trivet."

Many thanks for the note you were so good as to forward, inclosing a copy of verses by a fair hand. It was refreshing to my fretted spirit, as an unlooked-for fountain in the heart of a desert. It reminded me that there were in this brick-dust world such things as flowers and music and poetry and woman. Ever let me sing with Luther:

"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang!"

"Who loves not woman, wine and song,
A booby he, his whole life long!"

There spake a genuine Reformer, Scholar and Christian,
and I profess me of his faith this day.

Give my most cordial love to Mrs. Wilder and all your
dear home-circle—love which by reason of absence and
distance diminishes not, but “groweth exceedingly,”

And believe me ever

Faithfully yours,

J. H. R.

To his WIFE.

ALBANY, August 30, 1850.

In the whirl and confusion and anxiety of my business I hardly know what I have written you, and now I have but a moment to say that I have concluded to go on to New York, and leave in about an hour. Our meetings in Saratoga, Troy, and here, while very far from being failures, show that a great work is to be done in eastern New York, to bring the people up to the giving point, and I am going at it.

BROOKLYN, September 10, 1850.

It was indeed well that I came as I did. Everything was at a standstill for want of some one to attend to it. By means of a telegraph from Albany to New York on Friday, I was able to get things in train for the publication of our address in the *Recorder*, and we hope also in the *Register*, next week, which will be just time enough, and none to spare. I find an excellent state of feeling here. We are beginning to get our plowshare in, and mean to put it through, with the Lord's help, though it will be a tough and a slow job, and none the less so for the scratching-over which the surface is getting by the Hamiltonians. The *Recorder* is coming out decidedly

for Rochester—though not against Hamilton, as you will see from the articles last week and this, mostly from my own pen. I also wrote the leader this week on Dr. Judson's death, at request of Anderson. Yesterday morning we had an informal conference with pastors and other friends at Mr. Hodge's, and arranged for a commencement of the campaign. We have a public meeting next week in Brooklyn, to be followed by others in New York immediately. Now is the time to work.

On reaching here on Saturday morning, I found all well. Brother Tasker is absorbed in his steamship negotiations. He is buying and building ships for the Pacific, backed by certain San Francisco merchants. They have just heard of Ward's arrival in California, in good health and the best of spirits, his ship having carried a full load of passengers, and proved herself the fastest and finest steamer on the Pacific.

I find old Dr. Beecher and his wife, with Thomas Beecher, a teacher from Hartford, here on a visit. We have had, of course, a rich time. Tom and I take to each other surprisingly. He is much younger than Henry, a clear-headed, clever fellow, and as droll as a—Beecher. He and the old gentlemen are forever poking fun at each other, to their own great delight and the entertainment of others.

Yesterday I was besieged to preach at Dr. Cox's, but declined. I heard three sermons, each a model in its way: morning, Dr. Welch's (good), commonplace thought in a splendid diction; afternoon, Mr. Storrs (better), a specimen of clear, strong, rich, thoroughly wrought intellection—able, instructive, convincing, delightful; evening, Beecher (best), a perfect torrent of originality, imagination, passion, poetry, and eloquence, which was *said* to be probably his masterpiece, the best he ever preached in Brooklyn. Singularly enough, his text was

the same with Dr. Welch's, "Rejoice evermore," and gave a fine opportunity of contrasting the styles.

Sept. 16.

I had to take an hour this morning to run into the Düsseldorf Gallery. They have some beautiful new paintings. And now, you must know I have heard Jenny Lind! and "she's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine." Such wonders of vocalization, such genuine simplicity and womanliness, such gushing joyousness and sweetness of spirit, manifesting itself in signs so unmistakable and speaking to your heart, were certainly never before combined in one woman, to my knowledge. So much had been said about her simplicity and unaffectedness that I was feeling prepared for a most delicate and graceful affectation of unaffectedness, and a thousand "sweet simplicities" calculated to ravish the heart of a cockney, like a pastoral of the Laura Matilda style. But no, indeed! nothing of the kind, nor of any other style. It's what she don't do, rather than what she does, that takes conviction captive. And yet her manner is full of winning grace and dignity, and her singing—oh, her singing! what shall I say of it? It does all that the highest vocal art aims at, but in such a way that you never think of any art at all, and can hardly believe, except in the most difficult and astounding passages, that it costs her any effort.

I am hungry for home, but must remain as long as seems desirable for the furtherance of our great cause.

To Mr. JOHN N. WILDER.

NEW YORK, September 13, 1850.

Our first field-action in this department of the campaign comes off to-morrow evening, when we are to have

a gathering of Brooklynites at Mr. Hodge's church, and shall charge with all our cavalry. Our puissant ally Anderson first takes the field, with a view of occupying certain strong general positions, under cover of which I am to advance to a direct assault; while the regulars, Hodge, Taylor, and especially the veteran Welch, bring up the rear with a powerful *corps de réserve*. In this attack, of course, we only hope to break up their ranks, and shall follow it by a close, running fight the whole week following, in which all our troops should be engaged. Hurry in your reinforcements, and we shall hope to give a good account of ourselves not only in shouts of victory, but in willing captives and precious spoils.

You must not fail to be at Albany at the next meeting. It cannot go on without you. I feel anxious to hear how Buffalo roars.

What are you prepared to do at the Rochester board meeting? You *must* take a step forward "whether or no." It is high time to have the date of opening *fixed*, if not announced, by a definite action of the board.

Give my warmest regards to all my brothers in arms, especially to my esteemed *confrères*, Conant, Kendrick, and Richardson. Tell Mrs. Wilder that

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to——"

Washington Street, and is getting itself so thoroughly established there that I don't know what she will have to do to unsettle it—something more, I apprehend, than it is in her kindly nature to undertake. My kind regards all round the circle.

Yours unalterably.

J. H. R.

TO DR. T. J. CONANT.

NEW YORK, September 26, 1850.

EVER DEAR "MEISTER:" I snatch a moment's interval (between Freeman and Edmunds, my two faithful tormentors) to salute you and tell you of our progress. The work has been arduous, but I believe it will go. We have but just opened our subscription here, and have almost \$10,000 down already. Last night we had a meeting in Oliver Street church. I talked an hour and put it to them strong. The daily papers all speak a good word for us, and I think we cannot fail to reach our mark, which is \$50,000 for this city and vicinity. Albany is at last promising nobly. We expected \$10,000 from all that section. Letters this morning announce that we shall have from \$6000 to \$7000 in the Pearl Street church alone. The rest will come easily—and more. Next week, Tuesday or Wednesday, we hold another public meeting in Troy. I begin to look with some anxiety to our work in Rochester this fall. I shall not be able to get there before the first of November, but hope you can be on the ground earlier.

Do let me hear from you soon. I hope your good wife will put you up to do a good thing in the Bible matter. Edmunds is at work incidentally to effect a compromise, if possible, between the old Society and the Union. Mr. Lathrop is confident that it can be done; he promises to take hold of it himself, and is now wide-awake in the matter. It is my firm conviction that by taking definitely and strongly the right ground between the two societies (for I can't acquit the A. F. B. S. of some indiscretion), you can do a fine thing for yourself, the denomination, and the truth. I do most earnestly

hope to see a reconciliation effected, and union in this great work.

Ward Beecher has come home in prime spirits, and gone to work with new zeal. There is a very interesting state of religious feeling in his congregation, and he seems all absorbed in the work. A noble, true and powerful fellow, what a privilege is his, to lead such a life and wield such an influence for God and for Truth. By the way, that "star" (query, *comet*) editor of the *Independent*, on being informed of the negligence of—somebody—about Mrs. Conant's papers, went forthwith over to the office to have it righted, the evidence whereof I trust you (Mrs. C.) will duly receive. He also said to me that the only reason why you (*i.e.*, Hannah) were not employed as a permanent contributor was a financial one—that they found it necessary to do something more largely in the way of correspondence, and in order to that must retrench a little for the present in the home-department, etc. etc. I asked him why he did not sit down and write you this. He said you had dropped him as a correspondent, which being rather at variance with something you (H. C. C.) had said to me in a note about his having dropped you just before he went to Europe, I intimated as much; but he begged my pardon and your pardon and everybody's pardon, and vowed that he writ you a long letter which you have never answered! How is this? how is this?

You see, my dearest Doctor, I have somehow (mentally) got round in the last paragraph to the better side of you, and have been addressing that half. But really you and your Cara are so thick, it's hard to separate you, and impossible to keep you distinct. You are a living proof that if not a trinity, at least a *twinity* in unity is a very *be*-able and a very beautiful thing. To both I send an undivided heart, and pray you both to love

Your ever-faithful

J. H. R.

To his WIFE.

ROCHESTER, November 5, 1850.

Well, the thing is done; that is, the beginning is made. The University of Rochester is no longer a thing of hope, a possibility and a promise, but a reality, substantial, visible, and alive. We open under cheering auspices, with a larger number of students than we had reason to expect. Our building is really comfortable and nice, the recitation-rooms all carpeted, ("think of that, Master Brooke!") and very completely and tastefully furnished. There is not a college in the country so fitted up—and how much better to lay out the expense on comforts and conveniences inside than on cold piles of carved stone, columns, cornices, turrets, and spires without! My room is on the first floor. It is spacious, high, well proportioned, well lighted, and beautifully carpeted and curtained, and I shall occupy it also for a study.

We have been very busy examining and classing our students. This afternoon we had a very interesting opening service in the chapel. A number of leading citizens were in. Two of the clergymen (Presbyterian and Episcopal) took part. *The* speech was made by President Wilder, and a capital speech it was.

I really feel as though I were to have a settled home once more, and long to gather my dear ones about me.

My journey hither was much less uncomfortable than we apprehended. The sleigh-ride to Nunda was really delightful. Towards the close, the sun, breaking out through the snow-mists and clouds, at first in spots and faintly, but by degrees more and more broadly and brightly, lighted up the landscape with strange beauty. The effect of the shifting light and shadow playing on the broad sheets and slopes of snow, on the thick hemlock

woods and swamps robed in white, and on the fantastic, endlessly diversified, and sometimes exquisitely beautiful drift-wreaths and stump-crests, surpassed description. And when the sun came out brightly, and its rays were caught and reflected by the little facets of frost-crystal on the surface of the snow, the myriad sparkles flashed far as the eye could distinguish them as we glided by, as though nature had powdered her white mantle with the dust of diamonds.

When Mr. Wilder saw me here the next morning, he insisted on my coming to my old quarters; and as Mrs. Wilder added her behest, I felt constrained to obey; and so I am established again in this princely domicile. I should despair of ever paying my debt to this cordial and generous friendship, if they did not insist that the obligation was also on the other side.

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY, Nov. 21, 1850.

It cost me an effort, I assure you, to submit peaceably to your decision, and settle down to another fortnight of bachelor life. I am sometimes a little inclined to murmur at the long-drawn tediousness of my homeless lot. But I should do wrong to envy you the comfort you are taking, and will try to be patient. What a strange life I have led for the last eight months; how different from all my previous experience! It has been fortunate for my happiness that during all this time my occupations have been so numerous and urgent. I have been hurried on from hour to hour, and from week to week, by the pressure of engrossing duties and the current of exciting events, and have hardly had time to realize my desolate estate. Never, within the same length of time, have I been so constantly active, or been engaged in so great a

variety of work. But I am beginning to weary of this irregular and exciting life, and long for more quiet and for more uniform employments. And, sometimes, I hardly know how to keep my temper, when I think of the men who do their best to make our toils unavailing, and to throw obstacles in the way of our undertaking. But the thought that it is all of God sobers and chastens me. It is no doubt the common lot of men, and intended to teach us the more perfectly the great lessons of life. This is not our rest. And it is doubtless wise to acquiesce with cheerfulness in all that our Father may appoint us here, doing each day the duties of the day, and leaving events with Him.

We have been enjoying a delightful visit from Mrs. Buel at Mr. Wilder's. She leaves to-morrow for the East to visit friends during the winter, and returns to Greece in the Spring. She is a charming woman. I am constantly making delightful friends here, and long to have you know them. Last evening I met a pleasant circle at William Sage's, and also dined at Mr. S. D. Porter's. But what's the use of giving you the names when you don't know the people? I am so impatient to have you with me, that we may have common thoughts and feelings about our new home. I think you will find it a pleasant home, and in time a dear one. The rooms at Miss Porter's are very desirable, and the society charming, and you will have a cordial welcome from the whole household. I hardly dare to think of being once more beneath the same roof with you and our precious children. Alas! what admonitions has our former sad experience afforded us against relying on any earthly prospects and promises of joy! A more bitter cup than we have ever yet been called to drink may be mixing for us. Who knows? Yet let not our hearts be troubled. The same kind hand which chastens and afflicts is ready

also to soothe. We shall not be tried above what we are able to bear. Having the peace of God, we have all things and abound, and whether in joy or sorrow, we are fitting for our Home on high, that "house not made with hands, *eternal* in the heavens."

If he had sought a home among comparative strangers, he soon found it growing luminous and warm with friendly light. It seemed his lot, wherever he found a dwelling-place, to gather about him a circle of kindred spirits, to whom he gave his heart with an ardor of affection. It was a happy fate that led his steps to Miss Porter's hospitable door and opened to him and his family the stores of comfort and companionship which make the life in Rochester a memory of delight.

The city was at that time a literary and commercial center for the western part of the State. That was the day of lecture enthusiasm, when the topics of the time were served up to thronging audiences by the bright and shining lights in the lecture-world. No topics excited more interest than those of the anti-slavery movement, and nowhere were these more warmly discussed than in Rochester, whither popular conventions brought its great leaders and where the cause was plead by its warmest advocates. Here Frederick Douglass lived and labored, and hither Miss Griffiths came to contribute her aid to the *North Star*, which he then edited (afterwards known as "Frederick Douglass' Paper"), and to institute anti-slavery societies and preside at anti-slavery fairs. To these fairs gifts were sent from English hands and hearts in the marvelous boxes which were opened at Miss Porter's, to the wonder and delight of the youthful dwellers within her borders.

Her house was known as a gathering-place for all true friends of liberty, and her table was graced by such visitors as George William Curtis and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then in the glow of early fame, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Starr King, Henry Ward Beecher, William M. Evarts, and other lecturers of the day. Among those who enjoyed its hospitality were J. R. Giddings, Cassius M. Clay, Samuel J. May, Horace Mann, Henry Wilson, A. B. Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, and a host of worthies. None were too radical for a place at the board which welcomed Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and William Lloyd Garrison. Here Frederick Douglass was a frequent guest, and other residents of the city prominent in public movements were at home under the roof where a sympathetic company mingled their hopes and fears for the sacred cause.

Those who were established as regular members of the household were most congenial fellow-boarders. Among them were a number of the friends and professors of the new university, Those were days to be remembered by all in that goodly company who gathered around Miss Porter's generous board, mingled the bonbons of wit and wisdom with her culinary confections, and freely spilled the Attic salt. If childish recollections may be trusted, there was some very brilliant sparkling in the racy table-talk which relieved the profounder discussions. Then all twinkling fun lurked in the eye of "Tutor Wayland," and rippling merriment wreathed the lips responsible for no editorial utterances, in those jocund days before the mantle of doctoral dignity had hid from view those quips and quirks. Beside him sat and scintillated his inseparable

friend, Dr. Gundry, to whom his soul clave as Damon unto Pythias. One memorable year the Rev. William Henry Channing joined their number, and with gentle mirth and genial scholarship added luster to the feast. And then came Dr. Kendrick, the long-loved "Greek Professor," irrepressible and inveterate, and the carnival waxed high. How our heavens blazed, as merry jests, good-natured railleries, and lightning flashes of retort, conundrums and coruscating puns fell in a meteoric shower! How rashly he challenged his old friend Prof. Raymond to the tournament of wit in which they measured swords, forgetting how often in times past he had met a "foeman worthy of his steel," and sometimes shared the fate known even to his valiant Greeks. At one time his friendly antagonist writes: "As to the 'quarrel' between myself and Dr. Kendrick of which you seem to have heard, I can think of nothing to originate the story except the fact (which cannot be denied) that we met the other day on opposite sides of a fine fat turkey, which, I ween, suffered some between us. I cannot say exactly that the feathers flew; but the meat and stuffing did. 'To *Grease* we gave our shining blades," and it was 'war to the hilt' for a little while. But we retired from the field, I believe, both satisfied. At least, I can speak for one, and I am willing to leave it there till I can invite him to renew the contest."

The coming of Mr. Channing opened to my father a new field of thought and interest, to which he refers early in their acquaintance:

Mr. Channing has been here since Saturday last, a delightful man, of great simplicity, modesty, and sweetness of manner, with an acute and highly cultivated

mind, and in his opinions uniting an almost radical boldness with remarkable candor and freedom from passion and prejudice. He mediates very happily between Kendrick and myself, though he is really far more ultra in his opinions than I am or ever can be. He remains over another Sabbath, and we are hoping that he may receive a call from the Unitarian Church. Still, he is too metaphysical (and perhaps transcendental) a preacher to suit them all, and they may not agree upon it.

To the great satisfaction of those who saw Mr. Channing during this visit, it was followed by a call to the church which for two years enjoyed his ministrations, and in the following winter my father again alludes to him :

Miss Porter's circle is now illustrated by the presence of W. H. Channing, whom I greatly admire for qualities both of mind and heart. He has just returned from the East with his wife and a young son, who will be our fellow-boarders also. Mr. Channing is a man of finished New England cultivation, of the transcendental school in philosophy, a pietist in religion, and a reformer and semi-socialist in politics. Very far beyond the mass of us in breadth and depth of view, yet conscious (I fancy) of a shadowy vagueness and uncertainty, in the results of his thought. I am not very well informed in that branch of literature and philosophy which he represents ; yet I hope to get in some measure at "the heart of his mystery," and shall no doubt find great profit in the acquaintance.

The common ground on which they met grew constantly wider, my father's breadth of view permitting his sympathy with a school of thought which opened

to him new vistas of truth. He knew nothing of that narrowness which shrinks from venturing on untried seas, and it was always a delight to him to extend his vision. One of his friends said of him: "I never knew a man so ready, and even eager, to examine new things, to carefully weigh every subject that he met, and study it on every side." To him might be applied the remark which has recently been made by Thomas Hughes about Dr. Arnold of Rugby: "Everything was an open question to him. Not that his principles were not thoroughly fixed and formed, but that he had that open, brave temperament and mind which enabled him without the least fear to face and consider on its own merits, apart from its surroundings, any question which came before him, whether it were constitutional or religious, or a question of school government."

There were many points at which Mr. Channing and my father touched sympathetically, and in none were their views in greater harmony than in the great central question of the day. Mr. Channing took the most advanced ground in the Anti-Slavery movement, and if my father hesitated at first to follow him in urging extreme measures, he was soon aroused to the most intense feeling on the subject. The years which he spent in Rochester (1850-1855) were among the most eventful in the history of the cause, being the period of the great excitement over the Fugitive Slave Law. His whole soul was fired by the outrage. Brooklyn friends whom he visited in the fall of 1851 remember the day when returning from New York, where he had witnessed the arrest of Henry Long by the unrighteous power of that law, he betrayed the most violent emotion. Radical in their own views,

they had deplored his caution, and great was their rejoicing when he exclaimed, "I have been an Anti-Slavery man! now I am an Abolitionist!" A friend in Rochester, then a mere boy, was profoundly impressed by his agitated manner when he said, "I do not dare to think what Slavery *means*. I should lose my reason—'twould drive me mad!"

His brother Robert had thrown his whole heart into the cause, making speeches of impassioned power, and taking an active part in the famous "Jerry rescue" which occurred in the city of Syracuse, where he was then a resident pastor. The elder brother had been less demonstrative; but when once aroused he gave the most fervid expression to his feeling, and took the firmest stand against injustice and oppression. In the Summer of 1851 Daniel Webster passed through the western part of the State, making political speeches in the principal towns. In the course of these speeches he took occasion to denounce as traitors those who refused to support the Fugitive Slave Law and to be traitors to a "higher law." The University of Rochester had invited distinguished men visiting the city to meet and address the students in the college hall; and it was proposed by some of the faculty to extend the invitation to Mr. Webster. This my father strenuously opposed, refusing to countenance any man, however great, who could promulgate sentiments so abhorrent. He had his way, and the university lost whatever glory it might have gained from the visit of so illustrious a guest.

After a serious illness in the winter of 1850, resulting in part from the excitement and fatigue of his labors for the University during the previous sum-

mer, he writes of his returning interest in the affairs of life :

ROCHESTER, Dec. 10, 1850.

In truth I have thought of little but my good-for-nothing self—little, at least, in comparison with the magnitude of the events which are taking place, and which would seem to command one's attention from the very gates of the grave. And most of all, the swift advancing crisis of the slave question. If on any single account more than all others I have regretted my confinement this fall, it is because it has prevented my bearing that public testimony which I think the times demand from every man with a conscience and a heart, on this subject. This is one of the few fights in which I want to have a share, for the right is so palpably on one side, and the wrong on the other is so heinous, hideous, dastardly, and vile, that it seems to me

“ That every drop of blood
That every (Yankee) bears and nobly bears
Is guilty of a several bastardy,”

if it do not boil against it. And the thought that my country, once so honored and so worthy of honor, is in danger of stooping to this baseness, and receiving so foul a blister on her fair forehead, is intolerable. And yet how many melancholy signs appear of the existence of this danger. Of the seven professors in our Faculty, four are decided silver gray, and how many good men all around us have in like manner been frightened by the bugbears of “scurvy politicians” and the terrors of a timid, faithless conservatism from the principles of our fathers and the most obvious obligations of humanity, patriotism, and religion! That God will give final victory to the right, I do not doubt. But whether it shall be *through* or *over* our country appears increasingly uncer-

tain. But the people have yet to speak, and let us hope for the best.

To Prof. BLISS.

Nov. 21, 1851.

I cannot help hoping that your new President will do well for you. He has, if I rightly apprehend him, a good deal of energy in his small frame, and has been successful heretofore. Improvements doubtless might be suggested. But where, alas! are we to look for a stick of presidential timber free from serious crooks and flaws? and what are *we* to do? Are all the Matres Almæ to be mated, and ours alone to sing, "Heigho for a husband"? Thus far, however, we get on very comfortably in our state of maiden expectancy, or despondency, whichever it may be rightly named. But the public expect a President, and a President there doubtless must be—or Chancellor, to manage finances, superintend discipline, and other et ceteras, giving no instruction or next to none—a plan not free from objections, yet perhaps the best we can do.

We watch with unabated interest the progress of public events, and trust that the Lord means good for our poor nation, whose prosperity threatens to destroy her. Poor old Scott! I should have pitied him if he had not made such a donkey of himself that poetic justice, to say nothing of political, required just such a "wollop-ing" as he's got. And of Whiggery ditto. Gone to the shades, long may she stay there!

To Mr. ALPHA MORSE.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 21, 1851.

The wave of Kossuth excitement reaches you, of course, now that your new railroad has made you a suburb of

the metropolis. We feel it strongly here, especially we Liberty folks, and shall probably have to hold a meeting here soon to blow off steam. Truly "we are a great people," and "live in an extraordinary age." Seriously, however, these things seem to me to have more than a transient and shallow significance. We are on the eve of great events, and who can foresee the end? "Time was that when the brains were out the man was dead, and there an end," and when a rebellion was crushed by such powers as Austria and Russia, and its leader banished, the thing was understood to be finished, and the world turned over and went to sleep again, with scarce a sigh for the poor victims of oppression whose last state had become worse than the first. But now the exiled patriot steps on board a national steam-frigate, sails quarter-way round the globe, becomes the guest of nations, and with words of eloquence, heard almost simultaneously throughout the world, shakes both the hemispheres, rekindles the dying hopes of humanity, and teaches tyrants that their work is but half-done, that it must be done over again, nay, that it can never be done so as to stay as they would have it. The summer of 1852 is to be the great "battle summer" of the Old World, and I incline to believe that we cannot keep entirely out of the broil this time. It is a day, indeed, for wise conservatism to apply the brakes; but this train is bound to go through, and I rejoice to believe that the Conductor is Divine. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and the triumphs of Truth and Freedom and Human Fraternity shall one day be universal.

He did all in his power to hasten that day. One to whom this cause was of vital interest testifies to his ever-ready sympathy and aid:

From Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WASHINGTON, October 18, 1880.

I am glad to know that it is your purpose to publish the life and letters of your father, the late John H. Raymond. Unhappily for me, I have no letters of his which can be of service to you. I knew him well while he was a Professor in Rochester University. It was at a critical and trying time in the history of the struggle between freedom and slavery in our country. The fugitive-slave bill had just been enacted, making the whole North slave-hunting ground and every American citizen a slave-hunter, and had but lately become a law.

The effort to make that law respectable was immense. Press, pulpit, and official position all clamored for its enforcement. To speak and write against that law was to brand one's self in public estimation as a law-breaker, and such a law-breaker I confess myself to have been both in theory and practice, for I assisted as many as I could in their escape from slavery, and no man in Rochester more than your father cheerfully gave me countenance and support in my efforts to secure a safe-conduct of the many fugitives from slavery who came through that city on their way to Canada. He freely gave his time, his influence, and his voice on the side of humanity. No so-called law, interest, or logic could blind him to the stupendous wickedness of slavery, and he had the courage to be known and read of all men in that dark hour of our history as an inflexible friend to the cause of emancipation. Many have been the words of kindness and consolation which he addressed to me when the way seemed dark and difficult, and I retain a vivid recollection of his benevolent face and his amiable

manners and bearing, though it is more than a quarter of a century since I saw him. . . .

Believe me sincerely yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The fearlessness with which he expressed his abhorrence of that infamous law, and the contempt which he felt for its technical requirements, is seen in all his writings and public speeches at that time. A few paragraphs are taken from an article entitled "A Plea for Free Speech," contributed to the "Autographs for Freedom," a volume published at Rochester in the interest of the Anti-Slavery cause :

We used to be told, and are sometimes still, that this is a matter which belongs to our Southern brethren exclusively, and that when we of the free States interfere with it, we meddle with that which is "none of our business." And there was a time when this might be urged with a show of consistency. It was when slavery claimed only to be a creature of State legislation, and asked only of the national government and the free States to be let alone. Even then it had no right of exemption from the rational scrutiny to which all human institutions are amenable, nor from the rebuke and denouncement which all men may, in Heaven's name, utter against all iniquity done in the face of Heaven. But the *special* right of republican citizens to demand the correction of wrongs done by *their own* government attached in the matter of slavery only to the citizens of the slave States.

But a wonderful change has been passing before our eyes. The attitude of slavery is entirely altered. It now claims to be nationalized. It demands a distinct and active protection from the general government, and indirect but most effectual support from every State in the Union, and from every citizen thereof! The government has acknowledged the validity of the claim; and our great political leaders—some on whom we have been wont to rely as stalwart champions of freedom—have turned

short round in their tracks, and require us to believe that we are *under constitutional obligations* to help maintain the accursed thing; yea, through all future time, to do its most menial work! Nor is the doctrine to be left in the dubious region of speculation. It is already "a fixed fact," terribly embodied in a penal law. It enters the home of every Northern freeman, and announces in thunder-tones this ancestral obligation, which had so strangely faded from the recollection of men. It tolerates no dullness of apprehension, no hesitancy of belief. It bids us all, on pain of imprisonments and fines, to conquer our prejudices, to swallow our scruples, to be still with our nonsensical humanities, and, "as good citizens," to start out at the whistle of a United States constable, to chase down miserable negroes fleeing from the hell of bondage!

Slavery, then, has become *our* business at last; and, as such, does it not behoove us to attend to it? I think, in the language of honest Dogberry, that "that is proved already, and will go near to be thought so shortly." The thing lies in a nutshell. Millard Fillmore is not our master, but our servant. It is not his to prescribe duties, but ours; and his to perform them. What he does, in his own person and by his subordinate executive officers, he does for us, and on our responsibility. What he does or they do, in other words, *we* do; and we must abide the reckoning. In this responsibility the humblest citizen bears his share, and cannot shirk it if he would. When, then, I see the ministers of my country's law consigning men with flesh and blood like my own, with homes and business, with wives and children,

"As dear to them as are the ruddy drops
That visit their sad hearts,"

men unaccused of crime, and eating the daily bread of honest labor—consigning them, I say, and their posterity to hopeless vassalage and degrading chattelhood, by a process, too, which tramples under foot the most ancient and sacred guarantees of my own and my neighbors' rights; when I see this great nation lay its terrible grasp upon the throat of a feeble unoffending man, and thrust him back to worse than a felon's fate for doing that which no casuistry can torture into a crime, I am

compelled to feel that *it is myself* engaged in this atrocious business; and no one but myself can rid me of the responsibility. I can no longer be silent; I dare no longer be silent; I will no longer be silent. I will remonstrate and cry, Shame! I will refuse to obey the law; I will demand to be released from its odious requirements. I will vote and influence voters and use every prerogative of freedom, to throw at least from off my conscience a burden that it cannot bear. And who that is worthy to be free himself will blame me? To speak is no longer a mere right; it has become a religious duty.

Let no man tell me that this law is a mere dead letter. The old Fugitive Law had indeed become so; and so would any other be likely to become which, while grasping after the slave, should pay a decent respect to the rights of the free. But slavery cannot subsist on any such condition; and this law was framed to supply the deficiencies of the old law, *and to accomplish the thing*. It is based on the assumption that the government of the United States is bound to effect the rendition of fugitives, if possible at all, *at whatever cost*. And, if this law is insufficient, the assumption is equally good for still more stringent measures. But I repeat it, let no man tell me it is *now* a nullity. Have we not seen it executed in our streets, and at our very doors? I chanced to be in the city of New York at the time when, I think, its first victim, Henry Long, was torn from his family, and from a reputable and profitable business, and sent back—limbs and brain and throbbing, loving heart—the husband, father, friend, the peaceful and industrious member of society—all, to be the *property* of a fellow-mortal in a hostile land. Could I look upon this crimeless man, thus in the grasp of the officers of my country's laws, my own representatives, and hurried unresisting to that dreadful doom, and ever be able to believe the law innocuous and myself guiltless while I acquiesced in silence? The rabble followed him along the streets, shouting in exultation at the negro's fate. *Them* I must acknowledge as my fellows and brethren, but *him*—on him I must put my heel, with theirs, to crush him out of manhood! And the morrow's papers, edited by professed Christians, heralded the occurrence, with not even a decent pretence of pity and regret, but as a triumph of LAW (Oh sacred name profaned!) in which all good men

should rejoice. That day I felt a stifling sensation settling down upon me, of which my previous experience had afforded no precedent, and with an oppressive weight which no language can describe. *I felt that I no longer breathed the air of liberty;* that slavery was spreading her upas branches athwart *my* sky also. The convenient apology that the sin was not mine, but another's, no longer stood me in stead; and I have wondered ever since to hear any honest Northern man employ it. There are Northern men from whom nothing could surprise me.

And what have we since witnessed? The inferior officers of the law prowling throughout the North for victims on whom to enforce it. Their superiors, even to the highest, laboring by speeches and proclamations, and journeyings to and fro in the land (is it too much to say?), to *dragoon* the people into its support. The national treasury thrown wide open to meet its "extraordinary expenses." Faneuil Hall hung in chains, to ensure its execution. Presidential candidates vying with each other in expressions of attachment and fidelity to it. Able men, in Church and State, spotted for proscription for no other sin than hating that law, and daring to declare that hatred. And to crown the whole, the wisdom of the nation, in Baltimore conventions once and again assembled, pronouncing the new doctrines of constitutional responsibility, with the law that embodies it, not only a certainty, but (hear it, O heavens!) a *finality*! A new word in the political vocabulary, and verily a new thing in the earth! "Finality" in the legislation of freemen! A finality that ever precludes reconsideration, amendment, or repeal! When such things are said, and gravely said, by men professing to be American statesmen, I can imagine the fathers of my country turning painfully in their graves. And can it be possible that in the same breath with which men assume to roll political responsibilities on freemen they dare require perpetual silence and unconsidering submission thereto? Then, what is it to be free?

A letter written to one of his children contains a reference to a convocation of colored men held in Rochester. He evidently designs to impress upon the

youthful mind the lesson which he constantly enforced by precept and example—a lesson of respect to whom respect is due. He says :

“The colored men of our country are holding a convention in Corinthian Hall, to consult about what can be done to improve their condition. Every one is delighted with the dignity and decorum with which their business is conducted. I do not see but they act as well as any white men I ever saw, and much better than many I have met. Poor fellows! they are most unjustly treated by mean and selfish men, who, having the power to wrong them, do it. But they seem determined to overcome evil with good, and to gain respect by deserving it. Several of them took tea with us to-night—*gentlemen* in manners and education.”

It was at this convention that Frederick Douglass met the objection raised to the admission of any but colored members. Gracefully ignoring the contempt which had been visited upon the assembly by many of the citizens, he protested with happy irony, “Do not let us steel our hearts against our poor white brethren.”

Among those whom this gathering brought to Rochester was one of the most faithful friends of Freedom and Reform. My father's acquaintance with Miss Elizabeth Peabody, which began at that time, continued for many years, during which she was an ever-welcome guest in our home. Her sympathy was especially valued in all matters of educational interest, and her visits were memorable for the light on such questions which always dawned at her coming. The youngest of the family shared in the crumbs which fell from

the table, when her favorite theme of the Kindergarten prolonged the feast at breakfast or dinner. She was a pioneer and enthusiast in the work, and if we did not fully appreciate the argument, we richly enjoyed her animated illustrations of it. Those pleasant hours are vividly recalled in reminiscences from her pen:

From Miss ELIZABETH PEABODY.

CAMBRIDGE, October 26, 1880.

I am very glad to hear that you are to write a memoir of your dear and honored father, and am most happy to recall the few most delightful impressions I have had of him.

In the summer of 1853 I was returning from the West, and stopped on the way at Rochester to visit my friend Wm. H. Channing, who boarded at Miss Porter's, and to attend a convention of colored men which had been called by Frederick Douglass and others to consider their condition and prospects of improvement, under the discouraging course of events.

I arrived just before tea, and found at the table a remarkable company, including several professors of Rochester University, to whom I was introduced, and Professor Raymond was at the head of the table. The conversation was very interesting, and Professor Raymond took a leading part in it, and impressed me at once as an exceptionally large, liberal-minded, earnest Christian gentleman and elegant scholar. We sat round the table after it was cleared nearly all the evening, talking on all the living questions of the day. The next morning, which was Sunday, a similar conversation was begun at the breakfast-table, and after the professors had left the table Mr. Channing said to Miss Porter,

"Now we must arrange for Miss Peabody's hearing Professor Raymond preach to day." "Preach!" I exclaimed; "why, is that man a minister?" "Yes," said Mr. Channing, in a ringing voice, "and that *minister* is a MAN, which is more." Certainly there was nothing of ecclesiasticism about your father, but the whole breadth of the spirit and mind of Christ. (I make a great distinction between ecclesiasticism and the Church of Christ, and have found in the most highly educated Baptists, and especially in Professor Raymond, more of the spirit of the old Pilgrim Independency than in any other sect, maintained as it was against the Puritan "Lord brethren" by Roger Williams, Sir Harry Vane, and the Early Baptists of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.)

But, to return to my narrative, I found that your father preached every Sunday afternoon at the House of Refuge in Rochester, and of course went to hear him; and was very much impressed with the *judgment* as well as the eloquence of his address. There could be no question that his audience must feel themselves *sinner*s, since the sin had culminated in crimes against society. So this was simply taken for granted, but the evil treated as not infinite but within the reach of an earnest will to reform as an expression of repentance. Of course I cannot remember the sermon; but it was a model. He encouraged the boys with the idea that they were not sinners in heart beyond the generality of men, for we all were measurably so; and that the good Providence that had arrested them by detection must be regarded as a blessing to be grateful for, and the divine warning so received that in their future life they would be able to lift themselves and others tempted like them into a nobler life. I think that the text was, "The way of the transgressor is hard"—made hard not by God's vindic-

tiveness, but by His mercy, that would not that a sinner should die.

The next day was, I think, the 4th of July, and at breakfast there was talk of how it was to be celebrated; for there was no city celebration. It was the unanimous voice that Mr. Raymond should read one of Shakespeare's plays, and I found that he was a great elocutionist and belles-lettres scholar. The play selected was "King Lear," and it took the large part of the day to read it, for there was not a syllable of the play left out; and so masterly was his power of voice, as well as breadth of conception and sympathetic appreciation of every character, that I can truly say I never had so profound an impression and complete grasp of this whole wonderful work of dramatic art as by that reading, unaided by scenery or costume, though I have seen it played by many great tragedians. His imagination seemed to discover and create again the original scenery in the mind of the poet, and by an accent, a pause, a tone, he awakened the co-operation and imagination of his hearers. It was the greatest reading of Shakespeare I had ever heard, and I have heard Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman's readings. I had with me Bem's Chart of Chronology, in which, by a certain mathematical arrangement of squares representing years, 2500 years can be presented to the eye and mind at once after the principle of arrangement is explained (which a child of ten can understand), so that, after ten minutes' drill, he can tell at the pointing of a stick at any little square what year of what century it represents. Mr. Raymond was very much interested to see this chart when I told him that by means of it the little time to be spared for history might lay a foundation of universal history in the very senses, such as could not possibly be obtained by any dry outline in words—which could sub-

sequently be filled out by reading after school-days were over—the only way in which history could be learned.

So one evening we had the chart of ancient history spread out on the floor, and I proceeded to explain, and drilled the company till they could say at a glance what was the year I pointed at, dispelling many an illusion even of the most cultivated; and I well remember his *considering* expression of face, questioning and doubtful, till at last, with a flash of intelligence, he exclaimed, "I see it!" and though it was my experience to convince every intelligent person who would condescend to give his mind to me for an hour that chronology could be made a sensuous impression, I think no one ever took in the whole value of this inestimable invention as he did. We had many hours of talk as we sat before those charts and philosophized on the relation of events palpable to the eye as they lay in the visible field of time. When he went to Brooklyn some years after and became head of the Polytechnic School there, he sent for me to come and make him a visit and introduce the charts to the historical teacher; and he wrote a letter to Mr. Sheldon, the New York publisher, that was printed in the preface of a school history of the United States I published about that time, in which he said, "This method of presenting chronology to the eye is superior to any artificial system or any other chart devised." He was a friend of educational progress in every form, and many were the consultations which we had on such themes.

I enjoyed that fortnight in Brooklyn immensely. He read again "King Lear" for my delight, and some other plays. I remember, too, that he often attended Henry Ward Beecher's church, from love of the man and enjoyment of his preaching; which impressed me as a great proof of his vital Independency, since he was a Baptist preacher himself. As Mr. Beecher lived near Hicks

Street, he was a near neighbor to Mr. Raymond, and mornings when we were at breakfast he would frequently come in, being out for his morning walk, and would pour out his joyous life in talk largely composed of anecdotes of his Western life, which your father enjoyed to the last degree, his own more fastidious temperament manifesting itself in his way of greeting and responding to Mr. Beecher's racy talk and bold expressions. For *refinement* was a most marked characteristic of your father, the flower of his nature, and marked him as the most fortunate choice of the trustees of Vassar College for its President.

In regard to his anti-slavery work I can tell you little. I only know how intensely he was interested in that colored convention, which he declared one of the most instructive he had ever attended—all the papers read by the colored men (none but colored men spoke at all) showing wonderful wisdom as well as original genius.

Your father impressed me in so many ways, and has always had so large a portion of my remembrance devoted to him, that I thought I should have much to say. I am surprised to find there is so little in the way of narrative. But I send what has flowed spontaneously from my memory.

Cordially yours,

ELIZABETH PEABODY.

CHAPTER VII.

ROCHESTER.—(CONTINUED.)

MY father's attachment to Rochester appears in letters written after it had ceased to be his home, when his occasional Commencement visits revived the old associations, and proved the faithfulness of the hearts to whom his own had been so closely drawn. If he ever entertained a fear of being forgotten in those familiar places, his unbelief was rebuked by the greetings which always awaited him.

ANGELICA, August 19, 1857.

My visit to Rochester was right pleasant, quite contrary to my expectations. I felt as though I was going to a strange place, and where I would be regarded almost like a stranger. The thought weighed upon me all the way, and grew heavier and more painful as I drew nearer. It was a foolish notion, and my better judgment at times condemned it, but I could not throw it off; and if the cars had passed right on through, it is odds but I should have gone with them. But Rochester was the terminus of my road. So I threw my valise, and after it myself, doggedly into a carriage, saying, "Drive me to Miss Porter's." "O yaas," replied the colored Jehu, "I knowed whar Mr. *Raymond* wants to go," and he grinned from ear to ear. Hello! thinks I, here's one good memory at any rate, and the change that came over the spirit of my dream, as we drove through the streets, was almost ludicrous. Everything wore so familiar and friendly a look.

Within three minutes I could almost fancy that I was returning from a week's absence to my old field of labor. Every turn in the street, every house of peculiar form or color, seemed like a characteristic feature of a next-door neighbor. All the faces were such as you feel you have seen forty times before, and everything seemed glad to see me. The trees bowed courteously or bent embracingly over me, and the very stones in the streets smiled upward with most unequivocal welcome. The first day and evening I divided between the Porters and Conants. You know their warm hearts. Of course I never felt a doubt of them. It was the greeting of brothers and sisters. About nine o'clock I started from the Doctor's for home, and passing the old Corinthian Hall, where Prof. Upham was holding forth on "Simplicity" as an "Element of Greatness," I thought I must drop in and say *How-d'ye* to the College. The Hall was, of course, packed and jammed; but I knew the secret passage, which brought me to the rear of the stage, just behind the dignitaries. They were nodding and snoozing away under the combined influences of the thermometer, oratory, and foul air, and under shelter of columns, curtains, and the "wide-awake" front row, until my entrance. Presto! what a change! William Sage was the first who caught sight of me, from about the center of the platform, and sprang to his feet as if he had caught the shock of an electrical battery. "Why, John," said he, loud enough to be heard through all the region round about, "beg your pardon—*Doctor*, how do you do?" and he stretched his great hand over the immediate sitters, and gripped mine, and pulled as though he would draw me bodily over their heads. The next instant I was in a small sea of upturned faces, and hands bristled towards me from all directions like a sheaf of spears, friendly but most overcoming. Even the dignified front row felt the sensation, and one after

another turned to see what was up, and every face opened beamingly as it met mine. After the orator, Mr. Wilder got off his poem—subject, “Rochester”—a most clever thing, full of good puns and sparkling hits on persons and things that everybody knew. After the poem and the dismissal came my turn. From President Anderson, with his great hot, Scotch hand and heart, down through all the grades of trustees, professors, students, and outsiders, every one took me by the hand as if I was everybody’s brother. My shoulders! how they did shake! My arm ached all the next day. If ever I thought them “no great *shakes*” at Rochester, I did effectual penance for the thought. And seriously, I am bound to think better than ever of the good people there, and never again to doubt the goodness of their memories or the warmth of their hearts.

We are only just beginning to realize how far gone is the summer. I am startled to think that next week is my last here, and that I must plunge again into the dizzying whirl and sweaty strife from which we are now so far removed as hardly to hear the hum. The thought, however, is not altogether unwelcome. My judgment, at least, assures me that I have rested long enough, that rest is ceasing to be “recreation” and becoming stagnation; and my heart suggests some weighty compensations for the sweet country peace and pleasures which I must prepare to leave. With what despotic power the present rules us; how we cling to the beauties that we look upon as though they were all, and refuse to be called away from the enjoyments we have in possession, as though we went from them to necessary destitution and desolation; how slow to learn the exhaustlessness and omnipresence of our Father’s love, and to live the blessed life of hope and faith, recognizing every change of place or state as a new variation in the everlasting theme of love,

and without "forgetting the things behind" (excuse me, Brother Paul, but I have done too much of that to think it wise), or wearying of the present, ever ready to bound onward into the future, as fast as we are called, nor ever doubting to find it ready to receive, enrich, and bless us. Whew! what a sentence! But the meaning is that it just strikes me that I have been rather foolish in wishing (like the boy in the story) "it were summer always," or always play-time. For will not autumn, too, bring its unspeakable and unsparable delights! and what were life without the joy of work?

Since I came back from Rochester, we have had a glorious vacation. The weather has been almost faultless, the streams have been full, a rare occurrence in midsummer; the vegetation has been thrifty and strong, and the air has had that elastic vitality that quickens the flow of blood in your veins, and that amber clearness which makes the sunlight a golden flood and the moonlight like streams of liquid silver. We have all been in excellent health, and nothing has occurred to disturb the tranquil succession of days and nights. Our existence has run on like our little fountain, in a gentle, bright, and joyous stream, ever leaping up into the sunlight with a sort of tranquil gayety, and falling back in musical driplets into the basin of cool repose, wasting itself away by unseen channels, without turbulence and without use—that is, without what the world knows as uses; without palpable, ponderable, and marketable fruits; not without such uses as there are in being and making happy, and so praising God and helping others praise Him.

You know how brief a list comprises the entire sum of our amusements. Lounging and reading, riding or driving, now and then a chat with a neighbor or a tea-talk with several, a solitary ramble over the wooded hills or a social afternoon at "Puckville," and the catalogue

is ended. "What have we read?" Mighty little, I assure you. I have read two little English books which I bought for Ally, but found quite instructive and suggestive for myself. One contains a plain, matter-of-fact, but quite clear and comprehensive description of the interior economy of Christ's Church Charity School (Lamb's and Cole-ridge's, you know), and the other, a spirited, dramatic picture of school-life at Rugby* under Dr. Arnold. The latter particularly interested me. It is written by a true Bull, with some faults of style, but with a redeeming element of hearty, plucky, religious devotion to whatever is noble or lovely, and a readiness not only to admire and praise, but to fight for it, with pen or fist, against all sham friends and open foes. The story, tracing the outer rather than the inner life of the boy-hero, and his moral rather than mental development, gives only occasional glimpses of "the Doctor," as he is called throughout, but such glimpses, so characteristic, and, to me at least, so suggestive, as to break me all to pieces, in mingled admiration and humiliation. May the lesson not be fruitless.

The "Romany Rye" of that queer nondescript, Geo. Borrow and the "Biography of Spencer H. Cone" complete the odd list of my own readings this vacation. To C. and the girls I have accomplished only "Nothing to Wear," and "Charlotte Brontë," and in Shakespeare only "As You Like It," to our folks and Mr. and Mrs. Niles on "Titania Bank," and "Much Ado About Nothing" to a crowd in the parlors.

This was but one of the golden vacations whose restful hours prepared him for new years of labor after he left Rochester. We look back to the Rochester days as the only time when he was not taxed beyond meas-

* "Tom Brown at Rugby," by Thomas Hughes.

ure, and when the tranquil round of professorial duties formed a contrast to the breathless chase in which he was ever afterwards pursued by his accumulating cares. From duties and distractions he found a retreat in the peaceful Angelica home which every summer welcomed his family. No colors can paint the joy and beauty of that home like those in which his own pen was dipped. We learn from his own words how he reveled in the charms of that hill-country, as he explored its forests and "roamed through shaded avenue and sunlit glade, or reclined on mossy couch and under leafy canopy." His early love of Nature received fresh impulse, and, as in former days, his strength was renewed in a baptism of exhaustless beauty. To the freedom and delight which he drank in from hill and wood was added all the heart's-ease which home could yield. To make a haven of rest and gladness for their returning children was the one thought of the devoted grandparents, to whom the happiness of those so dear was the whole of life. No winter in that bleak climate was too long or cold or drear to be warmed and illumined to those loving hearts by the hope of the bright, brief summer. A record of those summer days would be deficient indeed which did not gratefully remember the love which crowned those days with blessings unnumbered. How it poured itself out from the heart of that dear Grandfather Bountiful, and, vainly seeking expression in all abounding gifts of temporal comfort, overflowed in the mingling smiles and tears which were the only language of that unutterable love. To put into words our grandmother's love would be even more impossible—it seemed a very mother's love dissolving in new tenderness—and to put *her* into words, our lovely, dainty grand-

mother, would be hopeless. No mother in the flesh could be more akin to him in all rare and delicate tastes than she was to the son of her adoption. When he wrote of her, "Our dear mother continues the same, as fair and frail as one of her own lilies," he chose the type which fitly pictured her. If she "put her *life*," as he describes, into the flowers that she loved and labored for, she certainly drew back from them all subtle sweetness and purity of being. If our grandmother Raymond, so early lost, was known to us only as a lovely vision, our other grandmother was its living embodiment, clothed with the same ethereal grace to our loving eyes. A worshiper of beauty in every form, with a ceaseless hunger for it, she spent the longings which were repressed in other ways upon the one little garden where she worked and watched and waited, till the most unwilling soil blossomed beneath her touch. She eagerly awaited our coming to share the treasures which she had wooed and won, and which her fingers twined into every possible device of loveliness.

Next to the flowers, in our hearts, came the fountain in whose music our father especially delighted, and whose brightness was to him an ever-varying symbol. It suggested to him the name by which our summer home was known to those who shared the secret of its joys. To the rare joys of "Fountain Home" a few chosen friends were admitted, and their fragrance still lingers in faithful memories. None entered into them with more vivacious zest than the dear friends of "the Manse," who are remembered in these vacation letters, and to one of them we turn for recollections of those happy scenes:

Some of my most vivid and delightful reminiscences

of your dear father are in connection with his vacations at Angelica. How anxiously they were expected by the group of friends in that sweet village of the vale, and how much new life, attractiveness, and dignity were added to its society when "the Doctor" and his family came thither to sojourn for a time!

"Fountain Home"! How many charming gatherings there of which he was the cynosure and delight! How heartily he entered into every enterprise for bringing clematis and evergreens and ferns and wild flowers to mingle with the choicest tributes from lawn and garden with which to decorate the rooms for an evening's entertainment! And when we met in that tasteful parlor, or around the tea-table, with what rare social and literary viands did he furnish us, and with what genial wit and humor were we delighted!

"Titania Bank"! Was not he the magician who conjured into existence all the pleasant associations connected with that name? He the chief actor in those rare summer idyls of more than twenty years ago? With his lover-like enthusiasm for Nature, and his keen, artistic eye for her charms, he was the first to discover this quiet retreat consecrated to our Shakespearean picnics. What a beautiful semi-island it was, anchored in the bright waters of Angelica Creek, under the balmy shades of that majestic Allegany pine-forest! Do you remember the dedication? How we took possession of it in the name of that high and mighty sovereign in the realms of Literature, King Will? A huge rock carpeted with a rare mosaic of lichens was the stage. Our "dress circle" beneath was luxuriously arranged on sofas of ancient trees lying in state with their shrouds of velvety moss, while the children lounged on fragrant mounds of wintergreen and partridge-berry. How he did enter into the high revels, and interpret to us the aërial,

fanciful humor of "Midsummer-Night's Dream," till we seemed dwellers in an enchanted realm which he had revealed to us. We were all in carnival mood, and, amid speeches, impromptu verses, and plenty of hurrahs and shoutings from the juveniles, with appropriate ceremonies, he made our Bank the namesake of the Fairy Queen. The younger members of the party had another christening, and, in honor of their favorite rôle in the play, immortalized the wood as "Puckville." That was the beginning of a royal procession of summer days spent in entertainments as varied as the Protean tastes of the company and their ages, which sometimes ran through three generations.

These renderings of Shakespeare are yet vivid before me, and I feel that my conceptions of the characters of the Great Dramatist have been determined more by him than by all other interpreters.

Not that "Sweet Will" alone was honored. There were talks and studies from Ruskin, with copious illustrations and "object teachings" from cloud-scenery, cascade, wind-swept tree-tops, squirrels, birds, insects, and forest flora, to say nothing of Izaak Walton and Mrs. Browning.

I never saw a father enter with such relish into all his children's sports. He seemed *en rapport* with them, and as really interested in helping Ally launch his "grand Armada" in the stream, build his dam, or rival the Rhine "bridge of boats" with stepping-stones across the swift current, as in the fortunes of Macbeth, Desdemona, Rosamond, Richard, or the Henrys. I remember his genuine enjoyment of the barefooted nautical expeditions of the children, and the wonderful tales improvised for their eager ears. He seemed to me then to combine the father and companion in his relation to his children to a degree of perfection I had never before

witnessed; while his chivalrous devotion to the fair mother was a marital romance. He was in the prime of his glorious manhood, and life's burdens did not seem to press heavily those holidays. He enjoyed our table spread in the wilderness, and entered into the spirit of our picnic feasts with true masculine gusto, while with leafy baskets for the "bacchate bounties" he so loved, and with the artistic "partridge-berry" ornaments, he added to the dainty culinary dishes set before us an esthetic charm that gratified his fastidious taste.

The fascinating charm by which he drew in and linked such a circle of enthusiastic friends of all ages and conditions could only be understood by those who saw him in the undress of his Angelica vacations. His perennial liveliness, and bubbling humor, and chivalric grace made him always the hero of the hour.

But, through the rainbow spray and sparkling foam of his humor, one could always see the deep flow of his lofty nature and the grand current of his religious purpose. His conversations, even in those recreation hours, were most stimulating and suggestive; blossoming from the deep, broad roots of his scholarship. We can all recall hints and suggestions then received that have been golden keys, unlocking to us armories of mental and spiritual equipment, and giving us the "open sesame" to treasures of art and literature before unknown.

To E. C.

FOUNTAIN HOME, July 20, 1858.

Here I am, dear Esther, fairly seated for writing with one of Father Morse's broad sheets before me, presenting a fair field of operations, which I proceed to occupy with what may chance to offer. For, really, I have been

so many days in a state of such delicious—stagnancy (“not to put too fine a point on it”) that my fingers have almost forgotten to guide a pen, and my brain (heaven save the mark!) is covered all over with one unbroken coat of green verdure or mould, just as you prefer to conceive the subject, as a vegetable growth or a “standing pond.” I shall decide in favor of the vegetable idea, as the truest if not the modestest representation, for there is life about me, or how could I so luxuriate in my surroundings? and in most perfect sympathy I surely am with the sweet restful stir of Nature, that woos and soothes my senses on every side. Her zephyrs fan and move me, her waters impart conscious quickening and refreshment, I get fatness from the earth beneath, and feel vital attraction toward the heavens above, with all their glorious panorama of sun and moon and starlight and affluent variety of clouds, and gay-plumaged thoughts dart in and out, and circle around and over me, as happy as birds in a bush, and as aimless and uncatchable as they. *Argal*, I vegetate, not stagnate—if I could only blossom now and fructify!

The day but one after my arrival here, before the balmy sense of repose had penetrated beyond the mere surface, little H. and I took our sudden start for Rochester, driving from here to Mt. Morris, where we took a night-packet down the canal. We were sympathetic traveling companions, H. being just at the age to enjoy everything, all the more from its being out of the ordinary line, and therefore more likely to discomfort and annoy a body of more settled habits and matured necessities. We met with numerous originals on the road, at the country “tavern,” and on the boat, and had a merry time, barring the little accident of my losing my spectacles overboard while washing my face the next morning! Down they sank to the crystal depths of the “ra-

ging canawl," no more to rise till the water is drawn off next November, when some lucky gold-pro prospector will pounce upon them ("Quite a *spec* for somebody," says C. "Yes," I reply, "a pair of specs!") and convey to sordid pouch my last received memento—ah! there's the rub!—of Father Raymond.

H. was domiciled at Prof. Richardson's during our stay, where, in addition to the Professor's own eight, were three other visitors of about her own age—girl cousins. It was a goodly sight to see the Professor seated every warm evening under his own vine and peach-tree, surrounded by the fair dozen, like Father Jacob and his twelve, glorified. I, of course, have but one home in Rochester, and I crept to my own dear old nest at Miss Porter's, which I found as warm for me as I could possibly hope or desire. Things in Rochester are almost absurdly unchanged, all the places and all the people, in-doors and out-doors, the very "improvements" continuing at just about the same stage of incompleteness. Still, I am persuaded that both the city and the college have young blood in them, the blood of an immortal youth, and, if not "fast," are destined to a sure and vigorous growth in the most desirable qualities. *Esto perpetua!* I should certainly be a most ungrateful dog not to speak well of that City of Flour and Flowers, for nowhere do I find so many whose friendship seems to wear and actually to grow fresher and more cordial with time.

It was in the midst of scenes so intimately associated with my friend Wilder's image that the startling intelligence of his sudden death fell upon me. My mind was at the very moment full of him. It was the day after Commencement, and a merry party were gathered to celebrate the nuptials of a son of Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Wilder's old Albany partner, in the house adjoining that

elegant mansion which he occupied in Rochester, where I always met so cordial a reception, and spent, like a brother in the house of a brother, so many happy, happy hours. Prof. Richardson and I had been talking of him and the old times, and after Richardson left me I stood alone in the front yard, looking over the fence, recalling many a phase of that ever-beautiful picture of domestic felicity which then surrounded him, and sadly remembering the heavy strokes which had defaced it since, when some one whispered in my ear, "This is dreadful news from Albany!" The oracle needed no interpreter. "Mr. Wilder died suddenly," was the answer, "this afternoon at half-past three." . . .

Since our return, nine days ago, I have been in the chrysalis state, as before intimated, and enjoyed it hugely. Our dear cousin Lizzie has been here with her mother, a younger sister of our mother, you know, and they have entered into the peaceful pleasures of our daily life. Our friend Mrs. Niles is very happy in the nice new manse, and over the perfect new wonder in the cradle thereof. Her friend Miss Goodell, whom you remember as a daughter of Dr. Goodell of Constantinople, is on a visit there now, and proves a keenly appreciative addition to our Shakespearean circle, which has had two sittings already.

Mother's garden has of itself been a little world of pleasure to us this summer. Spite of a naturally hard, ungenial soil, it is grateful for the assiduous, persevering, loving labor which has been expended upon it. Mother puts her *life* into it, and really I know of no lovelier or more useful form into which she could desire to translate her earthly being. This season it has shared the unwonted prosperity of all the vegetable world, and, like the *first* garden, "poured forth profuse" its floral treasures without limit or let, and we have plucked them

by the handful, at times almost by the basketful, without fear of censure or sense of wastefulness. And our happy Fountain has stood up amidst the lawn, like the prince of the flowery realm, encircled by courtier shrubs, and overhung by arms of guardian trees, dancing and singing all night and all day, and pouring back the exuberance of his joys into the three white cups which, like loving wives (he is an Oriental prince in his domestic arrangements), embrace his waist, his knees, and his feet, in due succession receiving of his gifts, and all in turn filled to overflowing with his loving bounteousness. And when, of a summer night, we sit at our chamber window, and look out upon this simple garden scene, and such a moon as shines upon our evenings now sends down its silver through such an air as now we breathe, shimmering through leaves, glancing along the tremulous surfaces, and turning the spray and drops from jet and rim into a shower of diamonds, there is just nothing more to be desired or said.

But here I come plump against the end of my sheet, and, like the fourteenthly of the darkey's sermon, "if I hab time, I'd better begin to draw to a conclusion."

Your descriptions of that paradisiacal Springfield, of the trees, the garden, *the* voice and the people, including the babies, have so sharpened my sensibilities that I fancy I should enjoy a little visit there—*some*. Haven't they got some sort of a wonderful "High School" or other educational "Notion" there which it is important I should visit and examine? I know that Webster's Dictionary is there, but then, through the fatal enterprise and activity of one Merriam, that is everywhere else. If you are there till I return to Brooklyn, and will get up a bit of an occasion, perhaps—well, no matter—let the unborn future bear its unborn, and then we can tell how we like its looks.

The sorrowful event which shadowed the festivities of which he writes in the preceding letter robbed him of his earliest Rochester friend. As president of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Wilder had been most warmly and actively interested in the University enterprise, and in the days when it was attended with so much anxiety, my father had been first in his confidence and counsels. The mutual interest had begotten a strong personal attachment, which soon embraced the circle of both families, and many bright memories cluster around the hearthstone in Rochester, where they were so often gathered. Ever ready to enter into the merriest enjoyment, my father was the first to come with words of comfort in the darker hours of that household. Bereavement had twice taken its very flower when the eldest and the second sons were cut down in a youth bright with promise, and the hearts of the parents were calmed by his helpful consolations. But a deeper sorrow was to come, in whose presence he was silent, and it was many days before his sympathy found utterance in words.

TO MRS. JOHN N. WILDER.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 26, 1858.

MY DEAR MRS. WILDER: Sitting alone this tranquil Sabbath afternoon in my solitary house, I find my thoughts drawn towards you, and for the thousandth time I reproach myself for a silence so long protracted and so liable to be misunderstood. And yet I feel a confidence that you will not misunderstand it. For, oh my dear friend, what could I say, what word of consolation could I hope to find, that should suit the magnitude of your calamity? I have felt indeed, ever since I heard

of "all this evil that has come upon you," as Job's friends did when "they sat down with him upon the ground and spake not a word to him, because they saw that his grief was very great." I see that God's hand is on you, and that it is very heavy; but I cannot tell you what it all means. I cannot conceive why He should thus contend with, thus crush you; nor show how His grace is able to turn even this sorrow to a glorious joy. To offer you sympathy, then, were mockery; and to rehearse the commonplaces of Christian consolation to you, an idle impertinence. I can only stand by your side in the shadow of this great grief, reverent and mute, and pray with earnest heart that He who has smitten will heal—that He who is "His own interpreter" will make that plain to you which seems to me so utterly dark and insoluble.

Such has been my feeling, and it has kept me silent. But I begin to be ashamed of it. It is certainly below the point at which the Christian is privileged to stand. For is not the world with all its ills, the last and greatest not excepted, a vanquished enemy? "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." And those very "commonplaces of Christian consolation" of which I have felt so distrustful, are not they the very weapons He has furnished us wherewith to achieve the triumph—the glorious realities of the divine life, made familiar to His people by the frequency with which they are driven to use them, and which are never so real or so precious as in just those extremities where they are most needed, when earthly treasures are slipping from our grasp and every earthly refuge fails? Oh for the faith which, apprehending their reality, makes sure of their potency in the hour of need!

"It is the Lord who hath done it." What thought more common and yet more sweet and strengthening to

one who loves the Lord and leans on Him with a filial trust?

"Our life is in heaven." Oh, welcome suggestion to one whose life on earth has lost its charm, and nothing remains below but the stern demands of duty, and at last the welcome repose of the grave!

"We are saved by hope." A blessed resource indeed when memory has become only a sepulcher of buried loves and joys, and the very sweetness of the past adds poignancy and bitterness to the experience of the present.

I do not feel able, even now, to use these resources of Christian comfort, but I do see that they are abundant if the Comforter is but with you to teach you how to use them. Enough that you know, in the words of good old Rutherford to a bereaved friend, that "the heaviest end of the cross which is laid on you lieth upon your strong Saviour; as Isaiah saith, 'In all your afflictions He is afflicted;,' and glad may your soul be to walk even in a fiery furnace with One like Him for a fellow. Courage! up your heart! when ye do tire He will bear both you and your burden."

For him who is gone, you know I felt no common admiration and love. I owed him much in the way of gratitude for personal benefits which I could never either forget or repay; but the largest debt I owed him was one of affection for the friendship with which he honored me, and on which I relied with a confidence that never betrayed me in the hour of trial, and that I think no change of outward relations would ever have disturbed. He was one of the few men to whom I could give the sacred name of friend. May I not, then, mingle my tears with yours over his untimely grave, and in the midst of tears rejoice with you also, because we know in whom he believed and are assured of a reunion—oh, how blissful!—after a separation—oh, how brief!

Mrs. R. has shared in all my feeling. She cannot forget the sisterly sympathy she has received from you in the hours of her bereavement, and unites with me in most tender sympathy and love.

Remember us affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. Porter and family and to the dear children whom the world will call "fatherless," but not we. And believe me

Yours, with ever-faithful esteem,

J. H. R.

Of all the greetings that he received in his returns to Rochester, none was more hearty than that of his old friend and colleague Dr. Kendrick. In one of these visits he writes: "I called yesterday at the Greek professor's, and he insisted upon my making his house home and headquarters this time. He would not take Nay for an answer. So here I am established, and everything is done that heart or thought can suggest to make my stay enjoyable." His acquaintance with Dr. Kendrick has an earlier date than that of any other of his fellow-workers, beginning when he was a school-boy ten years of age. This memorial would not be complete without the tribute of so tried and true a friend:

ROCHESTER, Oct. 30, 1880.

MY DEAR MRS. LLOYD: Although pressed both as to time and health, I cannot persuade myself to allow a memorial of one whom I knew so long, esteemed so highly, and loved so well, to go to the public without some brief testimonial of my regard and affection. My acquaintance with your lamented father dates back to our early boyhood, when he, with some of his young companions, came as a mere lad from New York to Hamilton (the seat of the then newly founded Theological Institution) to commence in the academy of that village

his course of education. Of his bearing and character there it is perhaps enough to say that the child was the father of the man. The same delicate vivacity of temper, the same winning, manly grace that marked the man, characterized the boy. When he subsequently, after leaving college and becoming the subject of a spiritual renewal that changed the purpose and bent of his life, returned there to pursue in the seminary his theological studies, our acquaintance and friendship were renewed and deepened. I had become a member of the faculty of instruction, and soon after his graduation he also became a member—I think the youngest member—of the same body, taking successively the chairs of Hebrew, of Moral Philosophy, and of Logic and Rhetoric.

He soon after married and brought his lovely young wife, your mother, into our circle—a circle rarely surpassed, I think, in its elements of congeniality, and in the rich sources of enjoyment which it opened to its members. The easy and unrestrained intercourse of kindred minds and hearts, nearly all in ripening youth or very early manhood, marked by almost daily meetings, more or less informal, for social recreation, and enlivened by various talent and culture, by the play of humor, the sparkle of wit, and the resources of taste and scholarship, has left in the minds of all whose privilege it was to share it memories equally ineffaceable and delightful. Of that circle your father was one of the most brilliant members—if not its center, certainly one of its chief ornaments and attractions. His graceful person, his delightful social qualities, his rare and varied accomplishments, making him at home in almost every department of taste and art—at once critic and creator—rendered him the life and ornament of such an assemblage. His flow of spirits was almost unfailing, and his affluent and elegant conversation illumined and adorned every subject that

it touched. His mind in its undress played easily and lightly over the surface of a subject, while in his easy girding himself for severer efforts he constantly opened sudden and unlooked-for depths of intellectual power. There was in him a rare combination of qualities not often found, at least in equal measure, united in a single person—a fine literary sense, artistic grace and skill, a strong and subtle intellectual grasp, and behind all reposed, as we subsequently found, rare organizing skill, and great administrative tact and energy. He was an admirable judge of music and a connoisseur in the fine arts. His ready pencil ministered to the suggestions of a most delicate taste and a most exquisite humor, and though no poet by profession, he wooed the Muse in occasional strains both light and grave, which, as I well remember, were often of the purest essence of poetry.

I cannot forbear here to speak of the interest which he added to our circle by his occasional dramatic and especially Shakespearean readings. His rich and flexible voice, and the unerring delicacy of his taste, made him everywhere a very effective reader. But we deemed it an especial treat when, either at Hamilton or, later, at Rochester, we could secure an hour from him in our social gatherings for selections from some of the finest creations of Shakespeare. There was not a particle of the *staginess*, none of the conventional mouthing, of many of our professional public readers. Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Julius Cæsar, came before us in their living personality. The Ghost fairly froze our blood and made our hair stand on end, and the "Words, words, words" of the young Dane were transformed into *things* that seemed to open to us the very inmost heart of the great Magician's creations. I am sure I speak but the experience of many when I say that to his renderings, beyond those of any other interpreter within the range of

my acquaintance, I owe my highest conceptions of the meaning and depth of Shakespeare's wonderful creations.

But Dr. Raymond was no dilettante either of art or literature. Life with him, all wreathed over as it was with elegance, was very real and very earnest. I wish I had time to give my conception of some of his high masculine qualities, but I must leave this for other and abler pens. Of his success as a student and an instructor there could be to those who knew him no ground for doubt. Success in anything to which he thoroughly gave his energies was assured in advance. Such were the quickness and keenness of his intellect, such the strength of his mental grasp, that he could scarcely fail to rise to any eminence to which he seriously aspired. It perhaps followed from the very variety of his tastes and powers, from the equipoise and balance of his faculties, that he should not devote himself with special concentration to any distinctive branch of scholarship. Yet he gave himself with loving and conscientious industry to every branch of study in which he was called to give instruction; and the fertility of his mind and the richness of his illustrations made him an equally able and interesting teacher. I am not sure, however, but that it was as an organizer and administrator that he was pre-eminently at home, and in these positions at Brooklyn and at Vassar he perhaps found his true field. I only know that he had a depth of reserved power which, in its occasional revealings under special exigencies, equally astonished and delighted those who thought they had already taken the measure of his faculties.

Everywhere, alike at Hamilton and Rochester, he was the charm of society. His life at Rochester was much less long than that at Hamilton. The old Hamilton circle could not be so closely re-drawn under its changed conditions. Some of its members had been left behind;

some dropped away from the shining circle; but the links of friendship with those he loved remained unbroken and bright, and he continued, in the other spheres of life and labor to which he was called, faithful to his old friendships, as the hearts of his friends ever beat in unfailing warmth toward him. It was always and everywhere a joy to greet the cordial pressure of his hand, and the beaming recognition of his eye. You felt always that you were dealing with a man who was thoroughly and to the bottom in principle and in feeling, true. His heart was always fresh and young and warm; his aspirations pure and lofty—as this memoir, I am sure, will abundantly show; his life devoted to high ends in the service of humanity, and of that Saviour to whom he had vowed an allegiance that never faltered, and that was only strengthened by advancing years. He seemed to me so naturally, so invincibly youthful that I could never associate him with either age or death; yet I am sure that death, when it came, found him ripened in character, rich in a garnered harvest of noble, Christian living, and ready, almost as by a translation, to pass from “work here” to “work” and rest “there.”

A. C. KENDRICK.

We must go back in our narrative to the year which gave to the Rochester University the President for whom it had waited three years.

TO PROF. GEORGE R. BLISS.

ANGELICA, July 22, 1853.

Here I am at last, and oh, what long breaths of sweet air I am taking! This is certainly what the country was made for, to fly to now and then from the stir and strife of duty's field, for refreshment and temporary repose; and the more delicious my sense of its sweets and beau-

ties, the more thankful I am that I no longer live here, to weary of them and lose my relish of their exquisiteness. You can't think how I enjoy looking back through the loop-holes of this green retreat, upon the toils of the year that is gone, and how cheerfully I already anticipate a return to them (not, however, before vacation is over). God is dealing very kindly with us in every respect this summer, and things flow on from day to day in our tranquil home, and beneath this pure midsummer sky, so serenely and delightfully that one might almost forget that it is a world of sin and sorrow, were it not for conscience and memory, and alas! for the news of calamities that are crushing the hearts of others.

Our Commencement went off crackingly, the more so from there having been a general impression among our friends that the institution had been suffering from the absence of Dr. Kendrick, the death of Dr. Maginnis, and our failure to get a president until the year was gone. In point of fact, we have never made so good an appearance as now. A very large gathering of our friends, including some from whom we expect liberal donations, encouraged us and gave a cheerful tone to the occasion. Next year we shall be much stronger in the Faculty. Dr. Robinson, who succeeds Dr. Maginnis, is a man of clear and vigorous intellect and most finished style, and with our new President, Dr. Anderson, our corps will be at last complete. We are heartily pleased with this last appointment. The Doctor is a strong and able man, and certainly conservative enough, even for a college president, which is saying a good deal, you know.

Give a heart-full of love to my dear sister, to whom my soul is knitted ever more firmly. Why do I not write and say it to her myself? Ah me, my leanness, my leanness! my laziness, my laziness! A hug and a kiss to every blessed chick and child from
JOHN.

TO JOHN T. HOWARD.

August 19, 1853.

Some time last spring, H. W. B. requested me to mark for him the best hymns in our Baptist Collection. I felt at the time that he had applied to the wrong man. But, besides my desire to oblige him, I imagined it might prove a pleasant and profitable exercise for myself, for I was dreadfully ignorant of hymnology, in general and in particular, and I had Henry's assurance that I would find it a delightful region, "tropical," he called it, with fragrant flowers, ambrosial fruits, waving leaves, and melodies ringing full of heaven. And I have tried it again and again. "Tropical" I find it, but only in the sense of arid, and, after half a dozen renewals of the effort, I haven't got half through the book yet. The general result of my examination thus far is about this. About one third (less, rather than more) are genuine metal, have the clear ring, and nine tenths of those are Watts' and so familiar as to need nobody's help in selecting them. The other tenth are generally Cowper's. Another third part are divisible into flat, flatter, flattest, and if these have got to be "sung in heaven," I pity the little cherubs in the Infant Department. The intermediate third belong to that class which, in poetry, neither gods nor men tolerate, the tolerable, the mediocre, the so-so-ish. And, on second thought, it seems to me that this last third part is a good deal larger than both the others put together. I hope that Henry has his "thousand" already made up without any help from me. Nevertheless, I shall probably go through with the book in time, and he can have my marks, if he cares for them.

The remaining two years in Rochester were uneventful. The exertions of removal and of the building up of the new interest being over, there was nothing to

call into action his best powers. Having seen the enterprise safely launched and sailing on smooth seas, he missed the excitement of the storms which he had breasted. In the absence of a president he had been one of those to guide the policy of the University and share in its administration, and it would now seem as if his creative and administrative faculties, having had release and a beginning of opportunity, were working in him an unrecognized desire for "fresh fields and pastures new." He writes in the spring of 1855: "Things are jogging along here much as usual. In the University, orations and rehearsals are the weary order of the day."

About this time letters from Brooklyn called his attention to the new Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, which had been built to supply a want greatly felt in that city, and to furnish within its own borders a collegiate education to its sons. His own name had been considered by the committee appointed to nominate a president, and an interview in which he was invited to meet that committee resulted in his call to the office. His personal friends in Brooklyn naturally felt an eager interest in the appointment. It was even enough to win a letter from his faithful friend but incorrigible correspondent, Mr. Beecher:

BROOKLYN, May, 1855.

MY DEAR JOHN: I wish you would come down this week to the anniversaries. The Polytechnic men wish to see you. They are quite eager to have you, and you stand a long way ahead of all persons in their favor. I think an interview would settle it, and open to you no mean field of labor.

As to the Rochester folks, I don't know what they will do about it. But we—that is, your family and personal

friends—have taken council and have voted unanimously, and immensely, that you must come. This opportunity is too good to be lost, and as for your classes, only get Fred Douglass or Miss Griffiths to take them till your return. You need not be gone but two days. Now, John, I have but one proof to give of my interest; behold it—a letter, written by my own hand!!

Yours ever,

H. W. BEECHER.

Prof. Raymond writes to his wife from New York:

NEW YORK, May 9, 1855.

Here I am, very cordially received by my friends, who are all agog for the success of the movement. Beecher, Robert, and I went round this morning to look at the building, a fine edifice nearly completed. We have just learned that the Board have appointed a meeting for me to-morrow evening.

Friday was a beautiful day, and a most glorious ride I had down the river by railroad. The sky was never more purely blue. The mountains never stood up against it in clearer outline or more majestic repose, and never did the waters of that noble stream roll with grander swell or glance more gayly in the sunshine.

I have been touching up my extremities to the extent of a new hat and a pair of boots. The intermediate parts, I flatter myself, will do. At any rate, if what I put into the hat wont serve my turn hereabouts, I can at least betake myself to the things I put into the shoes and travel back the way I came. Seriously, the thought of such a change from the old jog-trot is very refreshing. But the Lord must decide; we are in His hand; let Him do what seemeth good unto Him, and let us, dear wife, cheerfully confide and patiently wait.

TO MR. ALPHA MORSE.

ROCHESTER, June 8, 1855.

DEAR FATHER : . . . By the way, did you read my speech and resolutions at the Kansas meeting here? My disclaimer of sectionalism will hardly go down with my Silver-gray friends here; but it is honest, and the resolutions are neither more nor less than my sense of solemn duty requires. One thing is certain, they wakened up great enthusiasm here, in which many of our best citizens share; and I see they are responded to from other parts of the State. I trust they will do good.

And what say you to my proposed removal to Brooklyn? It is not to my taste, as you know, to change situations often. But I have felt for some time that my work was about finished here. Not that my position has not been congenial and satisfactory in every respect, and my relations with my colleagues most delightful and harmonious. The only trouble is that I have not responsibility and care enough, and no object before me sufficient to rouse my ambition and stimulate me to exertion. I must be captain of my own vessel if it be but a fishing-smack. Nor do I think this a childish ambition for the name and the office. My whole past experience goes to fit me for this kind of responsibility, if it fits me for anything; and I feel that the best result of my former training, and my best powers of doing good, lie idle and rusting in a position where I have nothing to do in the management and discipline of the Institution, and only an indirect personal interest in its success or unsucccess.

In Brooklyn, I have satisfied myself, there is a glorious opportunity of doing a great and a good thing, if the right man takes hold of it. It would put me to a severer test than I have ever felt before, I am well aware of that; but many indications of Providence seem to concur in

pointing it out as my destiny to make the venture, and I easily resign myself to my fate. It breaks up here in Rochester some of my pleasing visions of future repose and domestic enjoyment. But those visions, I think, may be realized much more perfectly in Brooklyn than here, and none the less for my having more to do.

As ever, affectionately,

J. H. R.

In July, 1855, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Prof. Raymond by the University of Rochester. His official connection with the institution ceased at that time, and one of the happiest and most peaceful periods of his life was closed, the only one since his boyhood unmarked by deep sorrow or by excessive care.

CHAPTER VIII.

BROOKLYN—THE POLYTECHNIC.

THE work to be accomplished by the new "Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute" in Brooklyn is touched upon in the following letter accepting its presidency:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, May 29, 1855.

H. R. WORTHINGTON, Esq.

DEAR SIR: The subject of our recent conversation at Syracuse has received the maturest consideration I could give it. I have also consulted those whose opinion it has seemed proper for me to seek, and, as the result of all, I have decided (not without great hesitancy) to return an affirmative answer to your Board. Will you have the kindness, through the Committee of which you are a member, to signify to the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute my acceptance of the appointment they have tendered me to the Presidency of the Institution?

To many of my friends I seem, in this change of my relations, to be leaving a certainty for an uncertainty; but the uncertainty involves a *possibility* of such magnitude and interest as in my own judgment fully warrants the venture. The attempt to adjust a complete system of education to the actual present necessities of the public, rather than to abstract philosophical ideals or the antiquated models of former times, is an experiment worth trying under the most

favorable circumstances possible. So far as this is a part of your object, I shall contribute my cordial and earnest co-operation.

But whatever may be the result of the experimental part of your enterprise, of so much I feel not the slightest doubt, that you may and will accomplish a noble thing for education in Brooklyn. To provide the youth of such a city with thorough instruction and a generous culture, on *any* plan that experience would sanction, and on any scale which is at all likely to meet the public demand, is no mean undertaking; and of so much, I think, we may, with the blessing of Providence, feel reasonably sure. The policy of the Board, it strikes me, will be, not to commit themselves by any pledges to a course of instruction of any particular extent or character, but laying their foundation broad and firm, and then following the indications of experience, and building securely as far as they go, to carry the edifice up as high as they can.

Increased endowments will probably be needed, in time, to make the Institute all that it ought to be. But I cannot entertain a doubt that these will be forthcoming as fast as needed, provided the Institute is made by its internal arrangement such an instrument of education as Brooklyn wants.

Much must depend on the selection of a proper Faculty. It should be composed of men not only abundantly competent in their respective departments of instruction, but able to work together (as far as possible) in perfect harmony. I earnestly hope no premature step may be taken in this direction. You could in no more effectual way tie the hands of your President than by giving him associates who (however excellent in other respects) could not understand him, or whom he could not understand. I have no candidates to propose for any chair; but I should feel a very strong desire to participate in the deliberations of the Board

respecting every appointment, and (so far as may be) to form a previous personal acquaintance with every appointee.

It would give me great pleasure to comply with your suggestion to come at once to Brooklyn and enter upon the duties of my office. But my engagements with this University make it impossible. My services are due here until the 13th of July, after which I am the servant of the Board.

Yours with sincere regard,

J. H. RAYMOND.

The caution of his purpose to build slowly and surely was characteristic of all his aims and modes of working. But although he would not be committed to a plan of greater scope than could certainly be compassed, his conception of the end to be attained was high. It was some time before he could abandon the hope of making the institution a college. The foundations, as he had determined, were laid "broad and firm;" the course of study was thoroughly pursued so far as it could be carried, and if it stopped short of a collegiate completeness, it was only because the demand for a home college instruction in the community was yet to be created. A large proportion of those who entered the Institute desired an education which should fit them for mercantile rather than professional life, and were satisfied with a course of study extending no farther than that commonly reached in the Junior year in colleges; while those who wished a full collegiate course preferred to seek it, or in many cases only to complete it, in the older institutions, where their examinations for the higher classes testified to the thoroughness of the Polytechnic preparation.

But while Dr. Raymond was unable to carry on his plan to the perfect end which his own sense of com-

pleteness demanded, and which was reserved for a later work, he found enough to fully engross his energies at first in outlining and developing the scheme.

He writes of the hopes awakened by the prospect of a home in Brooklyn to his brother Robert, then visiting that city:

ROCHESTER, June 9, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter has just reached me with its congratulations on the prospect, surely not less cheering to us than to any of our friends, of a home for us in the "old places" and among the dear, dear "old faces." My prevalent feeling in relation to it is that I cannot wait patiently for the time to come. Spite of all my efforts to restrain the enthusiasm of my anticipations, sadly sensible as I am of the danger of all hopes that fix on earthly scenes and objects, I find myself more and more eager, more and more confident as the day approaches.

But I cannot bear to hear you speak of separation, as though when we went you were to be left behind. Not so, surely, if anything I can do will prevent it. Deeply grieved and disappointed shall I be if, instead of separation, it does not result in bringing us nearer to each other, and removing all bar to our intercourse. But of this more hereafter.

I am writing very hastily now to say that I am expecting to leave for Brooklyn next Tuesday, returning at the close of the week, and to ask if you will not be through with your visit there by that time, and ready to come westward with me. Love to all the dear ones there, whom my heart greets with new hope and eagerness.

The expressions in this letter recall one written in former days from Hamilton, when the brother to

whom it is addressed was considering a plan for removing to New York—not then carried into effect—and when the heart of his brother John was stirred with longings to follow him to the old spot. The thought of their return to the old home, there to live and labor together among dear and familiar scenes, was an oft-recurring dream, impracticable as it seemed. It was never entirely banished, although it did not become a definite hope until he was himself called to Brooklyn. His old desire to be associated with his brother in a common field of labor returned with new force when the field demanded just the aid which he felt that none so well as this beloved brother could give. On none could he so constantly rely for counsel in the general management of the school, and to no other could he entrust the department which had hitherto been of prime consideration to himself. If Rhetoric and Belles Lettres could no longer claim the chief place in his thought, he rejoiced to commit it to one with whom its interests were more than safe.

No one was more familiar with the steps by which the Polytechnic advanced to a complete organization than the brother who bore such an efficient part in the work. The history of those labors could hardly be given without the light thrown upon them by his personal recollections:

MY DEAR NIECE: You ask me for some reminiscences of your father's work in the Brooklyn Polytechnic. As a co-worker-with him there, enjoying peculiarly favorable opportunities of observing his methods and studying them from the *inner side*, I naturally view the subject in the light of my personal relations to him and of his

influence on myself, and that carries me back to my earliest recollections of our boyhood.

Without doubt, my brother John in those days had plenty of qualities which are common to the majority of boys. Indeed, not a few passages in his career give evidence that he was full of fun and frolic, and liable to mischief, "even as others." I suspect that some who knew him only in the somewhat formidable dignity of later years would be drawn to him with a sense of relief if they knew how merry a rogue among youthful rogues he was. But my own feelings towards him even then were rather those of affectionate reverence; though his place in the family was only next above me in age, and we had a brother and a sister older. And that feeling came by degrees, I think, to affect the more advanced members of our circle, so that after a while he seemed to assume among us, as if by common consent, the position of a judge or arbiter. Somebody has used the term "round-headed"—speaking of Washington. It will apply very well to John. That is, he was remarkable for the harmonious development of all his faculties rather than for the undue prominence of any one of them. This gave a *judicial* cast to his mind. It was his habit from very childhood to look on all sides of a subject or a word before he gave tongue to his thought. In this process he lost something, of course, in rapidity of decision—either in speech or action; but both, when they definitely left his lips or hand, were sure to be the best of their kind.

I well remember when some dispute would break out among us children, and the tongues of a somewhat voluble race would be set loose in clamorous advocacy of either side of the controversy, how promptly and as it were intuitively he would "bench" himself; the pregnant reticence with which he would await the exhaustion of the last com-

batant, and the wise and methodical way in which he would begin the "summing up," which was to continue until the case was settled beyond appeal. It would not be strange if the thoroughness of this process should be sometimes open to the charge of prolixity; and defeated parties among us have been known to avenge themselves by declaring that the secret of our self-constituted umpire's power consisted in worrying out the contestants with the length of his decision. Certain it is we all fell into the habit of quiet acquiescence in the decrees of this boy-court, and not seldom would even the parental dignity bow, if not to its decrees, to the clear and cogent statement of reasons on which they were based.

It would be a great mistake to infer from this that he was in any sense a *prig*, or that his manner was as a rule prosy. He had an immense fund of enthusiasm, which will be remembered by those who were called to feel the persuasive fervor of his early preaching, and which others have seen on rare occasions in his riper manhood fusing his logical processes until he flamed like a blazing mountain with earnest eloquence; but which in his later years was subdued into a latent fire, inspiring with energy the whole tenor of his consecrated life.

Another bit of personal experience I will mention, for its bearing on the methods of his after-working. It has reference to his influence upon *me* as a boy, some four years younger than himself. When my over-sensitive and wayward nature, chafing under restraints and reproaches, salutary, perhaps, but none the less intolerable, flung itself away from the family influence, his was the only presence which, penetrating my sullen solitude, could quiet my fevered pulses, smooth my ruffled self-esteem, and, by that better *something* in me which stood longing to be approached, lead me back, a willing captive to his manly persuasion, into the paths of duty. He had a way of throwing himself into the

current he sought to control—of turning aside the course of the torrent, instead of trying to breast its tide.

I recur to these juvenile experiences, because it is these very ways of judging things and managing men that seem to have entered into all the labors and underlain all the successes of his after-life. They account for his conspicuous efficiency as a college professor at the Madison and Rochester universities; they are largely the methods which brought the infant enterprises of the Brooklyn Polytechnic and Vassar College to a vigorous and hopeful adolescence. It is of the former of these institutions that I am most qualified, from actual observation, to speak.

It was not without misgivings that your father accepted the task of bringing order and strength out of the materials which had been gathered for this noble structure, and which lay in chaotic confusion awaiting the touch of an organizing hand. His experience as an educator had been acquired in college halls and among maturer minds; and it was some greater familiarity with boy-schools and school-boys which I was supposed to possess which led him to desire my co-operation, and to procure my appointment to the chair which I occupied as long as he remained in the Presidency.

On arriving upon the ground, he found gathered in a tumultuous mass about five hundred lads, of ages ranging from ten to eighteen, representing the results of all sorts of training, and boiling over with the excitement attendant upon the unusual circumstance of an immense school springing into life full-grown, in which scholars, teachers, and trustees were all *brand-new* and mostly unacquainted with one another. To aid him in reducing this seething mass to subordination and system, a faculty of various antecedents—college tutors, West Point officers, masters of public schools, and retired clergymen—with differing, often opposing, notions of matters tuitional or disciplinary, and occasionally tinged with that jealousy for the relative im-

portance of their respective departments from which even such "celestial minds" are not always entirely free. Behind and above all these, a Governing Board of successful business men, admirably adapted in point of intelligence, liberality, and executive ability to the work they had undertaken—in every requisite, indeed, but one (which the succeeding quarter-century has so splendidly supplied): experience in the administration of academic affairs.

It was obvious enough that the foremost need was order. There were cogs and shafts and springs *galore*, but the machine was yet to be constructed. Or rather, as the plan embraced a collegiate, a scientific, and a commercial school—not separate, but interblended; each complete in itself, yet constituting a harmonious whole—the problem involved three machines working distinctly, and at the same time operating as one. Then was developed the Doctor's unsurpassed talent for organization. In this, some of his virtues verged upon faults, and some faults grew out of his virtues; but both united to give perfection and durability to the work he had in hand. A certain conscientiousness in little things seemed to obscure his sense of *perspective* in the use of his powers. Everything stood in the foreground. Not that all things were alike important in his view; but everything he undertook to do was all-important while he was about it. He concentrated all his faculties upon it, and never left it until it was exactly right, no matter how many greater things might await his attention. I remember that once, when a boy, he laboriously copied in india-ink an engraving, a single figure. It cost him days of patient toil, and when finished it could hardly be distinguished from the original. He had no other purpose in doing it, that I could ever see, than to test his powers in a new direction; and I think he never repeated the experiment. In the days of his early fatherhood his little son once brought him a dilapidated toy-wagon, with the rather bewildering request

that it should be repaired. The young professor at once accepted the commission; became profoundly interested, according to his wont; and produced, after several days of consuming devotion, a wagon renovated almost to absolute newness—wheels, shafts, and running-gear complete, whittled out with his skillful and assiduous pen-knife. It was a triumph of amateur dexterity, and a "joy for ever" to the young gentleman who profited by it; but, as a perfectly new toy of the same sort might have been purchased at a neighboring shop, it may be questioned whether, upon the whole, the transaction was a paying one.

I do not mean to imply that this was a type of the Doctor's habitual distribution of his time and energies. Far from it. But this same interest in the perfection of *minutiæ* always characterized him. He never learned to his latest day the art (not always useless) of slighting any, even the most insignificant, part of his work. That work might be, say, an article on the sublimest of themes; the same accurate knowledge and exacting taste must be brought to bear on everything about it; the syntax must be as correct, the orthography as faultless, the punctuation as precise, as the rhetoric was elegant and the reasoning sound.

Of all this nice discrimination, this elaboration of particulars, the complicated mechanism of the Polytechnic reaped the full advantage. Whatever may be thought of such an application of the presidential energy in point of economy—of the expediency of leaving something of detail to inferior hands—there certainly resulted a system so nearly perfect that to-day, after twenty-five years of trial, it continues in full operation, almost unchanged in every essential feature.

This was not the way to work for personal reputation. Very few of those who saw the disorderly elements slowly crystallizing into form, and perhaps none of those who

have since "entered into the labors" by which the transformation was effected, know anything of the days and nights of anxious study it represented. One of the most intelligent of the Directors, speaking to me of the Doctor a few days after his death, and according a very generous praise to his character and work, demurred, nevertheless, to this claim,—which I had made incidentally, quite as a matter of course. He said: "Dr. Raymond had very little to do with the *organization* of the Polytechnic; that work had been pretty well done for him in advance, having been outlined by Mr. —." The idea of a plan involving such a tangle of conflicting particulars being *outlined* beforehand; or of such a man as the new President spending the waking hours of half a year to perfect a scheme already prescribed by the pen-dash of a lawyer with little or no experience in educational affairs!

In the department of instruction, it was pretty evident that the pupils were not the only parties who would need educating. This may be inferred from the view already taken of the Faculty and Trustees. Of the latter it does not become me to speak. I can know nothing of their relations to the President except that he cherished for them the profoundest esteem, and always spoke of their generous and enlightened co-operation as worthy of the guardians of a great educational trust. But as to the Faculty, while I can freely aver (speaking for my colleagues) that a more faithful, intelligent, and every way worthy body of men were never thus fortuitously thrown together, we certainly did need to learn to modify our individual notions and harmonize our methods—in short, *to pull together in harness*. One would naturally expect the members of an academic board to be reasonably jealous of the royal prerogative. But this is seldom the fact. The average college professor will gladly compound with presidential interference. His traditional disgust is the

faculty meeting. He hates the discussion, and would shirk the responsibility of the general management. He would prefer an autocratic president, who should administer the discipline and regulate all the external affairs of the college, assuming the credit or the odium, and leaving him to cultivate undisturbed his own department, more important in his eyes than all beside. But there was nothing in the least Napoleonic in the Doctor's methods; on the contrary, they were Democratic in spirit and in form. It was no part of his tactics to have all the power seem to emanate from him in order that he might appropriate all the glory of successful results. He would have his professors trained to be an administrative as well as a teaching faculty. They were expected to have opinions on all questions of the general interest; to express them if they would—to *vote* them, at all events. Result, a very fine specimen of automatic educational mechanism; second result, a very general distribution of the credit—a vague impression everywhere *outside* that nothing special had been done by anybody in particular.

This may be illustrated in the history of one of the most important, far-reaching, and creditable acts in the annals of the institution. I refer to the *rejection of corporal punishment from its discipline*. This is, in my judgment, the crowning glory of its career. While the same old controversy still goes on that racked our school-boards half a century ago; while even in meridional Boston, only the other day, the assertion was confidently made that no large school could possibly be carried on without the rod, there stands the Brooklyn Polytechnic, with more than seven hundred pupils under an exclusively moral control, to confute the falsehood, and to declare that for twenty-five years the sound of ignominious blows has never been heard within her walls.

And how was this accomplished? As you may well

suppose, the subject encountered us upon the very threshold of our undertaking. The Trustees very properly declined to take action, and referred the whole question to the teaching officers, to whom it seemed primarily to belong. Among the latter a diversity of opinion with regard to it, not very wide but very decided, was found to exist. There were none, of course, who favored making such a feature prominent in the discipline of the school; but some thought it should not be absolutely excluded: it should be retained as a *potential* instrumentality, hedged round and guarded in every way, appealed to on the rarest occasions, never administered by less than presidential hands, and only after solemn judicial process—but still to be regarded as a possible resort, and so reported to the Polytechnic populace. Others repudiated it *in toto*. They objected to hanging up even an ideal ferule, which could only prove an ineffectual terror to the bad, while casting an implied discredit on the motives of the good. There were still other some who stood between the extremes drawn by many considerations toward the more liberal policy, but doubtful of the experiment tried under circumstances apparently so inauspicious. Day after day, and night after night, the discussion continued. The debate ran high, though never transcending the limits of good feeling. Adjournment followed adjournment, and no end was reached. Meanwhile the Doctor held the helm with a steady hand, and opened not his lips. I have myself no question of his opinion, and, had occasion demanded, no doubt he would have “summed up” in the old judicial way, and when he had finished the subject would have gone to its final rest. But he saw a better way. He adopted a policy of masterly delay. The discussion was revived, but ever at remoter periods; and at each recurrence the temperature was found to be lower, and the divergence notably

less. For, as both parties had a common purpose in seeking for the truth, each began to feel the force of the other's reasons. Meanwhile, the school itself was taking shape, and slowly swinging into its orbit. The cases of discipline already arising were necessarily treated without resort to penal blows, and the moral expedients which were to serve in place of these were gradually being reduced to system. And now the original disputation was held in abeyance by tacit understanding. Presently the opponents of the new order of things, who at first disbelieved, came to doubt only—then hoped—and at last were thoroughly converted. The work was done; precisely how perhaps no one knows, but the great fact remains. Neither enactment, nor resolution, nor recorded point of departure can be found to indicate the adoption of the policy, and yet, by a common law more imperative and irrevocable than that of statute, the rod is repudiated in the Brooklyn Polytechnic finally and forever! It is the brightest jewel in the diadem of that noble institution. It is an illuminated page in the history of education, marking a higher stage in human progress. It ought to be, and by and by, when better known, will be a theme of gratulation all over the world.

May I not reasonably add that the whole affair reflects great credit on the administration of the first President of the Institute; and that it illustrates the eminent sagacity, as well as modesty, of his management? As he sought no credit for the achievement, so he never got any; for it was but the other day that the President of the Trustees, duly glorifying this event before an assembly celebrating the first quarter-century in the life of the school, referred it exclusively to the action (or non-action) of that board,—a body of gentlemen whose precise degree of credit in the premises consisted in the negative virtue of

having left the whole subject, from first to last, entirely alone!

In my brother's relations to his *pupils* I see little else than an enlarged reflection of the youthful experiences I have already detailed: the same impressive dignity, the same firm and gentle handling, with the same results of willing submission and affectionate reliance on the part of the subjects of his fatherly treatment. The first impression he made on every one was of his absolute rectitude of purpose, and the presumptive justice of his judgments. I do not believe a scholar of the Doctor's ever lived to charge him with *partiality*, that ready assumption of every culprit under pressure of the law. Before his calm, patient, searching inquisition, sooner or later prevarication cowered, passion subsided, petulance shrank ashamed; while insubordination never for a moment withstood the flash of his angry eye. The respect thus commenced ripened, in all the right-minded, into a deep and lasting affection. Whether or not others may have had for a time a more magnetic influence over the boys, it is certain that the ties which bound them to the Doctor were of a kind to increase in strength as growing maturity enabled them the better to appreciate the greatness of his goodness. In all this nothing has been said of him as a *teacher*. On that subject, of course, I could have little personal knowledge. We all know how popular and successful in this respect was his university career; but I apprehend that he never sufficiently replaced the *ex-cathedra* habits of a college professor to become the most effective drill-master for boys. He gave his classes too much credit for a capacity for self-sustained effort, and sought to make them the recipients of his own profound and accurate learning rather than to develop their nascent powers and train them in the acquisition of knowledge. But this was of less conse-

quence at the Polytechnic, where by far the more important part of his work was one of general direction, and still less in his subsequent career, where he was called to deal with maturer minds.

Of that after-history I know little more than general report; but I have no doubt that the same characteristics attended his course at Vassar as I have traced here from his earliest years. An influential member of the Executive Board of that institution, himself a distinguished educator, once expressed to me the greatest admiration for the sagacity, the forbearance, the consummate skill, which marked the policy of Dr. Raymond in that body. He envied him his masterly management of men. It was the old ideal realized—the *suaviter in modo et fortiter in re*. Surprise and overthrow awaited all who mistook his gentle and deliberate manner for vacillation or any other form of weakness, and presumed upon the error. The rash approach of hostile purpose ever revealed under the velvet glove a hand of steel.

But this discussion is not for me. I only know, as you and all who loved him know, how more and more intensely and exclusively, in those latter years, he became absorbed in his work; until it seemed that all the sweet relations of family and friendship would be sacrificed to these wider duties. At last the very priest himself sank down before the flame of the altar. If ever man *poured himself out* in the service to which he had been consecrated, it was he. So identified had become the man with the great purpose of his being, so interblended his labor and his life, that it was only natural to hear him murmur, as the latter receded, of the sweetness of passing from the work of this world to the—not rest, but—work of the next.

When great and good men are removed, we are apt to speak despondingly about filling their vacant places.

But I think my brother's work was done. He had "finished the task that was given him to do." Though it is hard for us to see it, doubtless the time had arrived for others to step in and build upon the foundation he had laid so well. And we have every reason to hope that it may prove of Vassar as it has so gloriously proved of the Polytechnic: that a still grander success will crown the enterprise, the first impulse and direction of whose organic life were derived from him. God's workers are not striving for the "credit of the thing." The spirit in which they toil is gathered rather from the words of the Master: "One soweth and another reapeth. Other men have labored, and ye have entered into their labors. So that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

R. R. R.

It was not strange that those who knew the value of this life should tremble to see its vigor so rapidly expended in those days of "sowing." With the duties of his office, which he might well describe in those first years as "bewildering," and with the "extra-professional labors" whose necessity he subsequently explains, he truly seemed "as a cart pressed under sheaves." In writing of the early days of the Polytechnic he says, "Never have I so felt the want of a power of ubiquity or self-multiplication." The busy days were succeeded by the nights of weary wakefulness which so drained his vital powers and which became familiar to him as "nights in which it seems impossible, first, to get to sleep, and then to stay asleep when by accident you do drop off into a momentary unconsciousness, and when, meantime, your brain is spinning through infinite space like an everlasting humming-top."

It is pleasant to add to the testimony of a brother

words of indorsement and remembrance from Dr. Raymond's other associates in the Polytechnic Faculty. How much he owed to the sympathy and support of his fellow-laborers there, was understood by all who heard the enthusiasm and affectionate praise with which he ever spoke their names. A letter is given from Prof. Robert Foster, who was Principal of the Collegiate Department at the opening of the institution, and has ever since occupied that office, during a period of twenty-five years :

COLLEGIATE AND POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE,
BROOKLYN, NOV. 12, 1880.

Availing myself of the privilege you very kindly accorded, I have read once and again, in advance of publication, Professor Raymond's letter of Polytechnic reminiscences. My first thought, notwithstanding the promise already made you, was to decline the attempt to write anything, either by way of complement or supplement to a memoir which my mind and heart so thoroughly indorse. For the letter is not only a glowing tribute of affection to a brother's memory, and a just estimate of the character of an eminent man among men, one whom the writer had known intimately and observed closely in their common professional walk in life, but it is withal nearly complete as a portrait of the first President of the Polytechnic Institute. On a second perusal of the letter, however, it has occurred to me that, possibly, the real man may, in some respects, be more fully and truthfully represented by bringing into greater prominence one or two features which, from my stand-point, seemed to be strongly marked.

That Dr. Raymond brought to the class-room wealth of information, accuracy of knowledge, maturity and finish of scholarship, tact in teaching, and a suavity of manner

combined with severity of requirement which made him, to the older pupils, an instructor grandly patterned after the Arnold model, was his wide-spread and unchallenged reputation during the decade of his busy Polytechnic life. But since, in his office as class-teacher, I did not know him by personal observation, I pass on to consider briefly his work in other and yet more important relations.

As the Head of the Faculty, he not only presided at its meetings, but he was its organ of communication with the parents of the students, with the pupils as a body, and with every member of that body who reached the Faculty in the course of discipline. In these relations, the constant opportunity was mine to study Dr. Raymond thoroughly, and in them, therefore, I may claim, according to my ability, to have known him well. To preside at the meetings of a Faculty composed of professors, each a stranger to the rest, and therefore without homogeneity of conviction and counsel—a Faculty met to organize and legislate for an institution the material for which was unwieldy in size as well as chaotic in condition—was the extraordinary task to which Dr. Raymond was called in the Fall of 1855. That he did direct safely and wisely the important deliberations of this Faculty was sufficiently manifest as the methods of instruction and policy of government assumed definite shape, and wrought out their happy and approved results. And all this was so accomplished that each and every member of the Faculty cherished for the President a generous measure of respect and affection, which no experience of adverse decision on his part ever dislodged or, even for a moment, disturbed. How could it be otherwise? When views were discordant and interests clashed, and in the freedom and ardor of debate anything in the nature of personal disparagement was reached, the President never hesitated to assert his prerogative so far as to check the irregularity. This,

however, was always done with a kindly tact and a consummate skill that left no ground for the charge of injustice, no room for the rankling of jealousy.

In dealing with parents and pupils, he never failed to impress the conviction that he was their true and sympathetic friend, and even the dismissal of a refractory student was effected with such tender regret that the departing member could not but carry with him a healing sense of cordial benediction. Although it is true that he was earnest and vigorous in condemnation of the wrong, and sometimes, in the presence of meanness, would flash out with a flaming indignation which, indeed, bore a blessing with it, but only as a consuming fire, nevertheless, he was a lover of peace; nay, more, he was regarded by all who knew him as a born peace-maker. His nature was gentle, and the ruling principles of his life were, "First pure, then peaceable." To maintain or restore good-will between those who differed he spared not himself, freely giving of his time and strength to the work of reconciliation.

Dr. Raymond was justly noted for his correct and cogent use of the English language. Whether before the Faculty only or the entire Institute, or again on the platform of a public meeting, even when the subject treated had not been anticipated, his talks and addresses were characterized not only by intelligence and method, but by the choicest diction; insomuch that those who listened often inferred that when he uttered the first word, framed the first sentence, shaped the first link in the chain of reasoning, he had in mind the entire discourse; in brief, that the whole address had been written and memorized. I am told it was his aim and effort from early youth to "do everything well," which he thought "worth doing at all;" and all his literary work having been done with the same spirit and purpose, it had become the invariable custom of this carefully constructed scholar to think, speak, and write in elegant and

forcible English. The style of conversation and speech which he thus kept in full view of all with whom he had to do was an ever-present, ever-active means and source of higher education to the teacher as well as the student of the Polytechnic. From him all learned to admire and strive for rigid fidelity to rhetorical rule, rather than for fluency of speech; for felicity of language, rather than facility of utterance.

No biography of this good man would be complete which did not record the fact that his conversation, even in confidential relations and under most secluded circumstances, was always refined and wholesome. He was uniformly cheerful, sometimes jocose even to jollity; but he seemed instinctively to avoid even the verge of coarseness. I may appropriately add here that during the ten years of intimate and almost daily intercourse with Dr. Raymond, I never received from him one impatient word; nor do I now recall that he ever uttered such to any member of the Faculty, or of the Academic corps of instructors. One peculiarity in the management of the Institute well illustrates the character of the man. Previous to the opening of the Polytechnic, no large school in Brooklyn had depended, for the control and moral training of its pupils, on appeals made to their love of right and their sense of honor. On these almost exclusively did Dr. Raymond rely from first to last; never employing or allowing any resort to physical intimidation. It is true that he consulted frequently and freely with his associates in the Faculty, and paid liberal deference to their judgment, but the plans for organization, the policy of government, and the whole system of management as at first adopted and afterwards amended during his administration, were substantially his own suggestion. Therefore, in estimating the value of his work and influence as President of the Polytechnic, we need only refer to the good name the Institute had won before his retirement; for that

fully attests the wisdom, ability, and popularity of his management.

In closing this imperfect tribute, we would emphasize our exalted estimate of Dr. Raymond's worth as a true man; a man swayed always and everywhere by the purest motives and the noblest ambitions. Verily, between the lines of his manuscript, behind the words he uttered, back of every deed he performed, there was one unceasing, earnest, humane, devout Christian purpose.

With great regard,

Very truly yours,

ROBERT FOSTER.

Accompanying the above, was the following note from Mr. Collord, the Professor of Ancient Languages, and Mr. Seymour, the Principal of the Academic Department, these gentlemen, like Mr. Foster, having retained their present positions in the Institute from its earliest days:

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, NOV. 13, 1880.

Having been associated with Prof. Foster in the Polytechnic Faculty during the years designed to be covered by the above letter, we desire to unite without a qualifying sentiment or word in his affectionate tribute to the memory of our dear and honored friend Dr. Raymond.

GEORGE W. COLLORD,

EDWARD C. SEYMOUR.

From his own words we learn little of his work except that it left him no time for friendly correspondence. Amid its many distractions came severe family trials. A new bereavement had been sent to take one more from his little flock just as he was ready to gather them into the longed-for Brooklyn home; and the serious lameness of another—the only son then left to him

—gave him forebodings which were, alas ! sadly realized. His letters give only hurried glimpses of the cares which occupied him at school and at home.

TO DR. GEORGE R. BLISS.

ANGELICA, Aug. 11, 1855.

You have heard of my proposed change of place and labor. A thousand times have I wished you near enough to talk over one point and another that have come up for settlement in the progress of this affair. But wishing brought you no nearer, and as each point demanded immediate decision, I have been compelled to proceed, step by step, almost entirely on my own judgment, until I find myself fairly at sea, the old cords sundered, and my little bark fairly set sail on a voyage more daring and hazardous than any I have ventured on before. Still, I cannot but hope that Providence has been my guide, and that my inspiration has come not wholly from earthly and unworthy sources. I certainly feel that my sole dependence for success is on that same divine blessing which has been bestowed heretofore on my undertakings in a measure of fullness so out of proportion to the meagerness of their deservings.

I have but just got away from Brooklyn, where I have been since closing up at Rochester ; and I have to be back there by the first of September. Meanwhile I have the pleasant little job on my hands of arranging the whole course of instruction for the preparatory, collegiate, scientific, and commercial departments, with the single encouraging consideration that, as there is absolutely nothing determined, I have the amplest scope to exhibit all my wisdom and expose all my folly in this fancy business. I want very much to talk over some points with you ; and my principal object in writing was

this selfish one, to urge you and M——, with as many of the “chilluns” as you please to bring, to come and make us a visit just now. We should have thought seriously of going ourselves to see you, but the state of things in our family forbids it entirely. It becomes increasingly clear that our dear little A. is a victim to that terrible disease, the hip complaint. We have had him during the summer at the Clifton Water Cure, with favorable effects upon his general health, but without appearing to arrest the progress of the disease, and we are anxious, as soon as it will be safe, to take him to the city and try another course. We feel that a portentous cloud hangs over his future. My hope used to rise up against such a pressure with a resilient elasticity which refused to be overborne. But it is not so now. I have learned in too many sad experiences that trouble is a reality—that our heavenly Father is in earnest in the discipline which He administers—to be able by a mere effort of the will to shut my eyes to the long train of sufferings and sorrows which in all probability await this dear child. And after resigning one after another of my darling boys, until this only one remains, be assured, dear brother, it is not easy to anticipate such a blight as about to fall on him. Yet, after much struggling and anguish of spirit, I feel that there is a victory over this too. “The will of the Lord”—it is enough; therein is triumph, is joy. May the Lord prepare both him and us to endure His will with patience, that afterward we may together inherit the promise!

TO MISS ALMIRA PORTER: Rochester.

ANGELICA, NOV. 5, 1855.

MY DEAR ALMIRA: I have been long waiting for some leisure to write you, but little expected to find it under

circumstances like these. The blow that has fallen upon us has been so sudden, so unlooked for, so stunning, that I hardly realize, hardly comprehend it yet. I only feel that a great calamity has occurred, a precious part of me has been torn away and left me numb and aching. Dear little Lilian! I have hardly thought of her, consciously, for ten successive minutes in as many weeks. Yet she has been a constant, smiling presence to me, and in all our plans and fond anticipations of the "new home," she, dancing little sunbeam, has been the light of it. And now that that light has been so suddenly put out, oh what a shadow falls upon the whole prospect, and how the heart is taken away from all my hopes!

It was our expectation to get settled in our new house and have all the children with us, two or three weeks ago. We had already brought Ally on to New York to be treated for his lameness, while the others remained in the country. But vexatious delays prevented our getting possession of the house until a week ago. Mrs. Raymond's arrangements, however, were so perfectly made that by the close of last week we should have been in complete order. To-day was set for her coming on after the children, to return immediately, and the close of this week was to see us once more a united family with as cheering prospects of happiness as this poor world usually affords. Alas! the shaft of fate was already on its way to shatter this fond scheme and smite the brightest jewel from our circle. Wednesday brought by telegraph the news of Lily's illness. It was so unexpected. Every letter before had told of her perfect health, her growth in stature and intelligence—her improvement in every respect. We had but one feeling about her, that of impatient longing once more to look upon her loveliness, and to show to those who would share our joy in her this darling of our hearts.

On Thursday last I received a dispatch that C. had arrived at Angelica, and that Lily was better. But I could not be hopeful. A leaden weight was on my heart. Friday noon brought the sad, sad tidings, and I left New York on the evening train. We go back to-night to Brooklyn with all that remains of our little lost one.

Poor C. is greatly cast down. She has parted with many dear ones, but with none so bitterly as this. The sore trial of separation from Lily which cost her so much during the summer, and especially during the last two months, was just approaching its end, and the mother's heart was already straining on the cords which should hold it but a few more days from its darling. To have that meeting so rudely precipitated, and instead of the sweet, joyous birdling she had so longed for, to find the poor little struggling sufferer, who was too far gone to speak her name, or even give one certain *look* of recognition—O Father, God, might not some element of bitterness have been spared from the cup? Still must we say, Not our will, but Thine, be done!

Our poor, dear Ally is still closely confined by his lameness. You would be surprised to see how contented he is, and how cheerfully he passes his days with his book and playthings, as though he had never known what out-of-door amusement was, although he now and then heaves a sigh as if he partly realized how much of the ordinary enjoyments of his age he is compelled, poor boy! to forego. I often think I see the indications of a softening and an elevation of character in him which are in advance of his years. But I cannot help feeling inexpressibly sad when I compare him with his little cousins and mates, perfect in limb and free to go and come and mingle in all activities and societies suited to their age, that he should be singled out for such an affliction. But when I remember who has done it, and that He chasten-

eth whom He loveth, not only are my murmurings hushed, but I am led to hope that this seeming affliction may prove in the end an occasion for joy rather, because a means of preparing him for higher service in the kingdom of God on earth or in heaven.

I know you will write to us. Never did we need the sympathy of friends more than now. A few lines from our old home, where Lily was so well known and loved, would be especially welcome.

Give our best love to all our dear friends.

J. H. R.

ANGELICA, July 31, 1856.

MY DEAR BLISS: I have often felt like writing to you about my operations in Brooklyn, but have looked forward to a good long talk. And now matters have accumulated to such a mass that it would be absurd to essay them with pen and paper. The result of the year's labor you have seen in the catalogue I sent you; but you would hardly guess by what circuitous processes and multitudinous steps I have reached conclusions, most of which will strike you as very simple and obvious.

The first difficulty I met was in the acquiescence of all my associates in the Board and Faculty to my wishes, and their disposition to devolve on me the entire responsibility of giving shape and direction to the enterprise. This I knew would never do. For the result would be that no one would be satisfied, and I should bear the whole blame. After they got to work, the trouble, of course, was just the opposite. We had come together from all quarters, with habits adapted to half a dozen different modes of procedure on every single point of discussion. I expected to have my own way in the end, and (if possible) the best way. So I must hear everybody, get everybody's best idea, assimilate these in a

homogeneous and workable scheme, and finally reconcile everybody else in the Faculty and Board to the result. It has been an exciting as well as laborious work, and I must say I have enjoyed it and feel some satisfaction in the measure of success (I trust) achieved. There is time enough left, however, for another class of feelings.

BROOKLYN, February 26, 1858.

MY DEAR BLISS: Your generous sheet, so full of suggestive matter for head and heart, deserved an earlier acknowledgment, and should have received it but that I hoped I might find time soon to execute the little commissions with which you charged me. But more than a month has passed and I seem as far from the realization of that hope as ever.

The truth is, your request that I would drop loungingly into Westermann & Co.'s, run my eye leisurely over the contents of new foreign publications, judge of their adaptedness to the wants of our own country, etc. etc., struck my mind with a freshness absolutely delightful. It recalled a vision of the literary privileges and possibilities of city life, quite familiar to my unsophisticated country imagination—a beautiful dream of the past, long since lost amidst the cold and hard realities of the actual experience. Why, bless your heart, my dear fellow, has it not got through your hair yet that I am nothing more nor less than an exaggerated school-master now, with more than four hundred boys and (alas!) their twenty teachers on my hands, to manage and manœuver, and by all sorts of motives and expedients to make diligent, faithful, and successful in their several works, and that this little job uses me all up from sunrise to sunset for five days of every week, so that I deem myself happy when

I can sit down to dine at half-past four or five o'clock, and more than happy if, after dinner, I can sit and snooze away my weariness enough to attend the "Board meeting" or "Committee meeting" or "Church meeting" or other meetings, public or private, of which the evening is sure to bring one if not two or more? And then when Saturday comes, who can tell how quick it has gone with hardly an impression made on the host of necessities accumulated through the week and previous weeks, and all clamorously calling for the promised appropriation of the *leisure* (!) day? The luxury of an hour in a bookstore I assure you I have not enjoyed the whole winter through, and I am a positive stranger in my own study, as a study. The Philharmonic concerts, three or four visits to picture-galleries, three literary lectures (one my own!), and an occasional sup of Beecher, comprises my entire bill of intellectual fare, the sum total of my means of intellectual growth and gratification for the past six months.

But enough of this! I have become intensely interested in the one great experiment I am trying here, that of the school; and although my expectations are now much more moderate and limited as to its ultimate grade or rank, as well as the range of its operations, I shall feel abundantly repaid for much and hard work if I can bring it, in the character of its influence, at all up to my conception of the possibilities and duties of such an institution. Besides, I still hope for a diminution, in time, of the tax on my personal attention and care, though, thus far, every success attained has only revealed new and greater heights to be attempted, and peremptorily forbidden any relaxation of effort on pain of a defeat more mortifying in proportion to the more confident expectations of our friends.

CHAPTER IX.

BROOKLYN—DOMESTIC LIFE AND VACATION HOURS.

IT was needful, perhaps, that care and trial should chasten the heart of one who might have found too perfect a happiness in the fulfillment of his brightest earthly dream. In the return to the home of his boyhood he realized all that he had hoped of glad reunion. During the ten years which he spent in Brooklyn, four of the five brothers and sisters had neighboring homes there, and in the daily mingling of their families renewed the sweet intimacies of their own childhood and youth. Many festal gatherings also brought them together. But no meetings were happier than those in which they joined every week in Sabbath-evening worship around a common altar. The hour had been set apart by our Grandfather Raymond; the elder sister, to whom he had committed the sacred trust of holding the family band together, had kept the fires burning upon the same hearthstone where he had kindled them in her home, after his own was broken up. It had been the weekly meeting-place since his death, rendered sweet and sacred by the songs which he best loved, and which are still sung there by his children's children unto the fourth generation—in answer, it would almost seem, to his constant and most fervent prayer for those who should come after him, "that they might be one."

Besides the society of the brother and sister whose reminiscences of those years in Brooklyn have been

given, my father enjoyed that of his elder brother, on whom he had always leaned most lovingly, and to whom he owed an almost filial debt. Their intercourse was particularly intimate in the days of early summer and fall, when the absence of my father's family from the city made him most willing to accept the hearty hospitality of his brother's home, and of one who with all-unwearied and affectionate devotion filled a sister's place. It is deeply regretted that in the destruction by fire of his letters to this brother and sister, are lost many recognitions of their kindness and sweet companionship. He writes to his family just before their return from the country:—"So I must draw on my patience for another fortnight? The stock runs very low, notwithstanding the undiminishing charms of my dear adopted home. It seems as if the kindness of all generous whole-souled folk grows greater every day. Did I tell you how they have refurnished my room throughout? More outward comforts I could not possibly have, and not a few heart-ones are added." It needed all that the most thoughtful affection could supply to fill the void yearly made in his own home, and we find his heart straying away to the home at Angelica, where his loved ones were gathered:

To his WIFE.

BROOKLYN, Sunday Eve, Sept. 27, 1857.

The folks have all gone to meeting, except myself and Ward's boys, who occupy the parlor—G. reading, C. playing with his kitten on the floor, and J. stretched at full length and in a profound snooze upon the sofa. It has seemed to me that I should gain more true repose and refreshment of spirit by a little quiet converse with myself

and you at home than by again mingling in the crowds at church, dazzled by the glare of gas and the splendor of such eloquence as excited me this morning, even beyond the ordinary pitch of Plymouth Church excitement. What a sermon it was! and how utterly impossible to convey an idea of its beauty and power to those who did not hear it! I think Mr. Beecher never preached better than he is preaching this fall—with greater simplicity and directness of evangelical doctrine, with more striking originality, variety, and vividness of illustration, or more intense and vital sympathy with the actual moral wants of the people. His sermon this morning (to be continued this evening) was a discourse for the times, the duty of Christian men at this crisis of commercial disaster—"Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." I cannot begin to give you an idea of the moral grandeur and elevation of the position which he pointed out as that which belonged to Christ's servant in such times, and to which he appeared to lead and lift up his people by the power of his inspiring eloquence. He contrasted the (so-called) calamities of the time with the real extremities, the terrific sorrows, through which God had often led His people in past ages, and in the very midst of which some of the sublimest triumph-songs of Christian faith have been composed and sung; and forbade them, in Christ's name, to whimper and whine under such troubles as they had. He showed how passing rich the child of God remains when the worst has befallen him, when stripped and peeled of earthly fortune and comfort. And he summoned them up to a high conception and heroic discharge of their duty as witnesses for Christ and the Gospel under circumstances which put all men and all principles to the test, sifted the chaff from the wheat, and enabled the dullest to perceive the difference between the precious and the vile. The duty of cheerfulness and hope, of resignation to the divine will, of rigid

integrity under strong temptations to swerve, and of generous sympathy and helpfulness at a time when general panic was intensifying selfishness into cruelty, were all set forth with a vividness and glory which I think surpassed all the triumphs of pulpit eloquence that I have ever heard. His imagery was largely suggested by the incidents connected with the loss of the Central America, now so fresh in all minds, and which furnished so many striking lessons of human impotence and divine sovereignty, of faithfulness to duty and the heroism of generosity and self-sacrifice.

But I staid at home to get over the excitement, and I find I am writing myself into it again. I dined at Tasker's, and instead of resting in the afternoon, as I should, had a long discussion with J. and others on the influence of college secret societies, which did not tend to quiet my nerves. Now, fibers, cease to quiver!

You know how hard it is for me to escape from the thralldom of the present; but as I have been sitting here this evening, with all so still around me, memory and imagination have borne me back to the dear home by the fountain, and all things have stood out so vividly about me that I wake to a sense of their real distance with the pain with which we follow the vanishing figures of a delightful dream. I see you reclining on bed or lounge, with all appliances of comfort which thoughtful affection could suggest and busy hands arrange. I see moving gently about you faithful and loving forms, watching for opportunities to minister to your needs or add to your pleasures. I hear soft voices reading for your amusement, or detailing for your edification with every variety of emotion and emphasis "the news," both great and small, from the outside world. Near you lies an object of diminutive dimensions which I cannot well make out, dim and shapeless to my utmost power of vision, yet manifestly the chief center of interest in the scene. On it your eyes rest often and fondly, full of placid joy and of

gratitude to the Giver of every good thing. Every movement it makes attracts every face and arrests whatever else is going on. M. comes into the room, and makes her way directly to that point, her shyness all gone, and her tongue and hands so busy that she must be checked and hushed and drawn aside. Ally follows, and stands looking at the tiny object with a face of loving thoughtfulness, as though he recognized there a new claim on his heart—a something for whose happiness he must study and strive. Grandpa and grandma enter and worship at the same shrine, each in their own way showing (or attempting to *veil*) their gratification and pride; while Nurse Marden moves about as queen and mistress of the realm, and none will venture to dispute her authority or disobey her word. My spirit hovers happily over the scene, drinking in its tranquil joy, and looking in vain for some medium of communication. No! stay—not in vain! it has found a voice. Listen and you will hear me singing and talking to you through the music of the *Fountain*, and softly saying, "I, too, am happy; *my* cup overflows with the fullness of its blessing, my heart leaps up with yours into the light of our dear Father's love, like this silvery stream in this pure moonlit balmy air, and falls back into His waiting bosom in sweet abandonment of faith and love."

Monday morning. The folks came in from church and banished my dream. But I appoint little Fountain my representative and interpreter. He will talk to you for me, and say more and better things for me than I could possibly say for myself.

I will try and be patient till you come. No mortal ever had better *second-homes* than I. Here at Ward's, Fanny entertains me like a princess, as she is, and treats me like a dear sister, as she is-er. I am made to feel by the whole household (perhaps I am too easily persuaded) that I am more than welcome—that I give pleasure as well as receive

it by staying. And if it be an illusion, "Stay, illusion!" say I.

Rivers of love to the dear children, to grandpa and grandma, and all, and most of all to your *ain dear sel*,

From J.

BROOKLYN, June 27, 1858.

I have no sort of idea how long it is since I last wrote you. It seems a little age, and as though I had passed it in a fiery furnace "seven times heated." Dim recollections flit across my mind of sundry letters from yourself and H. coming to hand in the midst of hurry and confusion, read by sweet snatches in swift intervals, and thrust hastily aside for more deliberate perusal and enjoyment.

I think I have never suffered more exquisitely from heat than during the past week. The weather itself has unquestionably been intensely hot; and the driving urgency and concentrated responsibility of "Commencement" times has kept up a blaze of corresponding fury within.

Last Thursday was the first day of examination, and fortunately things were pretty well prepared to go of themselves as to essentials. I dragged through the day's work, receiving visitors, showing them about the premises, mechanically conversing, bowing, smiling, and answering questions; then spent two hours in Faculty meeting, all as in a dream; went home to tea; after tea threw myself on the front parlor sofa, and sinking from semi to total unconsciousness, knew nothing more till I was called the next morning to breakfast. That sleep was doubtless just what I wanted, but it was a good deal longer than I anticipated. For I had promised to speak that evening at a "strawberry festival" at Pierrepont Street, and was vaguely meditating my speech when I fell into the profounds of slumber. Probably it was the

"reflex effect" of the speech itself, and I may congratulate my disappointed auditors on what they escaped.

Yesterday I attended service at Mr. Thrall's, and enjoyed it very much. I think I never before so fully entered into the spirit of the Episcopalian ritual, or felt so sensibly the comprehensiveness and excellence of the entire Liturgy. It was not difficult for me to understand how those who have never known any other way of worship, and all whose deepest religious experience has been in those channels, should cherish such enthusiastic attachment for it as many do, and feel that nothing else could possibly take its place. But many, I apprehend, possess such feelings who know but little of its profounder significance.

Your descriptions of the social gatherings and goings-on in Angelica are very tempting. May I soon be there to join! Tell the good cousins there that I love them more than ever, and shall soon make declaration personally.

And to our own precious circle at "Fountain Home," what can I say that will begin to tell the fullness of my heart to them?—the best part of my life—more than all treasures—the choicest gift of all that Heaven has showered upon me! God bless you all forever!

BROOKLYN, October 2, 1860.

I hope you are disappointment-proof with regard to letters. If you knew how I was driven by my own and other peoples' business, you wouldn't wonder that I don't write. It seems to me that for every one thing accomplished there are always three or four waiting to be attended to, and all crying Now, now, now! Your letters come daily and do me good at the heart. The flowers are always fresh and fragrant—they seem a part of the Angelica life; but more

fresh and fragrant is that which they express—your own blessed love. And when I look the next day and find them withered, I smile and say, "Not so that of which you, sweet blossoms, are poor types at best, for love never faileth."

Last evening I staid at home to examine Dr. Conant's "Matthew" and write a promised notice of it; but unfortunately my hand lit first on Dr. Kendrick's new book ("Fanny Forester"), and I really could not lay it down till I got her fairly married and ready to depart for the missionary field! I don't know whether it was the intrinsic interest of the subject, the beauty of the narrative, or the force of memories awakened by the perusal, but it certainly had a fascination for me, and held me, till after 9 o'clock, enchained. The consequence was that I sat up till after twelve to redeem lost time. Kendrick has done his work admirably.

Friday was the first Philharmonic Rehearsal—a symphony of Haydn (exquisite) and one of Schumann's (scientific and unenjoyable the first time). A thin attendance.

Sunday morning I repeated in Pierrepont St., by special request, my sermon on "The Times" and the folks have requested it for publication. What shall I say? I used to have a solemn sense of the grand responsibility of printing—of making a book—which would have prompted a peremptory refusal to such a request. But in these days—to change Horace a little—not "Scribimus," but Printimus, "docti indoctique;" and one poor pamphlet more or less in the crowd will make but little difference.

On Saturday afternoon Ward, Fanny, and I took a drive to Greenwood and spent an hour in our own lot, which never looked so sweet and attractive. I cannot tell you how beautiful it is there now, the autumnal tinge on the leaves and the golden shadows of the evening harmonizing so sweetly with the character of the place and the pensive feelings it suggests. We lingered there till twilight began to fade and the

darker curtains of the night to be drawn around us, and returned pretty thoroughly fatigued in body but as much refreshed in spirit. The arbor-vitæ hedge is doing finely, and the dogwood-trees are all aglow with their burden of red berries. Our little graves are looking very neat, and oh how sweet and peaceful the slumbers which they enchain! There is surely nothing forbidding in such repose. As the company of dear sleepers there gradually increases, all thought of loneliness disappears, and easily may we anticipate the day when, to the scattered and aged survivors of our circle, that will seem the spot where our society is gathered, that will be more like home than any other spot on earth.

My dear children, when shall I embrace them? I rejoice to think that the days of our separation are numbered. Oh how I long "to have and to hold" you all, and once more to see you all under the family roof-tree, and mingling in the daily circle and festival of love! *Our* Brooklyn, or a goodly part of it, has got home. Nos. "15" and "150" are populous and bright. But I am hungry for my own. There is nobody's wife and children like my wife (that's a fact!) and children, and (tell Maggie) nobody's Maggie like our Maggie. If I could see her black eyes snapping around the house, and her rosy cheeks making everything warm around her, it seems to me it would put more life into me than if I should swallow a steam-engine. Tell her if Sundays are lonesome there, every day of the week is lonesome here. I go into the old kitchen often, and it looks so bright with its new paint and yet so neglected and sad, and seems to say "Where is Maggie, my mistress? Why don't she come and see my new face?" "Sure enough," say I, "why don't she come? I'm as homesick to see her as you are," say I. And then we look sad at each other, the kitchen and I—and part for another weary and lonesome day. But every day makes one less, and brings us nearer

to the time when she will be here to make it all shine again, her own pleasant face the brightest thing in the lot.

Give my love to the dear friends around you. What would I give for a week or a day of the sweet rest I left behind with you all! But no more of that! Make my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. N. Tell him my conscience still visits me with sore compunctions at recollection of that Friday night. But "the woman tempted me and I did" read. Tell her, I trust she may not find that the autumnal gales of our Allegany hills "visit her fair face too roughly," and assure her that I am ever hers "for Shakespeare."

Ask our dear cousin H. when she is coming home. Why should she linger among the Allegany pines, when Brooklyn pines so longingly for her return?

Ah! there comes Mr. Seymour, and I am called to the Committee of Discipline! If the boys dreaded it half as much as I hate it, there would be but little occasion for its meeting.

In contrast to his busy life in Brooklyn, we find pictures of coolness and rest in the summer home where he rejoiced in the "blessed emancipation from foul airs and fiery pavements into the broad, free, fresh glories of God's *real* world." Descriptions of sunset and moonlight, fountain and flowers abound in his letters to one who was in peculiar sympathy with his love of Nature:

To E. C.

ANGELICA, July 13, 1856.

. . . . Yesterday, for the first time this summer, we had a glorious sunset, a *glorious* one, filling all the heavens with its celestial splendors, "its majestic sweetness." We saw it

on our way home from Mrs. Paxton's, where we had a delightful call and wished for you. Our attention was caught by it the moment we came out of the house; but it went on growing and deepening in grandeur and richness every moment until we reached the top of the hill on our way home, when we turned and took in the whole celestial panorama in one magnificent sweep. The sky was full of vast piles and drifts of clouds—west and east and south—of every imaginable shape—of wild fantastic beauty, with wide interspaces of the purest blue which, as your eye swept westward, melted away into a mingled flood of molten gold, and pearl and amber. The vault seemed magnified to twice its usual vastness, and filled not with mountains and mountain ranges only, but with whole continents and far-reaching seas. Along the western hills rose columns of smoke from more than twenty fires, and the sun, being behind them, poured its floods of purpled light through them, and between them and the still remoter hills, producing a great variety of weird effects of color, form, and mystic motion which are, of course, utterly indescribable.

. . . . We wish every day that you could be here this summer. The abundant rains of the spring and early summer have kept the face of nature spotlessly clean and sweet, and given a clear, positive, and hearty tone to the verdure which is the chief charm of this hill-country. The air has a strong, vital feel in it, and through its soft transparency the forms of tree and flower, of stream and cloud, stand forth with a cordial distinctness which seems to say: "We are glad you are come, for we are prepared to receive you, and feel like enjoying the visit and making you enjoy it. . . ."

ANGELICA, Aug. 16, 1856.

It is late Sunday evening, and time to go to bed, but it is one of the evenings which do not seem meant for

sleep; and as I have to write you early in the morning, in order to make sure of the mail, I will e'en "begin the ensuing day before I close this night," and give you the cream of this delicious Sabbath. Delicious is just the word for it. Nature never wore a more celestial garb than she donned at the breaking of this morning, and still wears now at the noon of night. Recent showers, so full and rich, so soft and tranquil, have left the air free from every trace of impurity and quenched every feverish ray, and, all day long, the calm, majestic sun and, since his setting, the sweet silver moon have looked down upon us as the loving eye of God. And such repose, such perfect rest, as sleeps on these green hills; it seems as though we had come up higher, and were nearer heaven by all the distance that separates us from the clamorous, crowded, sweaty, reeking city. The tinkling of the waters as they fall back from their fountain-leap under the trees of the garden, and drip from the full cups into the little pool below, only makes the more sweetly sensible the wide hush in whose depths the tiny music is lost; and the cluster of white lilies that stands up there in the pure moonlight, right against the open window, seems like a group of angels standing on one side to listen to the music of some heavenly choir and silently adore the Universal Love which inspires, yet infinitely transcends, the song. It ought to be easy worshipping amid such surroundings, and even my sluggish, earth-bound nature is not without a touch of their influence.

FOUNTAIN HOME, July 8, 1860.

I cannot tell you how beautiful the country is; nor need I, as you have been there to see for yourself. But it seems to me that this wild region never was so glorified as now, just the antipodes of the season when you were

here. It would seem as if Nature had put on all her force this spring to show that the two or three past seasons of disaster and desolation have not disheartened her at all, nor materially diminished her resources of beauty and fertility. As for flowers, I never saw anything like it. The profusion fills me with constant wonder. I think that somebody must "have seen," or with unpurged vision might have seen, "sweet Flora pass this way." The flowers seem fairly poured forth over the hill-sides and fields, and along the borders of the roads, down to the very carriage-tracks—wild flowers, I mean—weeds I guess the farmers call them. While in the gardens stand their cultivated sisters, crowded thick as girls at a college Commencement, their many-colored fans flaunting with undisguised trepidation. Abroad in the fields and along the hill slopes, it is the white daisies and golden buttercups that predominate, and these are poured over a ground of verdure so deep and rich, so fresh and pure, that it is a perpetual feast to the eye to rest upon it. One almost forgets for the moment that it is a world of sorrow and sin which is adorned with such stainless beauty, and one asks almost with incredulity, "Can such a drapery of living loveliness hide graves?" And why not? What is the grave but the chamber in which the "Lamb's bride" sleeps, awaiting the voice of the Bridegroom? Why should it not be decorated with flowers? Why should He not lavish on it the tokens of His generous love? Oh, let us learn to think better of the grave—to think lovingly of it, since He has lain there and blessed it for our use!

TO A SISTER.

FOUNTAIN HOME, Aug. 29, 1857.

. . . . Your good pastor, in one of his late letters to the *Independent*, has truly said that a man, to enjoy leis-

ure, must know how to be leisurely; to enjoy idleness, must know how to be idle. Of the positive side of the maxim, he may take me for an illustration. My cup has been just perfectly full (I will not say *to overflowing*, for that implies motion, outwardness) alike of lazy satisfaction and of satisfied laziness. You will at once perceive how incompatible with that condition of complete, spherical, self-contained do-nothingness the active enjoyment (ahem!) of writing letters must necessarily be. And therefore I have not written letters, though the receiving thereof would have been in delightful harmony with the *unmerited* completeness of my felicity, and have made my brimming cup at last to overflow. Why could you not have thought of that, and caused your grace to abound where sin hath so much abounded? But, dear S., I have thought of you more often and more tenderly than ever before, and often could have wished, for my sake, that you were with me to share the sweetness of our placid life. I say for *my* sake; not that I for a moment doubt that you would enjoy it too, though it would separate you too widely from the scenes of your deepest interest, and from those to whom your heart is (rightly) most closely bound. Still, for a while you would be happy here, and I feel that you and I might have a freedom and completeness of communion here—a renewal of the dear old *oneness* so inexpressibly sweet in recollection to us both—which we may hardly look for (though I hardly know why not) where we elsewhere meet. Of the continued existence of that oneness, its adamantine durability, its perennial perfection and potency, I have indeed a fixed and happy assurance. Love never faileth; it only “bides its time,” and, in the long diversity of our immortal experience, its time is sure to come. But I sometimes long for, and would willingly hasten, its coming.

We have had seven or eight weeks of tranquil, unvaried, unalloyed enjoyment. Its elements are few indeed and simple, and would make little figure in description, at least in my description. We have risen neither early nor late, but with a feeling of perfect *restedness* after the slumbers of a cool, pure, restful night. We have eaten our sweet bread and butter with an appetite, our ripe berries and cream with a relish. We have sung our morning hymn and offered our family sacrifice, I trust with loving, and I know with joyful heart. We have got our daily French with mysterious facility, and recited it to one another with unprecedented regularity. We have busied ourselves through the forenoon in various forms of idleness, according to our several tastes. . . . But after dinner and *siesta* we have been always together. A ride or a ramble, and now and then an afternoon at "Puckville" or "Titania's Bank," consumes the time to supper; and our evenings have been divided between reading and a little cousinly visiting. And so our days and nights have passed, light-footed and all too fast, away. And now the end cometh. But it would be ungrateful for me to repine at its coming. Even were it left for me to choose, I think I should prefer a speedy return to my labors, for methinks I begin to be conscious of a gathering "cream and mantle" on the surface, as on a too-long-standing pool. If I had more of the *fountain* in my nature, and less of the *pond*—if activity were normal and spontaneous with me—I might bear retirement better and longer than I do. But whether I have reservoir or not, I seem to lack head, and the only way to insure motion with me is to keep in the running stream, to move on with the great world-currents or share the agitations of the universal sea. I shall find low water in our little domestic bay, certainly; but the tide will soon begin to flow, and my heart fills in anticipation of the

reunion and renewal of our Brooklyn life, so blessed of Heaven hitherto, and beyond a doubt to be still blessed hereafter.

The most exciting week that I have passed was the one I spent, not on the banks so much as in the bed of the Sinnenamahoning, with my esteemed and reverend "Piscator," Mr. Thibou, so utterly cut off from all the sights and sounds of man, at least of civilized man, so face-to-face and life-to-life and heart-to-heart with Nature in our leafy pavilion, carpeted with the running stream of water, soft as oil and clear as liquid crystal, and drawn out in endless succession of winding alleys and curtained chambers, so musical with birds and the mystic song of waters and leaves, so full of woody perfumes, so entrancing to every sense, and so rich in lessons to the soul of its real worth and dignity, of its true relations to the All-Father and the universal brotherhood, of the meanness and ludicrous absurdity of our actual artificial life, and of the glorious consummations to be realized, when, through the long circle of his disciplinary development, man shall come back to aboriginal simplicity, educated to appreciate and capacitated to receive its perennial fullness. What I thought and felt during those happy hours it is not for me to tell. Of the joys of fishing (trout-fishing, of course; there is no other), so long familiar to my ear but only so late known to my experience, I can only say I am no longer an unbeliever, no longer a half-believer. It was a true report which I heard, howbeit I believed not their words until I came and mine eyes had seen it; and behold the half was not told me! By the way, I think it a capital omission in the argument of the Bloomerites that they never urged this consideration, that to the ordinary feminine costume trout-fishing is a simple impossibility; that as long petticoats were probably an invention of her selfish tyrant-

lord in order to secure this peerless luxury to his own exclusive enjoyment, so never can woman be entirely emancipate from her bondage, nor her path be opened to the perfection of humanity, until, disencumbered of every foul and trailing abomination, her feet are free to walk these crystal ways of serenest meditation and undefiled delight. Think of it, my dear sister, and

“If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.”

My Piscator was not a garrulous old Izaak, but simple, silent, grave, devoted, and so happy in his devotion it oozed out of every pore and stood all over him like a shining sweat; yea, surrounded him like a balmy exhalation, an atmosphere of calm and thoughtful joy. He was just like nature around you; always ready to answer every question, and to answer intelligently; to respond sympathetically to every uttered emotion of your own, but never obtrusive. He was always in sight or within *feeling* of you, but never (or rarely) near. A perfect master of the angle, the quiet grace of his ever-moving arm and rod, and the light leap and feathery fall of his fly on the water, accorded perfectly with the gentle wave of branches above and the sweeping curves of eddy and ripple and swirl beneath him, waking no suspicion in shyest or wariest trout, and at once refreshing and instructing the eye of his admiring disciple. If the perfection of solitude is to be alone in a crowd, the perfection of society is in the presence of a companion who talks to you without speaking, and fills and feeds your mind and heart without the coarser ministry of words. But I must stop thinking of it, or I shall be homesick for the Sinnamonahoning, and be looking back when Fate and Duty say, Look forward.

We have not attempted much in the way of reading this summer. Besides half a dozen books of no special

account, we have read "Charlotte Brontë." I like her. Her very faults show how thoroughly genuine she was; her pride was unselfish; her "coarseness" (oh, the affectation of this corrupt world!) conscientious, and her devotion to duty heroic. Was her sorrowful experience necessary to the development of her power? I think of her as an electro-magnet of delicate structure but concentrated power, which God coiled up in that little brain and kept spinning away in that dark box of a "Haworth parsonage," thrilling the world meanwhile with thrills of strange and (perhaps) healthy excitement. How sad to think what that pleasure cost her; in what sharp acids she must be kept immersed, and how soon the intense action must fret through and destroy the exquisite machinery! I take it for granted you have read the book. If not, do so forthwith. It is one of the books.

Farewell, dear, and cease not to love

Your "slow" but sure

BROTHER JOHN.

To Mrs. R. R. RAYMOND.

FOUNTAIN HOME, July 30, 1861.

MY DEAR SISTER: It is the evening twilight of a perfect summer's day, and I have been sitting at the side window of our pleasant parlor chamber to enjoy it. The air is absolutely delicious, filled with balm from the gardens and the woods, and pervaded through the low and the high, the near and the far-off spaces, by that profound serenity, that "sweet and awful" calm, that speaking silence, which, more than anything else in Nature, whispers to the soul the presence of a God—a God "whose nature and whose name is Love." Looking out into Father M.'s pleasant side-yard, my eye reposes on

a soft bed of verdure, enriched by the golden tinge of the hour; and the thousand gentle sounds of a country evening blend with the exquisite tinkle of our dear Fountain, and fill the air with music worthy of the scene. While I sit, Nurse Marden comes with her snowy cap and clean new pail, to dip some water from the basin. She has a perfect passion for cold water, and luxuriates in our copious sulphur spring, and stops to enjoy the sweet calm air. Ann joins her, and they unite in admiration of a jet from a new head which Father Morse bought last week in New York and has just screwed on the orifice of the fountain, and a very beautiful one it is. Next come the two children in high glee, pursued by "the boy," on whom they have been playing some trick, and who, failing to catch them *around* the basin, gets his revenge by splattering them *across* it. Their merry voices and ringing laughter are a delightful variation, but in perfect harmony with the rest.

Amid such dreamings, it is hard indeed to realize the dreadful scenes of strife and carnage through which others are passing, or the bitter cup of anguish of which so many are now drinking, and my heart is filled to overflowing, for I feel that "my cup runneth over."

And you, my dear sister, besides the hard trial which visits your home in the renewal of last year's afflictions, must now soon look in the face the question of giving up your first-born, to go with his life in his hand, to aid in the defence of his country and the maintenance of the right. You say you "keep thinking of the present good and turning away from the future." I entreat you, do so no longer. Look at once and fairly at the entire question, and save yourself a world of anxiety and distress by deciding right in advance. It is God's cause, sacred and supreme. If He, who gave your son, calls him to this service, you need not fear to trust him in His

hands; you must not refuse to yield him at His bidding. And do you ask, How shall I know that God does call him? I know of no better answer than our Christian fathers used to give: "The concurrence of the inward impulse with the outward opportunity." If, looking at the condition of things in the country, R. feels no longer that profound conviction of duty, that earnest desire, that feeling, *Woe is me if I go not!* it will be easy to dispose of the matter. If, feeling it, and obedient to the voice divine, he seeks an opportunity, a place where he may be useful and fails to find it, we may fairly infer that God has accepted the will and remits the sacrifice. But, O my sister, if R. and J., honored by God with such a call and blessed with a disposition to obey it, should be held back by the counter-claim of any earthly interest or affection, I shall tremble for the result. "There is that withholdeth, and it tendeth to poverty." I shall feel almost impelled to ask, Is it not *my* duty then to buckle on the armor? I have no son to represent me or mine in this great dark struggle for the right. I could do but little, but it is required of a man according to that he hath. I have fewer days to be cut short by an unhappy result, and as to those I should leave behind me, should I leave them comfortless or without a Protector? I do not so speak, dear sister, because I think you lacking in the spirit of self-sacrifice, but because I know the natural shrinking of a mother's heart, and would by a full and strong expression of my own decided conviction inspire you to a clear and decided view of the case. It is God's cause. It summons us to higher ground than we usually occupy; now, if ever, we must walk by faith, not by sight. God help you and bless you in the decision! . . .

Love from all around the circle, and centrally warm
from Your ever-affectionate brother

JOHN.

To E. C.

FOUNTAIN HOME, ANGELICA, Aug. 19, 1861.

MY LONG-SUFFERING AND FAITHFUL FRIEND: I open your last to me, and the date throws upon me such a look of tender reproach, and my conscience gives me at the same moment such a terrible twinge, that I am ready to sink with shame and confusion of face. But you took me, I think, "for better for worse," and though you find me a great deal worse than you took me for, you won't utterly cast me off, will you? Enough that I have been most assiduously busy all the time doing nothing,—or rather nothings, for it is a legion of infinitesimals that have occupied my time and my hands; indeed, I must acknowledge my mind also,—nothings to me, for they were no part of my business, cost me no care or anxiety, and brought me no profit. But they have afforded me real rest and satisfaction in the doing, and I think will contribute more or less to the comfort of others in the result. In a word, I have had a severe fit, or rather have gone through with a thorough course, of *tinkering*, for which you know I have a great—well, call it as you please, a genius or a weakness. Anyway, almost every room in the house attests the fervor of my divine frenzy, and proves I would fain believe that there has been "method in my madness," by improved door-cases, hinges, or latches, repaired window-springs, sashes, or blinds, new papering, carpeting, or furnishing, to say nothing of mended furniture, picture-frames, toys, trinkets, and tools. C. is outspoken and emphatic in the expression of her gratitude, and even Mother, acute domestic critic as she is, and pestered to death by the incompetency of those who profess to help but only hinder and vex her—even Mother smiles approval. But for no such extraneous reward have I labored, for no low utilitarian end, but from a purer, more disinterested, artistic, super-

sensual, supramundane, ethereal inspiration; *i.e.*, for the mere fun of it, as birds and bards do sing, Raphaels paint divine pictures, heroes do and dare and suffer, darkies pick cotton, and patriots sweat and "blow" in the service of the dear people.

And, pray, why is not *tinkering* as rational and dignified a recreation as any other, measured by whatever standard you please; as gardening, for instance, most worshipful votaress of Flora; or as fishing or gunning or boating; as painting pictures, working worsted, or playing on the piano? As for the intrinsic pleasure, there's no use in disputing about tastes, but, out of sight before them all, give me tinkering—for *my* money.

. . . . I have not said a word about the dear circle at Springfield, but you may be sure we think of you all very often, though we have hardly known how to think of you. It's a pleasant group you make to the mind's eye when all gathered within that ample Mansion of Happiness, little and big, girls and boys, sick and well, and so many loved and loving ones coming and going. And I find my fancy gliding also often, and right pleasantly, to the beautiful "Cove," listening to the soft splash of the waters along its curved beach, gathering shells amid its rocks or sands, or floating over the waves with cheerful chat and gay or pensive song. And H.'s Beatrician face ever shines, the central luster, with an eloquence of expression which needs no words. And distinct amidst all the singing I hear a dulcet Voice, to whose spell my spirit ever bowed submission, and whose tones have a greater depth and fullness and power now than ever before. Then I start and say, "And I haven't written yet; I must—I will." And then I don't. It is legitimate, no doubt, for A. to be "thankful that her boys are not old enough" to go to the war. (Would God I had one, or more than one, old enough and worthy to serve in such a cause!) But it is not legitimate to say (at least to feel), "I

do not love my country well enough to give up my son in her behalf." The blood of better men than most of us has watered the soil out of which *our* tree of liberty and of life is springing. And what are we, that we should hold back if God calls us or ours to like sufferings and sacrifices for those who are to come after? Nor is it legitimate, dear E., to say, "Must we spare our noblest and best, our R. and our J., whose lives might be worth so much to the world?" If God spared not His Only and Best Beloved, but gave Him to death for the life of the world, is it not honor enough for "our noblest" to fill up the measure of His sufferings, to be baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized? Our country's cause is God's cause, if it is worth anything. If worth *anything*, then it is worth *everything*. We have no jewel too precious to be laid upon this altar. But I begin to despair—no, I will not despair of my country. We are weighed in the balance. God forbid that we should be found wanting! God forbid that, professing to believe that the conflict is for truth and humanity, we should deem the hardships too severe, and fail in the day of trial!

Well, well, I didn't mean to close in a minor key, but close I must, and will right here, and with a word which happily harmonizes with every key, and that is "*love*, still love," to all from all, and more abundantly than ever,

from JOHN.

CHAPTER X.

BROOKLYN—A CHAPTER OF SORROW.

IN pursuing a life-record by topics rather than chronologically it is not possible to maintain a continuous narrative. The last chapter treated of easeful and joyous hours, and yet it covers a period that contained a series of profoundly sorrowful experiences which group themselves together and demand a separate consideration.

In the autumn of 1859, the cloud which had so long hung dark and heavy above our home had fallen in deepest gloom upon it. A year of untold suffering for our invalid brother, and of suspense for those who watched him, had ended in the sad event which took him forever from our sight. In all the pain and long confinement no one had such power to soothe and cheer as the father to whom he clung with an appealing love. His was the hand that brought relief in endless ministrations, and his voice taught the lessons of heavenly trust which were so patiently learned in that grievous school. Every moment that could be taken from ever-urgent duties was given to the little invalid who watched so longingly for his coming. The daily return to his home brought back the burden of loving care which daily met him at the opening door as his step upon the threshold was greeted by the delighted cry of "father" from the eager little voice; and he was the companion of the long night-watches which passed in silent suffering so wearily away.

The sad story is written to one who had known and loved the little sufferer in his bright infancy and childhood:

TO MISS ALMIRA PORTER.

BROOKLYN, October 30, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND ALMIRA: I have long meditated writing some of you at our dear old Rochester home; but the care of our little invalid has been so absorbing, alike of time and thought and strength, that I have not accomplished my purpose. But it has now pleased our heavenly Father to remove that care, and at the same time to furnish an occasion and theme for communication in which I know you will feel a deep sympathetic interest. Last Thursday, after his long and weary confinement, and after a week of intense excitement and anxiety to us all, our dear Ally fell asleep. We have no doubt he has entered into the heavenly rest. When Mr. and Mrs. Porter saw him last August he was comparatively comfortable, but soon after he began to suffer more and to decline in his general health, until, a month ago, we began to feel sad forebodings of his approaching change. About the same time our attention was called to the recent successful applications of surgery to the cure of hip-disease, by the removal of the affected portion of the bone. We had the advice of the most eminent surgeons in the city, and those of the largest special experience in this class of operations, and after a most careful examination of Ally's case we were advised, first, that there was no other possible chance for him; second, that though there was some reason to fear from the general reduction of his strength that he might not rally from the immediate effects of the operation, *that* was the only thing to be apprehended, and that in respect to that he had the advantage of an apparently sound condition of all his vital organs; and, third, that the operation would certainly relieve him of much suffering, even if

it were too late to save his life. Under this view of the case we could not hesitate. Ally was himself desirous of having the operation performed, and we consented. It revealed, alas! a far greater extent of disease than had been anticipated, and although for two or three days we tried to hope that he might rally, the fatal symptoms soon appeared. He lingered a few days, and died at last on Thursday, just one week after the performance of the operation, falling asleep as tranquilly as an infant sinking to slumber in his mother's arms.

Death did not take the little fellow by surprise. Ever since last spring he has been accustomed to contemplate it as the probable result, and was entirely resigned to the will of his heavenly Father whether to live or die. He only asked that if he had to die it might be soon, for life in such a condition as his seemed to him very worthless and without fruit. It has not appeared so to any of the rest of us. We feel that his ministry among us has been beautiful and impressive beyond description. Such patience, such cheerfulness, such unchanging sweetness of temper, such unselfish thoughtfulness of others, have been a constant theme of conversation in our circle, and furnished to all the young folks about him a noble though all-unconscious example of Christian heroism which cannot fail of a powerful effect.

"No tongue can tell," said Dr. Sayre, on discovering the whole extent of the disease, "what suffering that child has endured." And no tongue can tell, thought I (though I did not say it), with what martyr-like fortitude he has endured it. I knew; for I had gone, side by side and step by step, with the dear, brave boy through all his weary path of pain, and though often unable to repress my own tears in view of the suffering I was so unable to alleviate, I never heard the first murmur escape his lips, nor ever, when the pain was over, any attempt to awaken sympathy by a reference to his pains. His countenance always wore the same pleasant

smile; and ask him when you might, how he did, the same cheerful tone replied, "Pretty well." His sick-chamber was the brightest room in the house, and the favorite gathering-place for the family and all the dear circle of friends around us. Up to the very day preceding that terrible operation, he was engaged in the preparation of Christmas presents for his mother and sisters—and this, not from mere ignorant thoughtlessness of what was before him, for when the very last hours were come he laid aside his work and proceeded to give the most particular directions for the putting away of all his materials, and all his books, and various expedients for beguiling his time, as knowing that for a season, at least, he would have no use for these—perhaps never more. He said nothing of the kind; but his manner was so deliberate, so significant, it could not be mistaken, and deeply impressed us all. That solemn night before the operation—shall I ever forget it?—he lay awake till after the clock struck four. I lay in the same room with him, though in another bed, and knew that he was awake only by his occasional sighing, or the restless tossing of his arms. But not one word of complaint. Two or three times he called me, as was his wont, to change his position when it became too painful, and once or twice he said: "How I wish I could sleep; I am afraid I shall be poorly prepared for the operation, unless I can." His sleeplessness proved how intensely alive he was to the crisis before him; but no one but himself and his heavenly Father knew with what emotions his brave little heart struggled through those weary hours of silence. You may imagine how earnestly I prayed that his perturbed spirit might find the rest it craved and so much needed, and with what inexpressible relief I heard at last the long-drawn respiration which announced that it had come. He slept until the surgeons waked him to meet his trial. He met it, oh how nobly! how sweetly! When, on the third day after, hope began to wane, and one of the attendant surgeons had actually given

him over, I felt it due to him, so loyal to truth, so full of courage and faith, to let him know our fears. He manifested no surprise or alarm. He only wished for certainty; suspense only was painful to him. I asked him if he could recognize a Father's hand in his sufferings, and say, "Thy will be done." "Well," said he, "I do the best I can, but it is very hard." "Which would you prefer," I asked, "to lie here long in pain and doubt or have the Savior come and take you to Himself?" "I should choose," said he, "to go as quickly as possible; but I suppose that is not for us to determine." Could faith express herself more clearly and intelligently?

He grew gradually feebler in mind and body; suffering little pain except during the dressings of his wound, which were terribly painful, and in his exhausted state almost unendurable. After the surgeons had left him, two days before his death, he said, "Father, I cannot go through this again. You must not let them come again." I had to tell him that it would be necessary every other day as long as he lived. "Oh!" he exclaimed in agony, "how can I bear it? Who will help me? Cannot you help me, Father?" He closed his eyes and was silent for several moments. Then looking up to me, he cried, "Jesus will help me!—Jesus! Jesus!" and from that moment he seemed to have no fear. Jesus heard his prayer for help, and before the surgeons could come again had taken him to His bosom forever. He sank quietly away, sleeping most of the time, until, the oil exhausted, the lamp went gently out. We feel that a beautiful light has been quenched in our dwelling. The maturity of his understanding was wonderful, and the singular grace of his character has been a perpetual delight. The memory of these things remains to comfort us, and we think of him with joy, as shining now with no sickly radiance in the heavenly state, for which, no doubt, his trials have done much to fit him. For his sake we are content to have it so;

his prospects for this world were at best not bright. Our hearts resisted long, but God made us feel that He was terribly in earnest to know how far we would trust Him—how really we loved Him.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard have sailed for Europe with their son and daughter, and Miss Marvin, a favorite cousin and friend of Annie's. It was a sad coincidence for them and for us that brought the day fixed for their departure on that on which we definitely abandoned our last hope for Ally—the day preceding his death. They will be away a year.

We should be glad to receive a line of remembrance from you—any of you—at any time.

Yours, with unchanged affection,

J. H. RAYMOND.

The narration in the above letter may explain the tone of the one which follows, in which his long-pent feeling finds expression. With that bitter experience began the breaking of his health, and it seemed from this time as though some vital chord were touched. No one who knew the strain upon heart and nerve during that dreadful year could wonder that all power of hope and buoyancy was lost. The spirit partook of the body's exhaustion, and through the shades that had gathered about it in the dark valley where he walked so long, all things looked somber with an unnatural gloom. How far his thoughts were colored by this influence is seen in the expressions in this letter to the friends traveling abroad, which so unfairly represent his habitual feeling. There is an unwonted bitterness in his condemnation of the variances which his peace-loving nature deplored. It was a mood that vanished with the restoration of his health, and with a returning interest

in his work and in the great questions at issue in the world about him :

BROOKLYN, Dec. 4, 1859.

MY DEAREST SISTER : You have been continually in my thoughts and in my heart, and " with desire have I desired " to send my missive too, among those you have received from the loving ones around me. But various causes have prevented, partly outward,—for my business was sadly in arrears, and I have been pressed night and day to bring it up,—but still more internal. I can hardly tell you what has been the condition of my mind since the close of the sad scenes in the midst of which we parted, except that it has been inexpressibly sad, heavy, shut up, averse to all outgoing, and unable to lift itself into the clear atmosphere of faith and hope. No doubt I am experiencing the natural physical effects of so long confinement and watching, and of the concentration of my thoughts upon one object of absorbing solicitude and care, an object which is now suddenly and completely removed, and leaves me lost and vacant, doubtful in what direction to turn my mind, and with little interest or relish for anything that offers. With regard to the death of our sweet child, I have had but very little emotion. The thought has been a familiar one to me for many months. I drank that cup down to the dregs as long ago as last winter, with what anguish of spirit no words can ever tell, and I have been tasting its bitterness, daily and nightly, ever since. " Not my will, but thine, be done "—was the hard lesson which the Lord had undertaken to teach me ; and you know He is a thorough teacher. Even to the prolongation of his pains, the hardest thing of all to contemplate in anticipation, my spirit, like that of the dear sufferer, had by suffering become so schooled that I had almost ceased to have a strong wish, or to urge a prayer about it. " It is not for us to determine. " " It is the Lord,

let Him do what seemeth Him good," expressed my habitual feeling. With regard to his preparation for the great change, whenever it should come, all doubt had been removed from my mind, and I felt that One had taken him in hand who had an infinitely better right to handle him than I had, who better understood his case, and who would do all things well, and that my part was to stand and wait, ministering as I might to the dear one, but leaving the issue to the Master. And therefore, though it was with a feeling of relief that I saw him sink at last to the sweet and long repose, the emotion was one of acquiescence rather than of positive satisfaction. Indeed, my power of feeling seemed quite exhausted, and has not been renewed since. To speak of regret or sorrow on dear Ally's account would be untrue. I have no shadow of such a feeling; and if I could feel at all, I am sure my heart would leap in exultation and gratitude at the thought of all that he has been delivered from, and of the ineffable joys and glories to which he is introduced.

But, for myself and my poor shattered house: can I say "it is well with us," as "with the child"? Not yet—not yet! I can hope, I do try to believe, that, in time, this chastening will yield us the peaceable fruits of righteousness; but, as yet, my experience has been anything but comforting and encouraging. I cannot say, I do not feel that "it has been good for me to be afflicted." I rather cry out, "Why should I be stricken any more? My whole head is sick and my whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot even to the head there is no soundness, nothing but wounds and bruises." And to what effect? I am paralyzed, bewildered, distressed, but I am not benefited! I know you will say that this is anything but a Christian state of mind, and I can see *that* quite as well as you, but I am telling you not what should be, but what is. When I see how, one after another, my fair young branches have been

smitten off, in the bright spring-time of their promise, and the last one at least covered thick with sweetest blossoms, I seem to stand a blighted, naked trunk, stripped and peeled almost from top to bottom, with no comeliness and little promise of fruitfulness, whose life here has lost its significance and use, and whose longer presence is but a cumbrance to the ground. "Oh, but this is all wrong, dear brother." Yes, dear sister, I am well aware of that; but since it is true, do you think there is any consolation in that thought? And when I try to get out of myself for better company and more profitable employment, I meet with no better success. Things are all out of joint with me, or I with them, which is more probably the case; but it amounts practically to the same thing. I belong nowhere. I know not where to find my own company. Even with those nearest and dearest to me I do not find myself in full sympathy in all matters of opinion; and we are still more widely separated in life by the accursed, *thrice* accursed partition fences of exclusive and hostile organizations, dividing God's house against itself, separating dear friends, rending the seamless garment of the Lord, which even His murderers respected, and flaunting each its miserable fragment in the face of insulted Heaven as the glorious banner of the Truth and the proud symbol of *its* sole fealty to the King of Truth and Love! O sister, sister, my soul is sick of this, even unto death. This is the one great sin, against which I want to cry aloud. But how? Through what organ? from what pulpit? to what listeners could I speak? I find no man like-minded, and for a single-handed crusade I am neither hero nor madman enough. I have neither the temerity nor the talent. And so I shrink back into my shell, isolated and inactive, bewailing my bondage, but having neither the strength to break nor the skill to escape it.

Do not imagine, from all this, that I consider myself wiser and better than my friends and brethren, who are not

distressed by this state of things. Far less wise, as well as less happy, that I cannot rise above it; but you know how much it is the weakness of my nature to be morbidly sensitive to points of difference with those around me—how I shrink from collisions, and so create and widen breaches and make myself a solitary, self-imprisoned wretch. Oh, how I wish *you* could be to me what you once were! But it was not so to be. We were caught by different currents and swept asunder: yours, a happier lot, to be borne on the bosom of a generous, powerful stream, right onward, in no dubious course, between bold and flowery banks, with colors flying, plenty of good company, and joyous strains of music filling all the air; mine, to be whirled apart by a sideward, back-setting eddy, tangled amidst shallows (oh, what shallows!), and stranded at last, I fear, upon a sandy and desolate shore!

Well, my dear sister, you begin to see how much more discreet my silence was than this opening of my mouth, with nothing better to flow from it. It seems almost wicked to send you a sheet so full of nothing but what will add sadness and gloom to your thoughts of home, and I have been thinking whether it would not be better to burn it up and draw once more on your long-suffering and patient love, in hope that by another steamer I might write in a more cheerful vein. But I feel that I must say just these things to somebody, and I prefer to say them to you, and I think you would rather hear from me sad than not at all. Meanwhile, though "cast down," do not think me quite "destroyed." I am certainly sick (spiritually) and in prison, but I am not without hope that I shall be better and get out one day. We follow your journeyings and sight-seeings with great interest and pleasure. It seems the next thing to standing in one's own person on those consecrated spots and looking with one's own eyes on the sacred memorials of the buried ages, to have them visited by

dear and dear to us, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh." Oh, how I wish I were with you! It would be beyond anything I can imagine in this world. To take me out of this charnel-house of the present; to show me that I cannot conquer and appropriate the future; to give me your faith, I should so love to plunge into the sea, and peradventure rekindle my spent torch at the glowing altar fires of historic heroism and good-

remember and pray for you daily, that every day may be a day of special blessing, and that you may lay up a store of memories and knowledges for the future. C. tells you how full of balm and healing your letters were to her. She is much worn by the long sorrow. Give warmest love to brother Tasker, my dear namesake for remembering his old uncle with generous fullness of detail, but far more for the richness of sympathy and love in which his heart responded to which my heart responds with gratefulness. We have had abundant evidence of the sincerity and fullness of his affection, and we prize it exceedingly. Annie, too! her letters are greatly admired by all the circle. For myself, I take special note of the confirmation which they furnish to my conviction, long ago formed and expressed, that foreign opportunities were just the thing she needed to call out her best qualities. Whatever the result may be to the rest of us, we have all made up our minds that Annie is bound to be in every way improved, expanded, strengthened, glorified; that the old luminaries must then look out for their place.

God be with you. See and enjoy all you can, and remember that many are behind, looking through the clouds and catching the inspiration of your enjoyment. The things that look so long in prospect will be gone

before we know it, and then for a happy meeting and pleasant reminiscences.

The following letter had been received by him after his own had gone :

LONDON, November, 1859.

MY OWN DEAR BROTHER: My heart has been crying out to you, as you well know, ever since I impressed the last kiss upon your pale lips, and turned from you in the hour when of all hours I longed to be with you. The parting from you and C. was the bitterest drop of the sad parting cup. We can well afford to be absent from our loved ones when happiness and gayety rule the hour; but to be denied the privilege of trying to comfort them in sorrow, or at least of suffering with them, adds keenness to the dumb aching of the heart. I could only pray for you, beloved, I could only remember dear Ally's words and "ask Jesus to help you," and that I did unceasingly. Jesus was very near to me upon all my watery way, and so real was His presence that I enjoyed nearness of access. All that day—the day of dear Ally's departure—I was in a sweet and tranquil mood, and as I sat alone upon the upper deck, in my comfortable lounging chair, while Tasker and the young people were gone down to dinner, I was filled with a sense of God's great goodness to me and all my father's house. It seemed strange indeed that I should have been over twenty-four hours out upon that dreaded ocean, and should be feeling so comfortable in body and mind, and I looked up into the quiet heavens, and suddenly exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, is it thou?" Involuntarily I reached out my hand, and then melted into tears. In that tender moment, my dear ones, I thought of you all—dear Ally, John, Cornelia, all—all I committed to that faithful Friend. I knew "my Lord and my God," and I knew that He would do all

things well. The memory of that hour has never faded from my thoughts; like the evening star it has hung with soothing power over some of my deeper experiences, and it is peculiarly pleasant to me now to know that the hour of your anguish and of your heavenly comforting was to me also an hour of sacred emotion. How blessed are we that no ocean depths can separate us, who can meet in Jesus!

Our first letters have just been received and read, and although our hearts had followed you by our imagination through all the sad scenes of which they spoke, yet the certainty of your loss came upon us like an unexpected blow. Are we ever prepared for the death of our loved ones? And could anything make us willing to see them depart, save their bitter pain and suffering? The idea that some one suggested to me many years ago, that the heart-clinging of surrounding friends made it painfully difficult for the departing spirit to leave the dissolving body, has ever had great power over me, and at such times I watch jealously my own heart, striving earnestly to have no will of my own, lest my very love should do a violence to my beloved. But the dear boy has escaped, has passed the dark river, has entered into joys unspeakable and full of glory. For him I rejoice; yea, and will rejoice. For you, for his poor mother, for his loving grand-parents, I weep, and fain would comfort. In vain my wish; only that Jesus who "helped" dear Ally can soothe the sorrowing hearts of the bereaved. Blessed Saviour! He will pour in the oil of consolation and bind up their wounds. To Him would I take them in the arms of a living faith. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

It is, and will be, very difficult for us to think of Ally as gone from your chambers. That little couch is ever before me, and his sweet pale face. And how long it will be before it will seem natural for you and C. and H. to sit

down in your parlor, without a heart-call up stairs. I imagine you opening the hail-door with your night-key, and almost hearing the cry of "Father" from above. Yes, dear brother, the call is from above. And surely, surely, when your summons comes, and God says, "Son, come home," another voice, a dear familiar tone, will greet you—"Father."

But oh, my brother, what is to become of me? I have no sorrows, no troubles. Neither sickness nor death has come into my borders for many years, and my life runs over golden sands. I am too happy—too blessed. I often tremble when I recall the words, "through much tribulation." Oh, what were joy in this short life, if by it I should come short of life eternal? Will you not give me occasionally a few lines while I am so far away from you? I do not dare as yet to think much of home, or the dear children I have left behind. A certain something warns me that that way sorrow lies, and forbids the fountain of tears which must not be unsealed if I would be of any use or comfort to my companions. I shut down my heart resolutely under the hatches, and rush from scene to scene of interest, with enjoyment always, sometimes with enthusiasm.

It is needless to say, give warmest love to sister C.; you are one in my thought, one in your joys and in your sorrows. Remember me with much affection to the dear grand-parents. It was hard indeed for poor "Grandpa" to give up his little namesake. I know how they both loved the darling boy, and how their loving hearts must suffer. I am glad they are with you—it is easier to suffer together.

Don't forget me—all of you—will you? O John, how shall I stand it through all these long, long months?

Farewell, dear brother.

Your loving

S.

The brother and sister were yet to be one in fullest fellowship of grief. Deeper than the ocean which divided them rolled the dark waters which had overwhelmed the one, and which now awaited the other in the same bitter baptism. The life that had so long "run over golden sands" was to meet unlooked-for storms on that foreign shore.

It was a year of crowning sorrow which took two brightest spirits from the family of Brooklyn cousins. A peculiar friendship had existed between the invalid boy and his beautiful cousin Annie during the year before they parted. Though only eleven, he had been matured by suffering, and his grave little comments and opinions charmed the girl of nineteen who was studying life with eager interest and coming to her own conclusions in many matters, and who often found her philosophy aided by his gentle reasonings. His affection and patience endeared him to her, while he felt the fascination of her rare beauty and vivacious noble spirit. Many were the offerings of fruit and flowers intended for the maiden's delectation which found their way to the sick-room, and many hours of cheery converse enlivened its weariness for the little sufferer.

During the winter and spring which followed his death and her departure with her parents for Europe, pleasant tidings had come from the party of travelers, until, returning in June from southern Italy, the limit of their journey, they were gladly hastening homeward. Sudden and terrible was the message which came across the waters to the friends waiting to welcome them. Our own family had scattered for the summer, and we learned from our father the appalling news :

BROOKLYN, June 22, 1860.

O MY DARLING DAUGHTER: I am sick and sad; the sickness is not much; but the sadness, oh how heavy! and I must make you a partaker of it. But how shall I tell you? Our dear Annie Howard—beautiful, joyous, gay Annie—we shall see her no more; she has fallen asleep under the lovely, treacherous skies of Italy, and if she is ever brought back to the native land she loved so well, it will be but to add one more to the dear slumberers who in Greenwood wait for the resurrection wakening. We know but few particulars, only that she died in Milan of malarial fever, probably on the 6th of June. Writing from Naples some weeks ago to Cousin Fanny, you may remember that she herself speaks of an attack of illness she has had, which she attributed to imprudence in sitting out in the balcony and eating the sweet ripe oranges in the evenings. I have noticed that in all the subsequent letters she has been alluded to as not perfectly well. They seem to have hoped that as they went north to cooler and more bracing airs, she would gain strength. They returned to Rome and Florence, and thence, proceeded to Bologna and Venice. In Venice, I apprehend, they entered a pestilential air. The letters all complain of vile smells with which the atmosphere, particularly in the narrow streets, was charged. Your aunt, who has a nervous dread and antipathy to water and a special sensitiveness to odors, could not enjoy the "water-logged city," as she calls it, and Annie became worse. Her system, I apprehend, was in a condition predisposed to the malarial fever, if not already under its fatal power. When they reached Milan, to which they hastened in pursuit of a comfortable hotel, a pure air, and physicians and nurse in whom they could feel some confidence, Annie was already greatly prostrated. That was the 2d of June. On the 4th, Aunt S. wrote a

letter to Aunt M., which was received on Friday morning, and which brought the first news of Annie's serious illness. But at that time things wore a very encouraging aspect. The darling child was much better; as her mother wrote, she was enjoying a quiet sleep, and J. and T., who were worn with nursing, were out driving. The physician, who seemed to understand her case, had told them from the beginning that there was no danger in this form of the disease, and that she would be up in two or three days. They had delightful rooms, a kind and efficient English nurse, an accommodating landlord, and we were so thankful that the worst seemed over. Alas! the same ship had brought the news that all was over, in a very different, though I trust in even a better, sense for darling Annie.

Mr. Beecher came down from Peekskill this afternoon, and found in the office a letter from his daughter H., dated "Paris, June 8," announcing the sad end. Mrs. Stowe's party had left our friends, and were then in Paris. There they had just learned the terrible news from Uncle Tasker, who had found them at their hotel on his desolate way from London, where the telegram had reached him, probably the evening before (the 6th), and this is the only clue we have to the time when the dear child departed. He had then before him a dreary ride of four days and four nights before he could be with his stricken dear ones and look upon the mortal remains of his beautiful idol. For she was his idol, if he had one on earth, and oh what a shadowed life, what a desolate home, is before him now, and before them all!

What a termination to this joyous European tour! So long anticipated, so wildly welcomed, so enriched by every accompaniment that could give it additional brilliancy and zest! That it should come to this! And those fond anticipations we all have been indulging, of living over with the dear returned ones those scenes and incidents of unal-

loyed delight in our happy home-gatherings next winter,—how is all changed to bitterness and agony for so many hearts! how is every memory poisoned, and a pall thrown over the whole of this seemingly ill-fated journey! It set out from the very door of death; the circle completed, it ends in death again,—and such a death! which seems to extinguish the very central light of that ever-radiant home. This was the great sorrow whose shadow would perpetually fall across the brightest scene, whose vague dread mingled with all the exquisite delights through which their journeyings led them. The poor mother! poor heart that would not be calm, that would not be intoxicated to forgetfulness,—and yet how taken by surprise at last for all its forebodings! It was some one of the dear ones left behind on whom the stroke was to fall; some of the little ones, who were withdrawn from the mother's watchings, and who would need a mother's care when she was too far away to render it in season. But Annie! gay Annie! strong-hearted, fearless, so full of life and hope and promise! Annie, for whose sole sake the tossing seas had been braved, and all the perils and fatigues of foreign travel endured! Oh, who could have thought it would be she!

Blessed be God that we mourn not without hope; that amid all her exuberant gayety and spirited independence the dear departed one has left behind her so much evidence of a genuine, truthful, Christian faith. I think that she had a sincere loathing and dread of cant, of all pretense or show of goodness which had not a real foundation in the character. She carried it to an extreme, for it needed experience and responsibility to educate it aright, yet it was the strength and beauty of her character, and it gives great significance and value to all her professions. She would not even practice a virtue or do an act of piety from a mere sense of duty, far less for the credit of it. If love did not inspire it, she seemed to disdain it as an hypocrisy;

and this was genuine, not affected. When she avowed her faith in Christ, she meant it; when she professed to give up her heart to Him and to consecrate her life to His service, it was, I doubt not, with a fixed purpose to redeem the vow and to follow Him faithfully to the end. Nor do I doubt that He accepted that which she committed to his keeping, and has taken her to Himself. And so the heavenly circle is increasing year by year, the fairest and the loveliest first, but all in turn will be called.

We shall wait with great suspense to hear from the dear group of broken-hearted ones abroad. What will be the effect of this terrible shock on your aunt's physical health I cannot guess. Had she not so ready, so tried an access to the fountains of heavenly consolation, I should fear the worst. Let us hope for the best, and earnestly commend her to the Word and God of grace.

Uncle Tasker told the Stowe party that he should endeavor to get over in the Adriatic, which arrives here on the 30th, next Saturday (Annie's birthday!). I think it rather doubtful whether he can accomplish it. But I shall feel that I must stay in Brooklyn till they come.

To his WIFE.

BROOKLYN, June 26, 1860.

. . . . The sad intelligence of dear Annie's death will, I fear, have made you almost ill. I wish you could have heard Mr. Beecher's sermon Sunday evening, on the "anchor sure and steadfast," a hope in God the soul's refuge, then most precious when most severely tried, in the hour of terrible storms, in the exigencies when all other things fail. It was glorious and most consolatory, and I felt for the first time how possible it was for our dear afflicted ones not merely

to be sustained, but to triumph over this grief through the all-sufficient grace of our Divine Lord.

Letters came from them to-day, inclosed to my address. It seems that Annie's death occurred on the 6th. . . . Annie felt from the beginning that she was not going to get well, but the rest did not share her apprehension. She suffered a good deal during the first of her illness, but she cast herself upon the Lord and found peace in believing. She frequently quoted dear Ally's words, "*Jesus must help me.*" Dear Annie; she, too, has entered into rest, and is safe from the evil to come. She longed to look upon beautiful lands and all fair and lovely things. She was greatly disappointed (you remember) in the *music* of Italy—it fell below her anticipations. She is looking now on a lovelier than Italian scenery, and listening to strains which will leave nothing to be desired. She asked in her sickness for home—home—home. And she is at home forever.

As I write, your letter lies open before me, and the delightful fragrance of the violets carries me away to dear Fountain Home, and fills my heart with mingled memories and longings, joyful and sad. Oh, how full is the volume of our life, if we had but a little leisure to ponder the pages of its past and forecast the unfoldings of its future!

TO MRS. GEO. R. BLISS.

ANGELICA, July 11, 1860.

MY DEAR SISTER: Your letter came to hand just as I was closing up my business in Brooklyn, and in the thick of preparation to leave for this place. You doubtless received from some of the sisters such further particulars respecting our dear Annie's death as have been received since the first stunning announcement of the fact—the awful fact, I should have called it a fortnight since, but

why should we so miscall and so misapprehend the dealings of our heavenly Father with us? Why should we be so slow to understand the profound wisdom and loving-kindness that mark them all? Let us learn to think more justly, more lovingly, of the shady path through which our Saviour leads His flock to the heavenly fold! Nor let us so rashly prescribe to the Infinite Wisdom the order of proceeding. If He calls the lambs first, it is because He has need of them, and who shall gainsay His claim? If their departure breaks up our little schemes of life or contradicts our theory of the fitting, what does that prove but the falsity of our theory and the folly of our schemes? Enough that our dear ones have learned that heaven is their home, and have found the door in Christ. Then, when the Master comes and calls for them, let us not merely relinquish them, but rejoice with them, and sing the triumphant song of faith. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ."

I inclose the letters which brought the intelligence, first, of Annie's sickness and, next, of her sudden death.

The last steamer brought me a letter from our poor sorrowing sister, which I received here, and have sent to Brooklyn, to be forwarded thence to you. It was dated "Lake Como," where she and T. were staying at a quiet rural inn, while Tasker and J. had gone with the dear empty casket to Genoa, whence it is to come by sailing vessel home. She was greatly prostrated, lying most of the time on the sofa, where, with her Bible and Hymn Book in hand, she was "feeling her way back" to the light which is her native element, and which she was sure to find, for He is faithful who has promised. I think it was a kind providence which left her for a few days in that serene retirement with the tranquil beauties of nature around her, and the gentle ministries of dear T. to anticipate and supply her wants. There let us hope her bruised and terrified

spirit recovered in a measure its composure, found rest and soothing in the Saviour's bosom, and that perfect peace which is promised to those who stay themselves on God. I am sure it will come to her; and though it seems hard that she should be thrown so far from that sympathy and aid which she would so highly prize in this crisis of anguish, yet God knows best, and the end will vindicate the wisdom and kindness of His plan.

To Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD.

BROOKLYN, July 1, 1860.

Oh, my beloved ones, my heart bleeds for you and with you, in this your and our great sorrow! If I could but have been with you in the trying hour, were it only to help bear the crushing weight, the overwhelming shock! But how foolish the thought! An Almighty Helper, a Brother beyond all earthly brothers, was by your side; and what could I have done that He knew not to supply? Precious sweet assurance! *It was all ordered* in unerring wisdom and tenderest love, no outward comfort wanting that was not better away, no pang or throb of anguish that was not needed to make the mercy perfect! Long ere this, I doubt not, you have been able to take this view of it, and to triumph over affliction through the grace of our Divine Lord—yes, even over such affliction! Since the first hour the stunning announcement broke upon us, like a fatal bolt falling from a cloudless sky, I have longed to sit down and pour my heart across the sea to you, my dear stricken ones. But tonight I feel thankful that inexorable duties prevented when most I longed to write. It would have been one loud, unchristian wail, discordant with the frame of feeling in which I cannot now but hope that this will find you. "Terrible!" was the only word I could think of. How can they endure it?—so young, so beautiful, so sweetly ripening into glorious womanhood, and *she* to be swallowed by the insatiate grave!

such a light to be quenched in such a gloom! our pride, our darling, to be torn ruthlessly away from so many, many loving hearts! And this was the immeasurable horror which hung in vague forebodings over the mother's ever-anxious heart, and threw its chill shadow on every beautiful scene, on every circle of pleasure through which, dear sister, your journey passed! Oh, dreadful, dreadful awakening from that long-cherished dream of joy! How can they bear to speak, to think, of anything they have seen or done through all that round of almost rapturous enjoyment? Such was the sad lament that swept round our mourning circle during those first dark days, and oh, I am glad that I for one did not try to speak. For, dear brother and sister, dear J. and T., let me talk to you all at once, as you are one in the communion of this great grief in that strange land. Is it not all wrong for Christians to feel and think so? Surely, surely it is! Death!—and who or what is Death, that he should strike terror to a Christian's heart? Have we not heard of him before? Are we not familiar with his grim look, and have we not proved his utmost power to make good his threats, and proved that power weakness? Oh, dear ones, do we not also know Him who is "Death of Death," in the radiance of whose loving smile we have seen the fiery dart quenched and the monster's visage changed (by a heavenly magic) to the aspect of an angel-friend?

Yes, we were surprised; oh, how surprised, both you and we! But ought we to have been? No strange thing has happened to us, beloved. It is the old story, though it always amazes us; and when the next one falls in our midst (who will it be?), we shall be just as much startled, just as inexpressibly shocked. Oh, why? Why so dull in learning the kind lesson our Father takes so much pains to teach us?—our dear, dear Father, who never meant to leave us in this dim school-house long, and ever strives to draw our thoughts beyond?

Yes; but why should it have been Annie? "Why not I?" each one cries out. But let me ask, Why *not* Annie? Is it because she was the brightest, the pride and darling of all the house and of all the houses, the one who will be most missed, most mourned throughout all the circle, and throughout the whole community here at home? And pray, when the Saviour is the chooser, shall we wonder that the most eligible is taken? He surely knows which one He needs; and if it be the loveliest, who will grudge Him even that? "Death loves a shining mark"—which is only a heathenish way of saying that because our dear Lord would most powerfully attract our thoughts and loves to Him, He takes "the dearest jewels of our souls" and sets them in His crown; because He will teach us to prize our heavenly home above our earthly, and make it easy for us to snap the cord that binds us here, and soar exultant to the skies, it is His way to gather there the darlings of our hearts, the very pride and ornament of our present life. So let it be; even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight. It is like Thee, it is fitting, it is kind.

You give us hints of the strange softness and sweetness that came over the dear child's spirit as heaven drew near, as though it heard the whispered call, and gathered round it its heavenly vestments and poised itself for flight. And we can partly understand what bitterness this would add to the separation, what keenness to the sense of loss. But you would not have had her die without them. Oh, how cherished, how precious will be those recollections in the future! She brightened as she took her flight; how could she otherwise, if her flight were heavenward?

I know, dear sister, that you must have looked on these as the beginnings of a spiritual growth whose progress and maturity you longed to look upon even here below; and perhaps it seems to you that dear Annie's life was incomplete, its highest end unattained, and this *I know* to be the hard-

est thing for the parent's heart to be reconciled to in such bereavements. But are we not too ready to put our conception of the end and plan of life in the place of God's, and to demand a certain roundness and finish to its developments here on earth, which is evidently no part of the divine design, in most cases at least? Enough that our beloved ones have learned the greatest want of their being to be a home in the bosom of God, and estrangement from Him the only evil that they need to dread; enough that they have found in Jesus the expression of the Love Divine that pardons, purifies, and saves, and have put themselves in His care. Let Him choose the method and the means of their salvation. We know through what experience of sorrow and sin the process must advance in this unhappy world. In a better world it may be more rapid and more easy. Doubt not then, dear sister and brother, that your beloved one had all the education she needed for the new sphere to which she has gone. Else she would not have been called there. I love to follow her, in my thought, to "the happy land," "the shining shore," of which she will no more sing with us in dim raptures, but amid whose golden glory she gazes in ecstatic vision and roams in untiring delight. How intense was her longing to look on lovely lands! to see the works of beauty and listen to the strains of music, of which she had heard inspiring reports from across the wide seas! How her brave young spirit spurned at the thought of danger separating her from those delights! What a zest she found in adventure, and even in peril, when that way lay the end she aimed at! Wayward, childish, unschooled, she might be, but always truthful, even to her faults! And what a genuine contempt for shams! what fearlessness of them in others, what jealousy of their influence upon herself! in a word, what thorough love of liberty and truth! Dear bird! thou art uncaged. Fly on strong pinion whithersoever thou wilt. No limitation of range or

of power shall henceforth oppress thee. Thou lookest upon a fairer land than Italy, and no pestilence lurks treacherous and deadly in the balmy air thou now art breathing, nor in the fruits on which thou art feasting freely. The music that thou listenedst for in vain, even in the land of song, thou hearest now in full perfection, and sharest with no painful sense of incompleteness in thy tones. And all is *genuine*, all transparent, all pervaded by the pure spirit of Him who is the light and glory of that land. Sing then, dear Annie—sing, our angel-daughter and angel-sister—soar and sing till our hearts catch the strain and mount and sing with thee, and our mourning is turned into joy and praise, and death is swallowed up in Victory!

I am so glad that you have decided to spend a little time among the mountains before attempting the trying voyage homeward. It is the true Christian duty to care for the health of the surviving, and for others' sake to make the most of life. I have hardly dared to think of you all, especially of dear S., immediately after such a drain upon the vital forces, passing through an ordeal which taxes so severely even the healthy and robust. It is better, much better, as it is. God give virtue to those mountain-airs to recruit your exhausted frames, and quench the fiery germs of pestilence, if any are lodged in your veins!

As to the dear dust, I presume it was with some shrinking that you sent it forth on its lonely watery way to its destined resting-place, just as we shuddered when we heard of it. How invariably our first thought is a wrong thought, foolish and weak and unworthy of the Christian. Well might the Saviour exclaim, "O ye of little faith!" But I thank Him who helps our infirmities, that He gives us sometimes a wiser "second thought." I think of that sweet clay with pleasure now, guarded by sweet spices from corruption, and sleeping serenely beyond all possibility of disturbance, "rocked in the cradle of the deep" by the same kind

hand which soothed it to its slumber, and secured by a pledge divine against loss or harm until the great Waking Day. Be sure it will be received here by loving hands, and gently laid amidst the loved group of sleeping ones in the dear family chamber to which we all hope in our turn to be gathered.

We shall wait for your return now with more yearning desire than ever, and together we "shall yet praise Him who is the health of our countenance and our God!"

May He comfort you.

JOHN.

The brother's words reached the bereaved company just as they were about to embark for home. The correspondence called forth by an event which touched him so closely seems necessary to a history of that sorrow-laden year. The circle that it most deeply affected is the same to which his memory is dear; and beyond that inner circle is one much wider, which has felt no small interest in the scenes to which it relates. I make no apology, therefore, for introducing into this record of my father's life letters and incidents which at the time profoundly moved him, not only through his sympathies, but also in his own personal affections and spiritual life. He had entered with full sympathy into the pleasures of the European journey, turning from the desolation in his own home and heart to follow its bright course. Many circumstances had combined to invest it with a peculiar charm, especially in those last days spent in sunny Italy. In the dedication of Mrs. Stowe's romance of "Agnes of Sorrento," some of the incidents are related which associate that most poetic of her stories with our beautiful lost cousin. In the number of the *Atlantic Monthly* which contained

its initial chapters was given an extract from a letter to the publishers explaining the origin of the story. Mrs. Stowe writes:

The author was spending some weeks with a party of choice and very dear friends, on an excursion to Southern Italy. Nothing could have been more fabulously and dreamily bright and beautiful than the whole time thus employed. Naples, Sorrento, Salerno, Pæstum, Pompeii, are names of enchantment, which will never fade from the remembrance of any of that party. At Salerno, within a day's ride of Pæstum, we were detained by a storm for a day and a night. The talents of the whole company were called into requisition to make the gloomy evening pass pleasantly with song and jest and story. The first chapters of this story were there written and read to the accompanying dash of the Mediterranean. The plan of the whole future history was then sketched out. Whether it ever find much favor in the eyes of the world or not, sure it is, the story was a child of love in its infancy, and its flowery Italian cradle rocked it with an indulgent welcome.

The story is dedicated to the dear friends, wherever scattered, who first listened to it at Salerno. Alas! in writing this, a sorrow falls upon us—the brightest in youth and beauty, and in promise of happy life, who listened to that beginning, has passed to the land of silence.

When our merry company left Salerno, all the younger members adorned themselves with profuse knots of roses which grew there so abundantly that it would seem no plucking could exhaust them. A beautiful girl sat opposite the writer in the carriage and said, "Now I will count my roses; I have just seven knots, and in each seven roses." And in reply another remarked, "Seven is the perfect number, and seven times seven is perfection. It is an emblem," she said gayly, "of the perfect time of enjoy-

ment we have had." One month later and this rose had faded and passed away.

There be many who will understand and tenderly feel the meaning when we say that this little history is dedicated to the memory of ANNIE.

The young girl reveled in the quaint legends and the highly wrought pictures of fairy-like, luxuriant beauty which so abound in the story, and her lively interest won for her a special proprietorship in it. In their rambles about the flowery old city of Sorrento, with its orange-groves and mysterious gorge, they often came upon scenes and characters which at her merry suggestion were woven into the romance. Indeed, she was the unconscious model from which some of the pictures of the lovely heroine were painted.

During the previous winter which the party spent in Rome many delightful acquaintances were formed, and among them one of special interest with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning. The lovely spirit of the woman shines out so tenderly from two letters written to the stricken mother, and the balm of their consolation was so helpful to the sore hearts of the closely knit family circle at home, that I have begged permission to place them beside the other records of that sorrowful time :

SIENNA, August 14, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD: I receive your letter, read it, hold it in my hand, with a sympathy deeply moved. No, we had not heard of your loss; yes, we well remember that lovely and radiant creature, "called up higher" so early in the day. Yes, yes, yes, I understand dimly what it must be for you to stand below and see her go, and feel the place where you stand forever after sadder.

Hearing such things makes us silent before God. What must it be to experience them? I have suffered myself very heavy afflictions, but this affliction of *the mother* I have not known, and I shut my eyes to the image of it. Only, where Christ brings His cross, He brings His presence, and where He is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. At the darkest you have felt a Hand through the dark, closer perhaps and tenderer than any touch dreamt of at noon. As He knows His own, so He knows how to comfort them, using sometimes the very grief itself, and straining it to a sweetness of peace unattainable to those ignorant of sorrow.

Also, it seems to me that a nearer insight into the spiritual world has been granted to this generation, so that by whatever process we have reached our convictions, we no longer deal with vague abstractions, half closed, half shadowy, in thinking of departed souls.

There is now something warm and still familiar in those Beloveds of ours to whom we yearn out beyond the grave, not cold and ghastly as they seemed once, but human, sympathetic, with well-known faces. They are not lost utterly to us even upon earth—a little farther off, and that is all. Farther off, too, in a very low sense.

Quite apart from all foolish "spiritual" (so called) literature, we find these impressions very generally diffused among theological thinkers of the most calmly reasoning order. The unconscious influence of Swedenborg is certainly to be taken into account.

Dear Mrs. Howard, how I thank you and how my husband thanks you for your valuable gifts, "Crumbs from the Table," thoughts from the teachings of Mr. Beecher. We will read them faithfully, and keep them in remembrance of you and *yours* as we saw you in Rome.

In opening the volumes I already fall upon fine and thrilling things. They will help me to live; perhaps they

will help me, too, to suffer. I am very sad even now, in great anxiety about the illness of a beloved sister in England, and feeling it hard to be patient, and trust God from post to post. So foolish am I, you see, of whom you say (how it moves me that you should say it!) that my poems have been worth a little to you at your need.

For Mr. Beecher,—I have often thought gladly of what you told me—surely it was yourself that told me—that he had expressed some sympathy with me. If you ever hear him express it again, ask him to pray for me.

Of dear Mrs. Stowe I have not heard since we parted at Rome, and I was over-shy to say "Write."

Dear Mrs. Howard, believe how we both deeply thank you for remembering us, and remembering us *so*, and how we unite in most affectionate sympathy with you and with your husband, while I sign this letter as

Your true friend,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ROME, *Villa Felice*, March 12, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD: Your letter came to me when I was in bitter need of comfort myself. What are we to say to others, when our own heart faints? I had been in great anxiety for months, and then at last came news from England—and there was no more to fear. Dear Mrs. Stowe's letter, which reached me with yours, was the first touch of comfort I could call by such a name.

Before then, the pain you had expressed, and a sermon of Mr. Beecher's, had reminded me of an old forgotten manuscript of mine, "De Profundis"—"written in my earlier manner" (say the critics)—and referring to a great grief, and I sent it to the *Independent* for printing.

That was for *you*; yet by the time it was printed and came out here, some of it suited me also through a new trial.

How the threads cross! and I, in my life, have suffered many losses. I look with trembling sometimes at my husband and my child, in spite of the probabilities in my own favor. I have taken a great deal of scourging to learn my lesson, and after all it is learned but poorly. Dear Mrs. Howard, when the young go away with their hands full of unblown roses, who should lament that they did not stay to sit under leafless trees? Why yearn for our daughters to live to *lose daughters*? Let us consider of all our holy dead, that the lessons they learn now are not learnt with pangs, but easily while they sit under the eyes of Him who loves them more than we ever could.

May God bless you. My husband unites with me in kind regards to you both. How good of you to think of the photograph, which I shall value so much! Think a little, too, of the truth of

Yours in affectionate sympathy,

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The travelers returned, and a tearful company gathered around the Sabbath evening family altar. The brother had remained in Brooklyn to greet them. He wrote of that evening hour: "We have had a very quiet but deeply affecting time at our Sabbath-evening worship, as you may well suppose. Words were few and of small account. But every heart was swollen to bursting with memories and emotions 'past the infinite of thought.'"

Two weeks later, he wrote from his country home to the bereaved parents:

FOUNTAIN HOME, August 30, 1860.

We yesterday received Sister Fanny's letter, informing us of the arrival of the precious clay, and its safe repose in our

peaceful Greenwood. It lifts a burden from our hearts, as it did from yours, dear brother and sister, and we join with you in devout thanksgiving to the Father of mercies that He has granted you this last sad privilege. We feel that we can now say with more completeness of satisfaction: "All is well. So He giveth His beloved sleep."

And here ends another stage of our earthly pilgrimage. Looking back on the events of the past year, how long a stride we seem to have made forward! what a world of experience seems compressed within these few months! And have we not been brought to a higher plane? When we can for a moment rid ourselves of these scalding, blinding tears, do we not already perceive that we have gained a wider range of vision, and look through a clearer medium and from a more commanding point? And so we go heavenward; so we begin to *sense*, rather than discern, "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." How shallow the idea of happiness with which we set out in life, as though the garish sunshine were its only element, and it perished in the shade. And so long as the sun of earthly prosperity filled our sky, so near, so palpable, so engrossing, we did not, could not, suspect our mistake. But our sun went down, and heart and hope sank with it, *till the stars came out*; and oh, the new wonders, and the unthought-of, solemn joy, as the far-off, infinite spaces revealed themselves, and our spirits, escaped from the heat and the excitement, refreshed with the Heaven-dropped dew-baptism, soared off beyond the limits of the little system we had called our universe, and began to track the ethereal paths that lead to our true home, the abode of God! The sun will rise and shine again, beloved ones; but it will be less and less a gloomy thought that the night will also come, and at last will come to stay, bringing to our day-weary souls a perfect rest and an everlasting dwelling among the stars.

Although still departing from the line of my original intention in this memoir, I cannot forbear, in closing the history of this sad year, to quote the following lines, which so perfectly embody our thought of the joyous spirit which had taken its flight from our midst. They were from the pen of the late Mrs. Conant, the friend to whom the joys and griefs of our family were by closest sympathy her own :

ANNIE.

Bird of the radiant plumage
Glancing in the sun,
What new field of joyance
Hast thou won ?
Thou art not dead, bright creature,
Death had no part in thee ;
Where life is flowing finest
Thou must be.

Thy nature's fiery essence
Kindred sphere hath found,
Now floats thy restless pinion
In calm profound ;
Thy flight of shifting impulse
The Central Love obeys,
Circling the throne, thou warblest
Sweetest lays.

Sorely must we miss thee,
So fair thou wert to sight,—
The air played all about thee
Rainbow light !
With tear-beclouded vision
We seek thy sunward track,
Yet would not from the heavenly fields.
Call thee back.

But when in dreams of midnight
Wakes the spirit's ear,
Might low mysterious music
Tell thee near ;

Might'st thou in grace celestial
Stand smiling by our side.
Orbed in a glory saintly,
Heaven's bride !—

Come so, yet not to linger,—
'Twere better than thy stay
That thus thy beckoning finger
Point the way
To the fair opening portals
Where grief cannot come ;—
Oh for the gates of Paradise,
For our home !

This chapter of sorrow cannot be finished without one more sad record. Two years after the bereavements which we have recounted, another favorite cousin was suddenly snatched away, and another household was made desolate. A reference to the tidings which had reached our summer home is found in a letter written at the time: "We were inexpressibly pained and shocked yesterday by the intelligence of the death of brother Robert's youngest son Jack, aged eighteen. He was out in the Adirondacks hunting, and shot himself accidentally. The charge of buckshot passed through his thigh, and he lived but two hours. Poor father and poor mother! how can they part *so* with their beautiful boy? The very embodiment of sparkling health, with a boundless flow of wit and merriment, he was the pride and joy of the house and the life of all the circle of younger cousins."

A hurried account of the accident was sent to us at the time:

Saturday night, Jack went out in the boat after deer with the guide, leaving Edward in camp. This was about fifty

miles from Keesville, in the heart of the Adirondacks, at the head of Tappan Lake. They found two deer together. Jack fired both barrels, killing one of them and missing the other. He loaded again quickly for another shot, but could not get one. It was by this time half-past nine, and, laying his gun behind him in the bow, he told the guide to put out the lantern and return to camp. An instant after he drew his gun towards him to settle himself comfortably for the homeward ride, when the barrel went off, and a charge of buckshot passed through his thigh, shattering it. It was dark. He said to the guide that he was hurt, and bleeding so much that he thought it must be a bad wound, and that he must be taken as soon as possible to camp. From this time on he was constantly calm and brave, bearing pain without sign, and giving directions to those about him. At his request the guide cut a piece of rope from the boat-line and bound his leg tightly, Jack showing him how to do it. Then, after a little silence, he said, "I think it is possible that I may bleed to death before we get to camp. If I do, tell my father and mother and brothers and sisters that I was thinking of them." The guide heard him pray a while by himself, and finish with the Lord's Prayer, as is our custom after "prayers." He was thinking of our Sunday evenings then, I know. After that he was quiet until they got to camp.

There were several parties there who knew and loved him dearly, and a number of gentlemen from Philadelphia and New York came to his camp immediately. Among them was the District Attorney of the county, and one other who had practiced medicine. They sent a man also for a regular surgeon, eighty miles distant. The surgeon only got thirty miles on his way before he met them, with the dead.

They were obliged to take the long journey of fifty miles to Keesville by row-boat. They rowed all day Sunday, and

E. told us how the rough guides stopped on the way to cover their favorite with pond-lilies.

Again the brother's words brought comfort, as he opened afresh to the smitten hearts the fountains of healing to which he knew the way so well :

ANGELICA, July 24, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER : The dreadful news has just reached us, and what shall I say ? what can I say ? Oh mystery of mysteries ! that it should have been he ! the bright, beautiful, buoyant Jack, in the bursting fullness of his joyous boyhood, just dropping the gay petals of the blossom and beginning to set towards the rich promise of the fruit ! That it should have been thus ! not amidst the thick-falling death-strokes of the battle-field, not in the performance of stern and perilous duties, not in fierce grapple with difficulties and beset with visible dangers, but in the pursuit of pleasure and health, in the flush and heyday of enjoyment, that just there, across the path of that exciting and successful chase, the grave should have opened to swallow up his bloom and vigor and his budding hopes !

There is but one thought which seems as yet to furnish any ground of comfort. It is this, that the hand of God is so very, very manifest. It is as though the "drapery of invisibility" had for the moment fallen away and revealed the Almighty, Everlasting Arm, taking away the precious jewel which Itself had bestowed. "The arm of the Lord laid bare !" If you can but catch a glimpse of that sublime revealing, I know that it will not merely hush every murmur and bow your spirits in awful adoration of the Infinite Majesty, but will bring unspeakable consolation, and nerve you with the strength you need to say, "Amen, Father, Thy will be done !" Ineffable Sovereignty of Love ! who cannot trust thee ? who can either dare or desire to quarrel with

thy behest? Thither, whence his fair existence sprang, the ever-flowing Fountain of being and of blessing, thither he is recalled, to "the bosom of his Father and his God," and there let us leave him, in absolute trust, in resolute hope, as incapable of solving the glorious mystery of his life as the solemn mystery of his death.

Meanwhile, thank God for so much of mercy mingled in the cup; for his manly bearing in so sudden and terrible a crisis, his dignified composure and courage when brought so unexpectedly under the shadows of that summer night, in the depth of that forest-wild, face to face with the Grim King; for his last characteristic words of affectionate remembrance; that he was spared protracted suffering, and, since he must be taken, was taken in merciful swiftness away; for the sad, sweet privilege of looking once more upon his beautiful face, unmarred, ere it faded from the earth forever; and oh, above all, for the evidence that in his extremity he fled to the only refuge for weak and guilty man. Ah! that whispered prayer as he lay dying in the bottom of his boat, looking up into the still and solemn eyes of the stars, and half conscious that they waited for his immediate departure! How often will you think of it! what balm will it bring to your sore and aching hearts! "Forgive us our trespasses; lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He that taught us thus to pray, the Maker of the stars and forests, the loving Elder Brother of poor stricken humanity, was He not present, think you, in His ancient temple, with bending ear to catch the whispered anguish of your dying boy? And is this His answer? Was he thus to be "delivered" from temptation and from evil? The secret is with Thee, O Conqueror of the grave! and in the resurrection Thou wilt bring it with Thee for Thy glory and our joy!

CHAPTER XI.

TRIP TO EUROPE.

THE decline of Dr. Raymond's health became more and more marked. It was hoped at first that time would renew the strength which had been so deeply drained in the sorrows and struggles through which he had passed. But his elasticity was so far spent that it became increasingly evident that nothing but a change of scene and absolute freedom from care could save him from complete prostration. It was above all difficult for him to rally his hope, which had never failed before, and he afterwards confessed how confident he had felt that he should never be well again. In the spring of 1863 his friend Mr. Beecher decided to accept the proffer of his church to send him abroad for a summer of rest. He playfully proposed to Dr. Raymond to accompany him, thus suggesting to common friends the plan which was by their loving intervention carried into effect. They saw in this opportunity a vista of enjoyment and returning health opening before one so dear to them, and the generous kindness of his brothers made the bright vision a reality. If any reward could come to their hearts, it was fully made in the new and abounding life which he brought back from those inspiring shores.

In the letters written during those golden months familiar reference is made to the companionship which enhanced their delights. The following letter replies

to the request for Mr. Beecher's sanction of the frequent use of his name:

BROOKLYN, June 16, 1880.

MY DEAR H.: By all means use your father's letters without regard to my name. As we were inseparable companions of voyage and travel, it could not be otherwise than that his letters to his family should carry a thousand personal details. But those are the very things that give life to a biography; to cut them out would be like taking away the pearls, and leaving only the string on which they were placed.

I shall never have such another four months. If I had the months, I should lack the man. There will never be but one John H. Raymond; and he was built expressly for companionship in travel. Of an easy temper, looking mainly on the bright side of things; full of wit and gayety, sparkling all over with enthusiasm; full of knowledge of historical places, men, and events; with hunger for all that was beautiful in art or in nature; simple as a child among friends, reserved among strangers, and dignified in all places—well, if I should go on, you might say I was painting a hero. But he was better than that—a lovable man!

We were in the same state-room on shipboard, and congenially sick nearly all the voyage; and landed in as wet and dirty a day as ever gave reputation to England. Hardly had we stored our trunks in the hospitable house of "Charley Duncan," before we were off to Chester, the old, old city, where we walked for hours in a haze of enthusiastic wonder. A volume would not contain the contents of a single day if a true relation were made of all we saw, said, thought, and felt. Dr. John was full of antiquarian lore, and could have spent a month in research. It was his nature to be thorough. He would poise himself before an angle in the old wall, or a niche in the Cathedral, or some

projecting old house in a narrow street, and begin to trace things back to their origin or uses, and I had to seize him by his arm and rush him along. "Don't stop here forever, Doctor! The sun will go down before you finish one street. You are not in your study, with days and days for investigation. We are going over all Europe in two months' time, and you must learn to glance, and skim, and do the studying when you get home." Next we went rapidly through portions of North Wales. The air was balmy, the sky of a moist and tender blue, soft banks of clouds sailed noiselessly over our heads, and all nature evidently had come out to give two Yankees the choicest things she had. Everything was beautiful, everything just right, everything joyful. We had such boundless buoyancy that even accidents seemed mirthful, and we mourned only that there were but twenty-four hours in the day and seven days in the week.

It would be vain for me to trace the joyous days in somber York, at radiant Chatsworth, at Stratford-on-Avon—oh what a day!—the memorable afternoon spent by stealth within the ruined walls of Kenilworth Castle, shut up to visitors on that day, but assaulted, climbed into, and captured from the back side.

London was to the Doctor worse than was the Library to Dominie Sampson. For years he had stored his mind with all that belonged to its literary history, its haunts, its streets, buildings, hostelries, churches, galleries, mansions, and palaces. Now he had them before him. It did one good to see him recognize some resort of Johnson, Pope, Dryden, and the whole singing crew; of Milton and Shakespeare, or the streets and courts famous in history. At once he began to explain and point out, or search for some remembered thing concerning the place, and would have been there to this day pouring out like a fountain had I not turned the faucet and jerked him away. "Come, come, my dear fellow, this is no way; at this rate you won't get out

of London all summer!" He was never annoyed by this social despotism, but waked out of his absorption with a laugh, and joined in cracking jokes upon himself. And so we went through the picture-galleries and libraries, and oh!—the British Museum—that was simply a Maelstrom that sucked him in, and threatened to take him forever from our sight! To Oxford we went; to its venerable colleges, to its Bodleian Library, its Taylor and Randolph galleries, its "studies of the Great Masters," from which I could hardly tear him away. There was not a thing high or low that did not bring him exquisite joy. He was like a stately instrument of music upon which were laid the hands of successive masters, all evoking the music of wondrous happiness. Tears, and laughter, and learning, and love, and solemnity, and capering gayety, the wisdom of a sage, and the prankishness of a child, all in succession ran through the unclouded days! If I had had no other joy, it would have been happiness enough to watch the Doctor's endless enjoyment, varying every hour, and running through the whole scale of faculties.

Our visit, you will recollect, was made in the summer of 1863, just before the capture of Vicksburg and the expulsion of Lee from Pennsylvania after the battle of Gettysburg. The prejudice against the North, among all the upper classes in England, was undisguised. The "common people," the laboring classes, were friendly. Your father and I were met on every side with abundant proffers of social kindness from men who openly avowed a wish that the Union might be dissolved. A breakfast was given us in London by the Congregational clergymen and laymen of London and vicinity. More than one hundred sat down at the tables. When it was my turn to speak, I laid the case of my country before the gentlemen with some plainness of speech and fervor of manner. Thinking that the effect would be better if my views were corroborated by a

self-contained and scholarly man, not given to undue feeling in speech, I had Dr. Raymond called out. His first sentence was like an explosion, and his speech a tremendous outburst of indignation at the lukewarmness of English friends, and of fervid patriotism such as I had never heard from him before. It electrified his audience and me too! I never set him up again to make a cool and conservative speech upon the war for the extinction of slavery and the preservation of the Union! If my speech had been fervid, his was red hot; if mine was a summer thunder-storm, his was a tropical tornado!

But he had a magnificent power of indignation! Gentle, genial, and little apt to be aroused by anger, yet when he did confront meanness and dishonorable conduct, he had a fury of wrath that consumed it to the uttermost.

It would be vain to attempt a journal of our visit to Paris, to Strasburg, to Basle, to Lucerne, to Geneva, to Mt. Blanc, to Zermatt and G rner Grat and the Matterhorn, over the Simplon, to the Italian lakes, to Milan, to Verona and Venice, across the Tyrol to Innsbruck, Munich, Nuremburg, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, and London again. We nearly drove our courier crazy. Such early rising, such incessant activity, such late retiring, a whirlwind of enterprise such as could be expected of no mortal creatures except Yankees who had determined to do a year's seeing in six weeks. Everywhere our first visits were to venerable buildings, cathedrals, churches, historic mansions; but next, and longest, to galleries of art. It was a rare day at Dresden, when we were shut up all day alone in the hall of engravings, and had a taste of the rarest and choicest bits from every school and period. It was on a day closed to the world. But the curator opened to us, and rewarded our enthusiasm with a whole day's kindest attention and service. (May his crown be bright!) It would have done you good to see your

father's quiet eagerness and exquisite ecstasy in the galleries of great artists. It was a new world to him. It opened to him a realm of sensibilities and refined tastes, and subtle analyses, concerning which he had treasured up stores of fine knowledge from books for many years. I made up my mind that, much as I enjoyed the treasures of art, Dr. John was himself about the most interesting specimen of fine art that I anywhere met.

In all the crowded days, the glowing weeks, the over-full months, there was never a jolt or jar, a grief or groan, a rash word or uneasy moment. He was merry, wise, patient, eager, devout, reverential, yet joyous and gay as a child. He saw everything, admired, loved, revered, judged, condemned, rejoiced, in an endless activity that, as it were, beat the hours into foam, every drop or bubble of which threw off iridescent beauty to his hungry eyes. But one single fault, one single action to be condemned in our months' long trip: and that was when he went home and left me alone in London! The scenes and figures woven into the tapestry of those few immortal months have lost none of their color and beauty, and never will, until I see him again, and am shown by him all the scenes of the New Jerusalem!

H. W. B.

The letters written during these travels contain the fullest descriptions of all that he enjoyed so keenly. It is not possible to give them with the perfection of detail which added such an interest at the time, and which is so characteristic of all that he wrote. But selections from them enable us to follow the story of his journeyings:

'CITY OF BALTIMORE," NEW YORK BAY, }
Quarter-past 1 P. M. May 30, 1863. }

And now, my dearest wife, I can at last say "I am sure," at least of a start. The change that we experienced in

passing out of that steaming dock into the free river-breeze was indescribably refreshing, and as my eye turned away from the spot where the dear group faded from vision, and swept the glorious horizon, and the broad bay widened out towards the wider ocean, and already the coming gust was throwing up the cheery white-caps in the distance, it is astonishing how my spirit leaped up to meet them, how a throng of azure devils and phantom anxieties took wing and fled away, and all my troubles were lost in the only real one, separation from my darlings, heart-hunger for those I love. Oh! if you all were with me at this moment, the world would hold no happier dog than I. Travel is my delight. Perhaps I may sing another tune to-morrow, but I do not expect to, and just now I can conceive of no higher idea of heaven than a free passage round the universe for me and all my friends. But I shall not amidst my enjoyments forget your lonely hours, nor the generous self-devotion that has spoken none but encouraging words to all this project. God will bless you and the dear flock, and reward you with the thought of the joy and profit you are giving one who loves you so. . .

"CITY OF BALTIMORE," ATLANTIC OCEAN, }
1350 Miles East of New York, }
Thursday, June 4, 1863. }

This is the first day I have felt quite up to writing, or even beginning to; how it will end, I will tell you in due time. "What! *you* sick?" I hear you exclaim. Well, wait, I will begin at the beginning and let you know all about it. . . .

But now, all things ready, we turn our prow to the deep, and bid farewell to "native land." As we left Sandy Hook, we passed into a thick fog, which would seem to cover the entire ocean, for we have not escaped it since. And as the ship plunged into the fog, the passengers began, in pretty

rapid succession, to plunge into the bowels of the ship, and but a moderate fraction of the whole company that left the dinner-table at 5 P.M. reappeared at the tea-table at 7.

The show was still more meager the next morning at breakfast, and not until yesterday and to-day have our thinned ranks begun to look full and comfortable again. I have been at my post at every meal but one, but of the amount of service performed for the first three days I am not disposed to boast. . . . When I went into our state-room that first evening, and saw poor Mr. Beecher rolled into his berth with everything on but his boots, and listened to his pallid attempts to be facetious, I did not attempt to imitate him in the latter respect, while I made haste to do so in the former, though he had the advantage of me in the process, by as much as *tumbling down* is easier than *climbing up*. That night I slept with everything on, to my spectacles, which I forgot to take off, and my soft hat on my head, to protect the poor pate from the searching air.

My sickness has not been constant or severe, but has come on at intervals, mainly manifesting itself in a feeling of intense discomfort, forlornness, desolation, utterly inexpressible, covering past, present, and future with the pallor of a corpse, and giving to the ocean the aspect of "one vast dose of ipecac," all mixed and ready to be "taken." Ugh! Sunday, after breakfast a few forsaken-looking mortals assembled in the saloon for divine service, performed by the ship's surgeon, and really I enjoyed it much. Prayer-books are furnished by the ship, and the doctor read the prayers in a full rich tone, and with "accent and emphasis" which would have satisfied Mr. Dwyer. . . .

Mr. Holme * has not been sick a moment since we started ;

* The Rev. John S. Holme, now of New York, at that time pastor of the Pierrepont St. Baptist Church, of which Dr. Raymond was a member, who was a fellow-passenger on the steamer, and who afterwards joined them during a part of their trip.

he is as gay as a bird, running all over the ship, making all sorts of discoveries, getting acquainted with everybody, and getting everybody acquainted with each other.

We have found a pleasant congenial circle on board in a party of young missionaries, two couples and two single ladies, on their way to Turkey. Mr. Holme found them out and got us together, and now we have established a regular missionary circle on the upper deck, under the lee of the smoke-stack, where we pass our time right merrily in varied chat and singing, enlivened with an occasional game, and last Friday night we had a Shakespeare reading in the saloon. The *Mishes* (as J. would call them) are eager for another to-day. . . .

Tuesday, June 9: So far on Saturday; since then I have had a variable experience—the heights and the depths. . . .

To-day, we have the most perfect day we have had since starting, and we are all on deck, closing up our letters and hailing the sight of land. To-night we hope to reach Queenstown, where we shall leave the ship and take the cars to Dublin. Thence to Holyhead and Bangor in Wales, and by way of Chester to Liverpool, where we hope to spend next Sunday.

9 o'clock P.M.: I have got my trunk packed and luggage all ready for landing, and have come on deck again, and find it still light enough to scribble a few lines by way of closing. We have been a happy ship's company this afternoon, sailing by the green highlands on the southern coast of Ireland; watching the little craft along the shore and the sea-gulls that track our good ship's wake in flocks; admiring the picturesque light-house on the Fastnet rock, which towers up out of the sea, some three miles from Cape Clear; and chattering and cackling among ourselves like a nest of magpies. We have changed our plan about going ashore at Queens-town, and go on to Liverpool with the ship. I think of

you all in sweet quiet Angelica. May the blessing of the Lord be on you!

LIVERPOOL, June 11, 1863.

MY VERY PRECIOUS SISTER,—never so precious as to-day, when this dismal, howling distance which separates us gives me a painfully vivid impression of what a final parting would be:—We have just stepped on shore, after what they call an unusually prosperous and comfortable voyage. If it be so, the good Lord spare me one *usually* so! Seasick I have not been, in any serious measure (though enough to take the heart out of every form of enjoyment within my reach, or even conceivable), but damp, chilled, dirty, disgusted with myself first, and with every body and thing in turn.

That boundless waste of waters over which we have been pitching and rocking these ten mortal days is a wonderful thing, surely. But I expected that. What took me by surprise was that all over its dreary surface should rest this hateful *fog*. As we left the mouth of our beautiful bay, enlivened by so many busy craft and by that magnificent display of the myriad-handkerchiefed and countless-throated "Merrimac," we plunged into fog—went to bed in it, waked in it, dragged all the wretched day through it—and this day after day, until it seemed as though it soaked into our brains and penetrated into the marrow of every bone with its deathly chill. Wednesday and Thursday it lifted a little and revealed a black horizon of some five miles' radius, and at times mocked us with a ghostly promise of sun and sky. But the infinite sponge came down upon the promise and the hope at once. Sunday was fine and I was up—well, I guess, *above* zero—though the wind was fresher and the swell was higher; wherefore Henry was *down*, and we were all disappointed of the talk which, in an infatuated interval

of fancied escape, he had promised the captain to give us. But we had the service very enjoyably read by a Rev. Dr. on board, and it was about as much of religion as we could sense. We had a splendid dinner (alas! the worse for me), and in the evening we did have such a delightful little meeting, down under the smoke-stack, scattered about on the deck, on and under our blankets and shawls!—the missionaries, Holme, and I, with half a dozen other congenial souls—(poor Henry was groaning in his berth the while). We began with singing familiar hymns, and with easy, pleasant, Christian chat. And when we had finished "The day is past and gone," I had to tell them of our Sunday-evening gatherings and what that dear hymn had been to all of us for a quarter of a century; and that brought the waters, and suddenly they bethought them that it was monthly concert at home, and that "my father" and "my mother" and "our church" were just beginning to pray for "me too." And then the skies parted and

" Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

After this we were too full to talk, and I proposed "Quaker meeting," and the next half-hour I don't believe any of us will forget—"And about the first watch of the night, He came to us, walking upon the sea, and he came up unto us into the ship. . . . And we were sore amazed in ourselves, beyond measure," yet not "troubled," but exceedingly comforted. One of the missionary girls, a bright bit of an enthusiast, said, as we separated for the night, "Can we be happier in Heaven than we have been this evening?" and it did not seem a strange question. But that was the beginning and end of my sea-comfort. The next day, and the next, and the next—which was the last—how shall I describe the unspeakable wretchedness of those

hours! Do you guess the cause? Sick head-ache—sick head-ache at sea! “Such a horror of great darkness” on the past, the present, and the future! The thought of reaching England, of coming ashore, of seeing people and undertaking to see sights, was torture, and my principal study was how I could find a decent pretext for turning round and returning by the ship which met us at Queens-town. And such, dear S., was the first installment of those “pleasurable heart-aches” which you promised in your dear parting note. I can hardly realize that it was only last night, less than twenty hours ago, that I rolled in that bed of misery, beneath the burden of that pressure which crushed in head and heart alike. And so at last I sank to sleep, and knew nothing more till four this morning.

I rubbed my eyes: no head-ache! I pricked my ears: no rattle of engine or screw! Could I trust my senses? No rocking or pitching of the ship!! All was calm, noiseless, tranquil, just what I had so longed for and felt so hopeless of obtaining. Had I passed from purgatory? and was this the first stage of celestial beatitude? I spoke to my reverend *compagnon*: no Beecher! While I mused within myself what all this might signify, the steward's bell came jingling down the companion-way; and the cheery cry, “Get ready to go ashore,” rang through the gloomy passages of our prison-house. Imagine a cork pressed down by outward forces to the bottom of ocean's “dark unfathomed caves” and suddenly released, and you may get some conception of the way my spirit bounded and went mounting upward from that moment, and for the next twenty-four hours. I leaped from my berth like a bird from its perch. The blue-devils flew through the open port-hole with a whizz, and buried themselves in the bowels of the blue deep, where they belong. My toilet was finished before it was begun, and I was in the crowd on deck.

Liverpool received us with a right English salutation.

The clouds hung low and pitchy black, and poured out rain by the bucketful. What cared I? My head did not ache, my lungs did crow like chanticleer and shouted to old England and her angry elements, "Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks." Dimly peering through the mist-laden air, we could discern faint outlines of terra firma and human habitations—a city that hath foundations. We were a funny-looking set of birds, bundled and cloaked in our dirty sea-attire, like so many rag-man's bags which had been affectionately handled by chimney-sweepers, but lovely to one another's eyes, as we interchanged the smile of mutual congratulation.

The little tug that waited for us at the ship's side was black as Erebus (as all the river-boats are here), and looked grim and ghostly as you might imagine Charon's boat, waiting to ferry us over the Styx. But happily the Elysium of solid land was beyond, and we would have hugged the infernal ferryman himself, had he come to bear us to it. And so we came all safe to land.

We were most cordially welcomed by Captain Duncan and his good wife. Two of their boys were formerly with me at the Polytechnic, you know, and they mourn incessantly that they have in Liverpool no such school, and no such church as Plymouth. Indeed, you could not persuade them that their equals could be found in England or the world. It was very pleasant to find a home so immediately on landing on this far-off shore. We were taken at once into its heart, and here we have staid ever since. Nothing is too good—or, indeed, good enough—for us, and all the time we are made to feel that we are conferring, not receiving, a favor.

I am ready, God willing, to realize your loving predictions of a happy time with our friend and brother. There were crowds here waiting to meet him—deputations on deputations, bowings and explainings and puttings off, and this

afternoon, to escape them, a tramp and a drive about town. To-morrow morning, early, we two are off for Chester, to return in the evening, and the next day (Saturday) into Wales to spend a quiet Sunday.

LIVERPOOL, June 12, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER R. : I gave sister S. an account, yesterday, of our first day in Liverpool. That evening we went to an organ concert at St. George's Hall—a magnificent hall—and oh! what an instrument! It seemed as if I had never heard an organ before. We had Mendelssohn and Weber and Bach, and a fantasia of wild, weird Welsh melodies. And as I sat and fairly wept for pleasure, I could hardly believe it was the same being who lay in that dismal berth the night before, and groaned in agony, and looked in vain, behind and before, for a ray of comfort or hope; or that I, if I it were, could be in the same sphere. It seemed as though I had come up from the very "belly of hell" and sat down at the gate of paradise.

And then that divine bed in which I lay that night!—*lay*, did I say? In which I stretched and rolled and reyeled and hugged myself for joy, so heavenly clean and sweet, so majestic in its amplitude, so luxurious in its tender embrace. Ah, you must go to sea if you would know by contrast the ineffable felicity of going to bed. I nestled in it like a baby in its mother's bosom, and could hardly allow myself to go to sleep lest I should lose the consciousness of my bliss. . . . We got back from Chester about five o'clock, and my weary legs served as a good excuse for refusing to go with Mr. Beecher to dine with the American consul.

We had not landed, yesterday, before Mr. Beecher was boarded by deputations from Liverpool and from Manchester, and it was manifestly their purpose to use him as a new-come notoriety, in pulpit and on platform, for legitimate

and for selfish objects, to the utmost possible extent. The Secession papers here announced that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had come over on a visit to England, "ostensibly for the benefit of his health, but really (as was ascertained from the most trustworthy sources) as a secret agent for the Federal Government," and a series of public demonstrations and a free fight generally appears to have been expected, as a matter of course, by friends and foes. But that little game has been quietly blocked. Mr. Beecher informed the Liverpool deputation that he had come really for his health (which meant rest and not work); that as America understood her own interests best, and expected to take care of them without any foreign aid, so Englishmen were the proper parties to enlighten Englishmen, and to save their country from the unhappy results to which selfishness, prejudice, ignorance, and bad counsel were likely to lead her; that while he sympathized with the true Christians and enlightened friends of liberty among them, and would be glad to lend them any incidental aid in his power, his first duty was to husband and recruit his energies for his own country when and where he could labor for some object of real importance to her. The loyal Americans here are tickled out of their boots at this decision, for they shared the common expectation; and though they all would be glad to hear Mr. Beecher speak, yet they believe that no eloquence, however splendid or persuasive, could have half the effect of this dignified silence, this practical proof that we really don't regard the destinies of America as dependent on the bray of great John Bull.

To-morrow (Saturday) we start on an excursion into North Wales. . . . Returning on Monday afternoon, we dine by invitation with Mr. Guion, a New Yorker, resident here, when we meet the few loyal Americans in Liverpool, and promise ourselves a good time. Then, on Tuesday, hey for the interior and London!

Let me see a scratch of your pen, and ask Mary to wipe off old scores and begin again. Meanwhile, never doubt the not-to-be-uttered love of

BROTHER JOHN.

To E. C.

MANCHESTER, June 18, 1863.

Friday morning the Dominie and I took the rails for Chester, the curious old town built on the site of an ancient Roman camp (Castræ,) whose walls still stand, and parts of the old-world streets, very interesting to examine. It was my first actual contact with antiquity; face to face I stood, saw with my own eyes, could reach forth my hand and handle the very bricks and stones and timbers of which I had read and dreamed so much, hardly hoping for a nearer acquaintance. Ah! that grand old cathedral, those dim and solemn aisles, those quaint carvings, those peaceful chapels, those hushed apartments of the dead, and curious inscriptions above the sleeping forms which once trod these pavements and walked the corridors, and looked upon the edifice in the perfection of its beauty, and filled the various apartments with human life and passion. My imagination found it easy to rebuild the waste places, and to bring back the lost splendor and comfort, and to re-people the empty and silent apartments with the forms of other days that now moulder beneath the pavements or in the dust of the adjoining cemetery. Especially in the deep and sweet seclusion of the cloister, the place for quiet meditation, with the softened light of heaven smiling in through the painted windows, and revealing such a charming glimpse of nature in that daisy-carpeted, oak-shadowed inner court, I felt the spirit of mediæval scholarship strong within me. Its deep stillness was relieved by an occasional note of a song-sparrow. "Lord," said I, "it is good to be here." But He

answered only, "Ichabod!" and we were fain to pick a few daisies for remembrance, and to come back with a sigh to the rushing present.

On Saturday morning we started on an excursion to North Wales, and a glorious time we have had of it. For the first three or four hours we glided along the rails in all the luxurious ease of an English first-class carriage, occupying by ourselves one spacious compartment, lolling on velvet-covered cushions of down, and feasting our eyes with a perpetual, ever-varying banquet of beauty, as we passed through the highly cultivated rural districts of Cheshire, through magnificent farms interspersed with gentlemen's seats and parks, to Chester again; thence down the valley of the Dee, with its curious, ever-widening white sands; then along the coast of the Irish Sea and the picturesque straits of Menai, past the perilous promontory of Penmaenmawr (which Dr. Johnson was so afraid to cross after sundown, on his journey with the Thrales), past the Holy Well of St. Winifred, past Castle Conway and the famous Tubular Bridge to Caernarvon. There we left the rails and plunged into the beautiful mountain-valleys, posting southwest to Beddgelart, our farthest point. It was our first taste of rural travel in England. I tell you, I have made up my mind to pardon a good deal to the conceit of these fortunate and certainly not idle or ineffective islanders. Nature gave them a good foundation; but they have built upon it industriously, perseveringly, sagaciously, and they have built up a wonderful system of beauty and comfort, and they keep it in admirable repair and in steady, progressive improvement. The hand of willing and well-directed labor has touched every spot, nothing has been neglected, no trace of carelessness or slovenliness is anywhere visible. In the most secluded vales and mountain-passes and by the side of busy roads and railways, in the spacious grounds of the wealthy and about the humble cot-

tages of the poorest peasants, in the smallest hamlets and the most crowded and bustling cities, everything is well built and well kept; and all is administered on a plan that secures the utmost possible of genuine and substantial comfort.

Of the pleasure, the delight, the rapture of this jaunt, I can convey no conception. The mingled grandeur and beauty of the scenery, mountain and valley, lake and river, the endless variety and profusion of the wild flowers, the quaint villages, the picturesque cottages, the magnificent gentlemen's seats, the curious simplicity and primitive manners of the inhabitants, the indescribable comfort of the inns, the roads of macadamized slate, as smooth and clean (not now and then, but every foot of the way) as a slate floor, over which you roll in your roomy carriage, mile after mile, between solid stone walls covered with vines and creepers, or still more beautiful hedge-rows, crowded with wild-roses, fox gloves, woodbine, honey-suckles, and a thousand nameless beauties. Traveling by post in England, at least in North Wales, is the perfect blossom of pleasurable locomotion—not an essential, not a conceivable accessory wanting. It is luxury of which we have no counterpart in America.

Beddgelart, where we spent the Sabbath, is a quaint little Welsh hamlet in a secluded mountain-vale near the foot of Snowden, which towers against the sky before you. A picturesque stream rushes through it, entering by one narrow pass and departing by another, less than a mile apart. On either side, the broken hills run up sharp and high, covered with a rich growth of trees, save where the naked rocks shoot up above them in every variety of sublime or grotesque magnificence. The village is composed of the queerest little houses, side by side, of massive stones, and looking as solid as the granite hills themselves, but as diminutive as so many doll-houses. . . .

We visited two interesting castles on our way, at Conway and Caernarvon. Description would be useless, and vain the attempt to describe the emotions excited either by the images of the olden time called up by these palpable relics of its strength and grandeur, or by the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenery, as fresh and green and unwasted now as when gazed on by the eyes of Roman warriors or Cambrian noblemen and ladies, or by those of their Saxon conquerors in comparatively modern times. Both of the castles were built by Edward I. in the thirteenth century, to secure his newly conquered possessions in Wales, and both figured also in the wars of Cromwell, since which they have been dismantled and given over to decay. But oh! how beautiful in their ivy-decked desolation, and how rich in their suggestions of human magnificence and its fugacity as well!

On Monday we again took post homeward, north-east and north, by Capel Curig and Llanrwst to Conway, where we again struck the iron track and retraced our course to Liverpool.

To his WIFE.

WARWICK ARMS INN,
WARWICK, ENGLAND, June 21, 1863. }

We have accomplished an extraordinary amount of England since we left Liverpool last week, and I look back on it with wonder.

Wednesday morning we set off for Manchester. This, the great center of the cotton trade, is of course a boiling caldron of excitement on the "American question," which, by the way, is almost as much talked of here as at home. There had been much expectation of hearing Mr. Beecher; but he soon put that to rest, and the wise leaders of the "Northern" party fully indorsed the wisdom of his decision

not to speak at present. We had a pleasant interview with a number of the leading men at one of the morning luncheons, which seem to be an institution in the great business establishments of that city, and there the subject was fully discussed and disposed of. . . .

The next day came York, unique in its way as an ecclesiastical town, with its grand old Minster and its twenty-five or thirty churches, a mere fraction of the crowd which once clustered within its massive walls. Here we saw the most admired specimen of the early English style of architecture, and felt its sweet majesty, its calm uplift heavenward in the central tower, though struggling out of much that is comparatively mean and inharmonious in the debased additions and reconstructions which surround it. There, too, I heard for the first time the full cathedral service of the Anglican Church, the prayers intoned, the anthems chanted by antiphonal choirs of boys, and only the lessons read, and I felt in full force the incongruity of the attempt to combine two modes of worship so essentially unlike in the radical idea, the artistic (semi-sensuous) and the rational. O that celestial music! how it entranced and carried me out of myself! how all the angel-forms that covered column and ceiling around and above seemed to take on life, to bend smiling with ineffable love towards us, to mingle in and aid our mortal songs, to beckon us away from earth, and to assure our faith and hope! and the soft light that streamed through that window, anything approaching which I have never seen, did it not come straight down from the city of Light, the gem-built walls and gates and palaces of the blessed? And what a coarse impertinence seemed the intrusion into the very midst of that exalted worship (for it was worship) of the reading, first, of a dull chapter from the Chronicles, and, again, from the genealogical table (!) in the third of Luke, every word of which was droned out with a conscientious stupidity surpassing belief! No; when I go back

to the esthetic religion (and I never felt its attractions till now), I shall go clear over and rest in the bosom, and slumber to the exquisite lullaby, of Holy Mother Church.

I was greatly interested in the curious old walls of York, the numerous antique churches sprinkled all over the town, and, above all, the picturesque remains of an old abbey, St. Mary's, on one side of the town near the banks of the Ouse, of which I had never so much as heard, and on which we happened almost accidentally, but where we lingered till a late hour that beautiful evening, fascinated by the exquisite grace of the fragments of the edifice, its charming situation, and the affecting fancies stirred by its presence of those grand old times to which it belonged. Much as we saw in that interesting old ecclesiastical town, there was more which we were obliged to leave unseen, for our time must be husbanded, and every hour costs. So, Friday morning saw us whirling away south towards Sheffield and Mid-England.

How can I convey to you any impression of the loveliness of the scenery through which we have passed? At Sheffield we took post for Chatsworth, the celebrated seat of the Duke of Devonshire in the county of Derby. In the same luxurious style which so delighted me in Wales, we rolled over similar roads, through a country of wholly different features, but of equally surpassing beauty; no mountain heights and valleys, no rushing streams or solid walls of stone bounding the solid carriage-way, but endless green, and endlessly diversified in softly flowing lines of grace; green slopes and swells stretching far as the eye could reach in every direction; majestic trees and clumps and groves and forests crowning every hill-top, and scattered through the fields in groups of every size and shape; green hedge-rows bordering the road, and checking all the landscape, not with unsightliness, but with such added charm as the blue vein-lines give to a fair hand; silver streams gliding through

rich meadows and under rustic bridges; and happy herds of cattle and flocks of sheep browsing the rich pasture-lands.

The villages in this part of England are an exception to the general character of the landscape; mere huddles of unattractive and usually unadorned dwellings of brick or unpainted wood, they painfully remind you that all this wealth of beauty is the property of the few, wrung from the miserably requited labor of the many. But peerless in the midst of the peerless stands Chatsworth, a little farm of, say, one hundred and fifty thousand acres, embracing a circuit of ten or twelve miles, about fifty thousand acres being under cultivation, in the very highest style of modern science and art, and the remainder kept in a state of nature for hunting and shooting!

I had heard much of the floral wealth of Chatsworth, and I expected to see a wonderful flower-garden. A garden I saw indeed, but a landscape-garden of the most magnificent dimensions and in exquisite perfection. . . . I wish I could give you some idea of the grandeur of the trees, before some single specimens of which we would stand breathless for minutes with delight and wonder, and these scattered in such magnificent profusion over meadow, hill, and dale; graveled roads and paths winding in all directions, though rarely visible, and all the fences out of sight; flocks of rare breeds of sheep, herds of full-blooded and beautiful cattle, now and then an antlered deer peeping out from the forest, and fawns by dozens and fifties lying in the shade or browsing on the herbage.

Words can convey nothing of the extent and beauty of the scene. The interior of the palace is rich with treasures of art, among which we were specially charmed with a collection of drawings and sketches in crayon, by the old masters, and with wood-carvings (by the celebrated Gibbons) of flowers, vines, birds, etc., which decorate the various halls and are of almost fabulous perfection. . . .

Of more affecting interest, though in a totally different way, was our visit to Haddon Hall, a deserted baronial mansion about five miles from Chatsworth, in the smaller but most enchanting vale of the Wye, where we saw the very rooms used by a noble family in the age of chivalry, in the state in which they were left one hundred and thirty years ago, when the hall ceased to be occupied. Most of the furniture has been removed, and what is left is falling to decay, but I have seen nothing that carried me back so directly to the domestic life of those vanished generations.

Monday Morning, June 22, 11½ o'clock. We have just returned from another intoxicating banquet of delight, a visit to Warwick Castle, which differs from the other castles we have visited, not only by surpassing them all in magnitude and majesty, but in being, not like them a mass of crumbled, ivy-grown ruins, but in complete preservation, and still the residence of one of the chief princes of the realm (Earl of Warwick). Amidst a profusion of costly works of art within, we were most attracted by the collection of ancient arms and armor hung on the walls, and more especially by a large number of magnificent portraits, originals, by Vandyck, Rubens, Holbein, Janssens, etc. As to the exterior, the beautiful inner court, the noble towers, the massive walls which had actually borne the brunt of many a fight, and the surrounding grounds on the banks of the "soft flowing Avon," the only comment I could make at the time must now be my description to you, and that is Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! an exclamation endlessly repeated, until I feel that it is too much, that I am more than full, and then I shut my eyes and run over in tears of joy and gratitude that I am permitted to look upon such scenes, and to taste even on earth such exquisite pleasure. But the waiter comes to announce our carriage. A short ride to the rails, and then, in another hour, we shall be—where,

think you? In Stratford-upon-Avon, *the home of Shakespeare!* "Till then, sit still, my soul!"

Tuesday, June 23. I have come, have seen, have been conquered, as all others must be who stand on the spots where *he* stood, look on the scenes and move through the streets with which he was familiar, and above all shut themselves in that still and peaceful sanctuary, surrounded by the emblems of religion and mortality, with the few visible things which remain to mark his resting-place and give assurance of his actual humanity. It is astonishing how little is left connected with the material life of Shakespeare. It would seem that Providence designed that we should find his monument in his works, and all is obliterated save his birth-place (the mere shell of that), a few scraps of paper, unimportant legal documents, with his signature upon them, and his tomb. But I think this circumstance invests those precious relics with a more measureless power over the mind. We simply gaze and think. And surely no more fitting mausoleum could be erected for him than that beautiful old village church, so sweetly standing on the grassy bank of the gentle Avon, and pointing with its modest spire to the Heaven which gave us that glorious genius, and which we cannot but hope has received him to its blessed rest and its worthier spheres of activity. That speaking bust! The white paint daubed on it by the impious hand of the miserable Malone has lately been removed with great care, leaving the original life-colors which the custom of his times had given it, and giving us more of information as to his actual appearance than a library of commentaries, and, though without the least pretension to artistic merit, stirring our imaginations and feelings more deeply than all the chiseled wonders of ancient or modern times. But time fails me, and I have not begun to write what I want to.

Meantime Henry calls for my company to Shottery,—Anne Hathaway's cottage, you know,—and I must not delay. I

have a world in my heart to say to every one of you in our sweet Angelica home, never so dear to my thought as now. But I may not, and with love more deep than words to one and all, can only write myself,

Unalterably yours,

J. H. R.

LONDON, June 26, 1863.

Well, here we are at last, in the *great* metropolis—an epithet surely well bestowed,—and here we meet our first letters from home. They are eagerly devoured, as you may well suppose; and thankful is my heart, to-night, to hear of the health and comfort of my dear ones, never so precious as now when they seem separated from me by so impassable a barrier.

Thus far all things have gone smoothly with us, and rarely have I had so much enjoyment within the same space of time,—never of such a kind.

I look back upon our rapid flight through North Wales, across the island and northward to York, then south through the garden-like center of the island, and by a gradual detour eastward again to this great center of life for Britain, and almost for the world, in the course of which we have visited churches, cathedrals, and colleges, castles, baronial residences, art collections, and palaces, curious old towns and houses, and localities associated with some of the greatest names and events in history and the grandest productions in English literature—I say I look back upon it with a strange feeling as though it was all a wild exciting dream. I appear to have lived months rather than days. It has been a succession of the intensest and most delightful excitements, filling me more than full all the time, and making it necessary every two or three days to hold up and shut my eyes and ears to prevent me from being sick. My companion is, as you may imagine, a great comfort and help to

me every way. His previous acquaintance with England and its modes of travel, his habits of journeying at home, his physical vigor, his readiness in making acquaintances even among strangers, and the wonderful extent to which he is known in this country—above all, his unvarying kindness and geniality,—make him invaluable to me. If I had been alone, I am sure I should not have got over one half the ground. As it is, I perpetually groan because he hurries me away from everything before I get half as much of it as I want. But “Time! Time!” is his perpetual admonition, and in the retrospect I see the soundness of his judgment. It is idle to think of exhausting any one thing,—because each is the center of an ever-widening circle of interest, in which months and years might be spent with profit and delight; and we have a vast country, and then the vaster and still richer Continent before us, of which we must be content with a mere bird’s-eye view.

When last I wrote, we had just reached Stratford-on-Avon. Though a pretty enough town, in a lovely situation, there is absolutely nothing of any special interest in Stratford, outside of the birthplace and the tomb of Shakespeare; and it is really wonderful how few and what insignificant relics of any kind whatever have been obtained of the greatest genius this island, or perhaps the world, has known,—and this in a country which is full of the memorials of men of his age, and of centuries before him, about whom no one cares a straw whether they ever lived or not. But what does remain is just what we could desire—his birthplace and his tomb—with Anne Hathaway’s cottage as a little by-hint, a pleasing episode, to complete our assurance that he was a man, like the rest of us. I was much affected as I stood in the sweet chancel of that beautiful parish church—alone with all that is left of him—and recalled what he was, and saw what he is. We were very kindly entertained there by a Mr. Flower, son of the mayor of the

borough to whom Mr. Beecher brought letters, but who was himself away from home. He took us in his carriage, and drove us twenty miles through all the region round—a charming jaunt. That was on Tuesday evening, 23d, and there we remained until Thursday evening.

At Oxford, again, I found a world of wonders, which it would be as absurd to attempt to describe as it would have been to try to exhaust. It is vacation, and we saw but few of the gownsmen; but of the twenty-five or thirty colleges, the least of which would give celebrity to a town of America, we took a rapid outside view of several of the most noteworthy; spent the best part of a day in the study of a most interesting collection of pencil-sketches by Raffaele and Michael Angelo, studies for their great works, and full of interest as showing how their thoughts grew under their pencil; found another generous Englishman who would have us to his house and almost overwhelmed us with his generous hospitality.

And now we are here. Mr. Holme was already in lodgings when we arrived. He had taken a more northerly circuit by the North English and Scotch lakes, through Glasgow and Edinburgh, and reached London one day before us. We frequently meet, and have spent some days together. He has been hard at work and feels that he has pretty much "done" London, and is impatient to be off. For me, London seems an ocean, out of which I have dipped a bucketful here and there, and from each bucketful have by hard straining swallowed about a pint. Of the mere material city itself, the streets and lanes and curious old courts, the buildings public and private, the river with its bridges and craft, the monuments, the parks and squares, the very names of the localities—all so rich in historical associations, and peopled with the affecting memories of so many generations of men—the interest appears inexhaustible. I could spend months in wandering over it, search-

ing into its corners, spelling out its inscriptions, and, in fancy, reconstructing its old forms of society and life, and re-enacting on the very spots which witnessed them a thousand thrilling scenes with which history has made us familiar, and in which we find the roots of so much that is precious in our present civilization and social advancement. This field of interest I have largely to myself; for Mr. Beecher has but little of the antiquarian in him, and he is fully engaged with *art*, and with the *men* of living England. The sweet and solemn feeling which rested on my spirit as I stood alone in the hush of evening in that beautiful chancel at Stratford-on-Avon, and communed with the spirit of my great master, Shakespeare, in the presence of his visible effigy, has been continually repeated here, though in less degree, as I have mused by the tombs of scores of the mighty dead, and read the inscriptions which affection or vanity or party feeling or sheer stupidity have written above them; and still more when I have visited the haunts of their actual life, looking on the very houses they occupied, pacing the courts in which they lived, stepping on the very stones over which they daily trod, and in some instances sitting in the seats which knew their forms familiarly. A good part of one day I devoted to hunting up as many as I could find of the localities with whose names "Bozzy" has made us so familiar, in connection with the circle of wits and scholars by whom Johnson was surrounded—including Goldsmith and Burke and Reynolds and Garrick—winding up with a pilgrimage to "No. 88 Gough Square," in whose garret the finishing stroke was given to the great dictionary, and to "No. 11 Bolt Court," where the great lexicographer expired; thence to the very door of the secluded chamber in which "poor Goldy" breathed his last, at "No. 2 Brick Court, Middle Temple, up two pair of stairs, and on the right hand at the top of the staircase." That evening, at about 6, I went with Mr. Holme, and dined at the "Mitre Tavern,

Fleet Street," the favorite resort of Johnson and his friends, and where he and Boswell sat one evening and planned the famous tour to the Hebrides. The furniture is preserved with religious care in the same condition in which it then was, and you may sit in the Doctor's favorite corner, on the very bench on which he sat, beside the grate whose coals he loved to stir as he talked, and gaze upon the same picture of "Darby and Joan" above the mantel that amused his eye, while off the same boards you regale yourself with his favorite dish of "hashed veal and onions" or "plum-pudding with lobster sauce."

Entirely distinct from this kind of interest is that which is afforded by the actual aspects of London, and by the wonderful collections of art and antiquities which the immense wealth of her noblemen and capitalists enable them to augment to a magnitude of which *we* can hardly form a conception. Of the architecture of London no one can have other than a very poor opinion. Except portions of the Tower and of glorious old Westminster, there is hardly anything older than the fifteenth century, and the great majority of the public edifices are by Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, and their still feebler imitators, in that most puerile and vapid of all styles, the (so called) "classical." St. Paul's is the principal one, and, on the whole, grand from its very magnitude, and well balanced in its proportions, but, with the exception of its majestic dome, unimpressive and uninteresting, despite the profusion of its costly decorations. The House of Parliament, a modern Gothic finely situated on the banks of the Thames, having some noble towers, and really imposing when you stand under its walls and look up, is in its general appearance stretched out in such long horizontal lines, and so cut up into little parts, as to lose almost all of its effect. Of the other churches by Wren and his school, of which the city is full, "pretty" is the strongest term of praise which they could ever have

deserved, and they are sadly spoiled for that by the black coat of soot and dust which smirches all their white faces, and hides the carved cherubs and garlands and lyres and scrolls in which their original beauty so largely consisted. This same wretched style is carried through all the ornamental portions of the city, and the eye wearies of the long unmeaning reaches of Grecian columns, pilasters, friezes, and pediments, adorned with Etruscan vases and poor statuary, which make their finest and most praised streets. The older part of the city is built of dingy brick, but much of it is *well* built, and is interesting from its variety, respectable because unaffected, and often noble from its magnitude and adaptedness to use.

The bridges are all fine. The palaces, *i.e.* the royal residences, are all mean, considered as such, but are happily free (in the main) from the abominations of that bastard classic style. I have no time to speak of the grand old Abbey, which is worthy of its position and its fame. We attended service there on Sunday evening. It was the third time I had heard the full cathedral service of the Anglican Church—first at York, and next, Sunday before last, at the old church in the Temple Inn. I ought to have mentioned that old "Temple Church" as an exception to the general barrenness of architectural interest in London. It is on many accounts more curious than even Westminster, having been built and occupied by the old Knights Templar, the "Red Cross Knights," and being now in possession of the lawyers. The service there was surpassingly fine—oh such music! and such weird effects of colored light, playing in such exquisite harmonies among clustered pillars and lofty groined arches and sculptured angel-forms and the still effigies of dead kings and queens, princes and priests and warriors that sleep on every side! I tell you, it must be a stonier nature than mine that is not dissolved, and carried out of itself, and borne *upward* by such influences.

Set me down, therefore, henceforth, as an honest admirer of the old medieval service, which I want now to hear in its completeness, and without admixture, as we shall hear it in the Romish cathedrals of the Continent. You need not think I shall turn Catholic, however, right away. This worship, so far as it is worship at all, is not through the reason and the affections, the noblest part of our nature, but through the senses and the imagination. It is a worship for a people in the infancy of its rational intelligence, and could never satisfy the developed and enlightened understanding, which demands authenticated truth for its food and logical grounds for its faith, and which worships by love and voluntary praise a God *made manifest* by His words and acts. And yet as He is the Author, too, of the senses, and of the sense of beauty, and of the imagination, and as these in their highest perfection belong to the most perfectly developed man, I see not why we may not also offer acceptable worship through these; and I have my doubts of the wisdom which so peremptorily excludes them from the province of religion. But, however that may be, I have *no* doubt of the essentially bad taste and false judgment which attempts to combine these two forms of worship, so essentially unlike in their means and their ends, in one connected service. And this is the blunder of the Church of England, of a people who always blunder in the domain of taste. The reading of the Scripture Lessons and the *English* of the intoned prayers, which constituted the rationalized parts of the service, I felt to be an intrusion, a sheer impertinence, at once breaking the charm, dissolving the spell which was leading my spirit captive out of itself and towards the Infinite Object of Adoration and Love, and at the same time giving no compensating stimulus to the intelligence in the forms of spiritual instruction or persuasives to holiness. That was my experience last Sunday evening in Westminster, after which, however, we

listened to a moderately able, soundly evangelical, and admirably enunciated sermon from the Bishop of Lincoln.

Two of the most animated and exhilarating days were spent, the first at Hampton Court, and the other at Sydenham.

After an elaborate description of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham and its diversified grounds, he writes :

I think I never saw so many happy people together in one place, and happy without an exception to the end. The only drawback was (and that was all the time) when I thought of you all and grieved that you were not there ; and once, when I saw a little Nell and Harry and Minnie rolling together down a green bank, with shouts of laughter, while Pa and Ma and Nurse looked on and smiled, I had to dive into a corner and wipe my foolish eyes because they were not mine.

My time is gone, and as usual I must close without finishing. You see how impossible it is to tell you all, or half. I meant to say a word or two of my social experiences. I have made no efforts to get introduced, and yet in one way and another I have been drawn in. Yesterday morning I attended a public breakfast with Mr. Beecher, of which I will write you more fully. Last evening we dined with our Minister, Mr. Adams, and met Mr. Cobden, the great Parliamentarian ; Mr. Browning, the poet ; Mr. Howard, brother of the Duchess of Sutherland ; and Mr. Latham, our Californian Senator, and his wife—and had a good time generally.

You will infer that my health is improving. I hope to bring you home a husband worth considerably more than the one you sent away.

We await with great anxiety the next news about Lee's ugly movement. This morning the rumors have a disagreeable look. We keep the stiffest kind of upper lip, however.

PARIS, July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR S. : . . . Nothing is more distinct in it all than the conviction of the utter absurdity of attempting to put into words a millionth part of the experience of elevation, excitement, and delight through which I am continually passing. Not the least wonderful circumstance about it is its perpetual variety : new surprises every day, and every one seeming to surpass every other. Old London held out well with me ; and England generally, not excepting the islanders themselves. My cosmopolitan nature found points enough of sympathy for the basis of a good deal of real respect and (almost) affection, and our last days on English ground were among the best ; in some respects, the best.

Winchester Cathedral sits GREEN, at present, among all the princely structures by whose majestic beauty we have been moved ; and everything connected with it and with our visit to it concurred to make it one of the events of our journey. The archæological interest of the city is very great : it was a royal residence from the days of King Arthur. The spot on which the cathedral stands has been consecrated ground for 2500 years, as the site first of a Druidical, then of a Roman, and at last of a Christian temple ; and in the structure itself are distinctly traceable the marks of every style of architecture from the earliest Saxon to the latest English (*not* including that accursed abortion, the Renaissance, which has thrust itself upon me at every turn in London, until my soul positively loathes it), and of each a faultless specimen, and all blending in a unity most harmonious and pure. Then, the *perfect preservation* in which all was found, so unlike all the other ancient edifices we had seen ; the intelligence of the enthusiastic young librarian who showed us around ; the intelligent earnestness with which the service was performed,—well, well—good-by, Winchester ! We part outwardly, but in my heart you live, a joy forever.

I will say nothing of Salisbury, which touched us mainly with its beautiful spire; nothing of Southampton, with its fine old abbey ruin (Nettley); nothing (less than nothing, were it possible) of the transit across the Channel; nothing of Rouen, with its fine cathedral, and its finer "St. Ouen," and its *superfine* "de Bon Secours," which last was a charming novelty, and struck the key-note to our new life in France. Oh such sweet, simple, infantine, sensuous conceptions alike of beauty and of piety! The interior of the church is a radiant nosegay of colors, blue, green, red, gold, exquisitely harmonized and distributed in the most tasteful patterns; and the statuary was *so* white and *so* graceful; and over the altar of the Lady's Chapel such a charming life-size wax-doll of the Queen of Heaven, standing with her sweet little royal baby in her arms, their robes (of silk and satin and lace) of immaculate blue and white, and their golden crowns sparkling with rubies, pearls, and diamonds. And then the votive tablets all around the church, little marble oblongs inscribed with gilt letters: "Thanks and remembrance to *ma bonne mère*. August 6, 1807." "I was sick: I prayed earnestly to my good mother: I recovered. June 17, 1823." "Praise God, who has heard me through the intercession of Mary." "O comfortress of the bruised heart! how I love thee! May 24, 1854," etc. etc.—each accompanied with the initials of the votary's name. I seemed to be in a spiritual nursery, and to hear on every side of me the prattle and the lisps of infants; and to see such beautiful provision made for the feeble in intellect and the helpless of heart: not to instruct and to develop and strengthen—oh bless you! no—but to suckle and amuse them. And so we came to Paris. There we arrived on Saturday night, just in time to avoid traveling on the Sabba-day.

Your exhortations Rome-ward, though varied and emphasized by Mrs. Stowe, I fear will fail of their intended effect for want of time. We do not lay out much ground in

advance, and when I found that Mr. Beecher was not disposed to start at once for Italy, I relinquished the expectation of seeing the land of classical antiquity and song at all this time. Amidst such surroundings temporizing is fatal.

Henry and I get on charmingly, he assuming the leadership and glorying in being foremost on all occasions, and I modestly yielding the priority which carries with it the labor and responsibility. We keep each other stirred up perpetually to avoid stagnation, and now that Holme has come in, we two, of course, take sides together against the old Lion.

Farewell, and God be with you. With hunger of love for the dear land and the dear ones all therein,

Your brother

JOHN.

To his WIFE.

PARIS, July 17, 1863.

. . . . We left London on Thursday P.M. of last week, coming to Paris via Southampton and Havre. . . . We had a quiet sea in crossing the Channel, and came on shore at Havre with the queer sensation, for the first time, of being in a land and among a people of "strange speech." The ride to Rouen and thence to Paris, by rail, gave us an opportunity of seeing a very favorable specimen of French scenery, and the outward aspect of country life. The contrast with the appearance of things in England was, from the beginning, very marked and curious. Of landscape gardening, and of forest scenes, there are none. Everything is smooth as a Frenchman's newly shaven chin. The comparatively few trees that remain are trimmed up the trunks as far as a common ladder will reach, and nothing of the top is left but what would make the pattern of a good-sized wig. The favorite arrangement of trees is in straight lines. The fields are divided into parallelograms, about as

big as garden-patches, and these very rarely separated by fences or hedges. For miles together, you will ride by what seems one vast kitchen-garden; then you will come to the château, where the proprietor probably resides, and not far off a cluster of cottages so close together that the yards adjoin, and you apparently have to pass from one yard into another, through four or five perhaps, in order to reach the more central ones.

A strange country, you will think. But it is hard to spoil nature, and the perfect neatness of the farming and the buildings, the variety of shades of green, brown, and yellow that diversify the carpet-like champaign, and the picturesque forms of the châteaux and cottages, are in beautiful harmony with each other, and make up a landscape as interesting as it is characteristic and un-English. The people of Normandy are proud of their scenery, and think the world has not its equal elsewhere.

We had a funny time in getting to our quarters in Paris, no one of us speaking French and no "interpreter" being at hand, as he should have been, at the station. I had the easy part assigned me of taking charge of the shawls and carpet-bags, while Mr. Holme started off very boldly to obtain a carriage, and Mr. Beecher undertook to engineer our trunks through the Octroi; *i.e.*, the city customs. After waiting at my post until I became uneasy, I started first in pursuit of Mr. Beecher. He had got the trunks passed, and was trying to understand how much was to be paid, and some eight or ten Frenchmen were, with infinite good-humor, helping to clear his bewildered faculties by chattering and gesticulating all at once, and dancing around him, like so many crazy monkeys. He stood and looked his blankest, until a divine idea struck him; and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew it forth heaping full of gold, silver, and copper, and held it out open before them with one of his comical and speaking looks, as much as to say:

"There, Messieurs, satisfy yourselves." This stroke of nature was received with a shout of merriment, the full significance of which became more apparent to us when one of the men picked out of the glittering heap *three sous*, and motioned to Mr. Beecher to put up the rest. From that time, the American *gentilhomme* was the popular favorite, and nothing could be too much or too good for him.

We have spent the time since in exploring the city and studying its habits and its curiosities. I know so much less of French history and antiquities than of English that I am chiefly interested in the present aspects of the city and its inhabitants. And you can hardly conceive of the difference between it and London. In everything that lies on the surface the advantage is infinitely on the side of Paris and the French: they are so amiable and kind, so simple-hearted and unconscious, they live together like so many good-tempered children; you never feel the least fear of being criticised, and are perfectly sure that to render you an assistance or to promote your comfort will make them happier than it does you. The out-of-door life here is so delightful!—but I am obliged to close an unfinished letter, having accomplished so much through manifold hindrances. I close in hot haste.

TO MRS. R. R. RAYMOND.

PARIS, July 14, 1863.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER: I have not forgotten you through these weeks of silence, nor the kind interest you took in this delightful expedition, which is to me like life from the dead. Many a loving talk to you have I dreamed out in my fruitless way; but, really, the amount of actual labor I have had to perform, both of body and mind, has kept me so continually used up that I only wonder that I have done as much writing as I have.

Traveling with our indomitable "Dom" means work, I assure you.

But despite perpetual weariness, perhaps because of it, and in the midst of a sort of constant bewilderment of enjoyment, I am conscious of a steady improvement of health, a return to my old self—a personage almost lost for the last six months, and for whom, I must confess, with all his faults, I have a sneaking fondness. O Mary, what an indescribably charming time I have had! I feel like advising every friend I've got in the world to take a thousand dollars from his generous brothers and to come over with just such a glorious old customer as H. W. B. for a European tour. How it will seem in the end, when these Elysian wanderings are over, to "drop into myself and be" a schoolmaster, I don't know, and yet I have no misgivings on that score. For that anticipation is linked with others which already begin to draw my heart toward the Occident, and no doubt I shall soon enough be ready to turn my face thither too. "Homeward bound!" would even now be more than tolerable, if that last word did not suggest some inward connection with "bounding billows" and matters thereunto appertaining.

You probably have seen enough of my home epistles to know how we have shaped our course hitherto. And now we are in France, "la belle France," and the better prepared to appreciate the fitness of the epithet from having come to it out of solid old England.

Such a day as we had yesterday! We had got ourselves domiciliated in our magnificent quarters, rooms in the "Grand Hôtel de Paris," which in the splendor of crimson and gold, velvet, silk and lace, porcelain and bronzes, mirrors, vases, statuary, and what not, outshine the finest of all the royal apartments we admired in England; and after a luxurious toilet, and a *déjeuner* the first

mouthful of which filled our eyes with tears of delight and every succeeding morsel extorted a new interjection of wonder and praise, we sallied forth, and took our first view of elegant Paris—there is no other word. I must tell you, though, that while we were at breakfast, *Simmons* turned up, the veritable Simmons, “the original Jacobs,” and was established forthwith, and with acclamation, Valet-de-place and Courier-General for the Continent. Under his intelligent guidance we had accomplished an incredible amount of sight-seeing, of exteriors principally, before we returned to our hotel to dinner. After dinner we stepped into our *voiture*, and away with the stream of carriages that was already pouring through the Champs Elysées and the Avenue de Neuilly to the Bois de Boulogne.

The improvements in this famous piece of woods are among the glories of the present emperor’s administration, and I have no doubt, to those who knew them when there was nothing of interest there, it may appear very wonderful and very fine that by vast labor and expense so respectable a forest of pigmy timber should have been produced, and such a winding maze of faultless carriage-way completed. But we had come too recently from the inimitable garden landscapes of England to appreciate it; and I grew weary of the monotonous variety which so much elaborate ingenuity had been wasted to create, until, just as the last gleams of twilight were fading out, at about 9 P.M., we got back to the Arc de Triomphe, and Paris in her gala dress burst upon our enraptured vision. Such a scene I had never dreamed of before. Indeed, the most striking impressions I receive are those which overwhelm me continually at points with the names of which I am most familiar, and by whose appearance, one might naturally suppose, frequent description would have made it impossible for one

to be taken by surprise. And such was my experience at that point. I had always known that the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile stood on an elevation, and looked down through a broad avenue successively upon the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, and the garden of the Tuileries, a distance of a mile and a half, constituting the most fashionable place of resort for this pleasure-seeking community, and that evening was the best time to enjoy it. We had passed through this grand promenade on our way out, and I supposed we had "done" it; and, jaded with a day of sensational excitement and our long and comparatively tame evening drive, I had but one additional pleasure to anticipate that night—my pillow and a comfortable sleep. In this state of mind we drew near to the city on our way home. Gradually the number of carriages and of promenaders increased, and as the shadows of evening deepened, the gaslights began to flash out in every direction, at first individual and isolated, soon by twos and threes, and presently in a perpetual succession. The effect was at first pretty, then beautiful, by and by a surprise, and at last amazement; nor did I distinctly understand the meaning of this extraordinary multitude of street lights until our own driver quietly stopped his horses, took out a match and kindled two more, one on either side of his box, and on we went, contributing our share to the general illumination. The law requires this of every vehicle, though there never was a place where it could be less necessary. When we reached and turned the Arch, we stopped our carriage for half an hour, just to gaze upon the extraordinary, refulgent spectacle which blazed before us. Can you conceive an avenue two or three times as wide as Broadway, sloping down before you into a broad square, and stretching apparently two or three miles into the very heart of a vast, palatial city; thousands, tens of

thousands, practically millions of gay and festive people, men, women, and children, moving and mingling on the scene, in groups of every size and of every description—walking, standing, sitting, reclining; talking in whispers, talking in quiet conversational tones, talking with shouts; laughing, musing, making love, singing, smoking, drinking, eating ices, at the tables in front of the elegant little saloons which abound everywhere: watching the gambols of their children—alike only in this: a sense of perfect freedom to be happy in just the way of their own choice, and a willingness that everybody else should do the same?

If you can get a picture of this, and then fancy in some measure the inspiring contagion of such a vision upon yourself, a part of it, you still lack the most peculiar feature of the whole, and that is—or was for me—the lights. The borders of the avenue, and all the great bounding lines of the squares and gardens are marked out by the city lamps, which are twice as high, twice as bright, and twice as thick as in any other city I ever visited; then at intervals, in every direction, where some pavilion, pleasure-garden, theater, or other place of amusement would make itself conspicuous amidst the general brilliancy, you see blazing constellations in every variety of tasteful arrangement; and last, and most peculiar and beautiful of all, the moving lights on the carriage-way, not to be numbered by tens, hundreds, or thousands, but myriads, near by winding and weaving in a graceful mazy dance, farther on growing closer and more compressed, like the movements of a busy crowd, then swarming like a vast host of fire-flies, until, away down on the Champs Elysées, the intervening distances lost in the perspective, they blend in a sparkling lake of light, whose surface glimmers and flashes everywhere with constant suggestions of the joyous life

beneath, of which all this brilliancy is only the ornament, and of which the cheerful hum that fills the universal atmosphere, broken only by song and laugh and occasional burst of instrumental music, is the audible expression. You will believe me, that before we reached our hotel all sense of fatigue was gone, and the idea of retiring to our rooms was simply preposterous.

Out again we went, and round and round the streets we walked; for the larger streets and boulevards seemed just as populous and just as resplendent as the gardens, squares, and grand avenues; and wound up the day with ices and cakes on the broad *pavé* before our hotel, amidst a crowd of laughing, smoking, chatting, and every way elegant and agreeable loungers, pretty well on the way between midnight and morning.

And now, I have used up all my time with this stupid stuff, and may not stop to tell you how happy your good faithful letter, which came to hand since I began writing, has made me. It brought Brooklyn before me more vividly than it has been for weeks, and the old Polytechnic, with the whirl and sweat of commencement. How strange that I am here, so free from responsibility and care, spending day after day and night after night in a round of pleasurable excitement, while all the rest are pegging away as usual, doing my work with their own, yet no one complaining, but all apparently happy that I am happy! Well, I ought to believe in disinterested affection, though all the world beside had reason to be faithless. I am right glad to learn that everything went off so nicely, and shall, for a while now, feel comforted in the thought that my fellow-laborers, too, are resting. I hope that Robert will find time to drop me a line, for I long to know how things have gone in the Institute since I left, and what the Board have done with respect

to next year. Have any heads fallen? and whose? As the time draws near for the opening of the new term I feel a little anxious about the vacancies. But as I can render no assistance, I think it not wise to borrow trouble.

We feel at times stirred by the war news which reaches us; but we have found that the first intelligence is all prepared for the European market, and that it is a mere waste of feeling to be moved by it. And by the time we can get reliable accounts the novelty is all over. So we manage, between the two, in patience to possess our souls; and having satisfied ourselves that our personal duty is, for the present, pleasure, we believe that other duties will not clash therewith, and keep on the even tenor of our way. When we have turned our faces homeward, I doubt whether we shall remain so philosophical.

And now, dear sister, good-by. The Lord bless you and yours, and, whether in retirement and repose or in the stern field of toil and strife, may He keep and use you for His glory! We are doing up Paris with all our might, and hope to get away by Saturday or Monday next. When you hear from us again, we shall be skimming the lakes or climbing the mountain-heights of Switzerland. We shall dip into North Italy, but shall not go to Rome. Love to all. BROTHER JOHN.

To E. C.

FRIBOURG, July 28, 1863.

I am in no fit condition to write to you to-night; for it is bed-time, and we have to start from here at five to-morrow morning; and what is worse, I am *drunk*—drunk as a fool, or as a lord, or as both. For the last hour I have been beside myself, whether in the body or out of

the body I cannot tell—God knoweth. I have wept and laughed by turns; I have sung and shouted, and leaped and danced, and soared on eagle's wings, and clapped my hands, and cried "Glory to God! glory to God! Hallelujah!" till there is no strength left in me. But drunk as I am—drunk on nectar—I cannot go to bed, without just telling you that I have been walking with the angels, and talking with them, too, and *hearing them sing*—and oh how I wished that you had been there too! Why must I be so full, and overfull—my poor little pint-measure dipped and drowned in such floods of delight—and all my loved and loving ones, those who have procured it for me and deserve it so much more, three thousand miles away! But it will not be so long; we shall stand *together* and look on nobler sights, and listen to nobler strains, and bathe together in rivers of a purer bliss. I feel sure of that to-night—the angels have sung it to me, and I believe them. I believe that He who is higher than the angels has whispered to me to-night that this is so. "I," said He, "have made what you have looked upon to-day, and what you have listened to this night. Can you not trust me?" Yes, Lord! blessed be Thy name for such glimpses into the depth of the riches of Thy power and Thy love! Lovable beyond expression as Thou art in Thy works, who shall measure the lovingness of Thy nature?

But let me try, my "ancient and beloved" friend, to tell in sober English what I have seen and heard. Well, Esther, within one blessed and memorable twenty-four hours I have *looked upon the Jungfrau* and *listened to the Fribourg organ*; and having written that bold sentence, I feel that I have told you all that words can convey. You have heard of both a thousand times—but alas! alas! you know neither, and never will, until you come to Europe or go to Heaven, one or other of which I hope you

will try to do. There is a dismal, foggy ocean between you and the former, and a river, I don't know how broad or deep or dark (accounts differ), to be crossed before you reach the other; but take my advice, and let neither the ocean nor the river deter or disturb you when the opportunity offers. Leap toward it—seize it with both hands and a grateful heart, confident that the recompense will be great.

Well, Esther, I have at length had what your affectionate heart has so often desired for me—*mountain* experience. The past week alone would have repaid all that it has cost to come to Europe. You have seen the White Mountains; and so had Mr. B. and Holme, and for the first day or two the White Mountains were now and then mentioned, by way of comparison, with some measure of patriotic exultation, but not since then, except in honest confessions that those were but the beginnings. Our first introduction to this glorious congregation was at Lucerne (quaint but comely), on the northern borders of that beautiful emerald lake over which, looking southward between noble Rigi on the left and bare and desolate Pilatus on the right, you caught the tops of many a rocky crest peering one above the other, and uniting to form a grand and lofty wall, battlemented, turreted, pinnaled, and serrated against the southern sky. The sun poured floods of radiance over the entire scene, enriching the green slopes, chalet-studded, and the green lake-mirror, and gilding all the mountain-tops; and all was gloriously *lovely*. I did enjoy it. I felt my soul lifted—but ah! how little did I know those mountains then! (or now!) Next, after a charming ride on the lake, we took horse and climbed to the top of Rigi, and began to get some idea of mountain *heights*, and felt the exhilaration of the free exultant airs that sport in those upper depths, and ran like squirrels up and down the steep paths, and

gathered "Alpine roses" (oh how brilliant!) by the handful over dizzy edges (poor Simmons grew very nervous, as he trotted after us and tried to "guide" our wayward steps, and even Holme, who proves an excellent traveler, at last refused to follow our lead), and feasted our eyes on as charming a landscape as was ever composed of hills and vales, forests and lakes, cities, villages, and hamlets.

The view embraced no less than twelve or thirteen different lakes, and over *one hundred and thirty* distinct mountain-peaks, and I don't know how many towns. But the envious mists came up, and veiled the glories of the setting sun—the night was rainy and the morning little better—and we should have come away with a feeling of dissatisfaction, had we not felt that we were about as full as we could hold for once, and looked forward to other opportunities, when we hope for better luck. Next (after the majestic sweetness of Lake Uri, with Rütli, Flüelen, Altdorf, and all the places made sacred by the memories of Tell), came the wild pass of the St. Gothard, so grandly attacked and conquered by the great Napoleon. More recent engineering has completed its subjugation by the fine carriage-way which now winds its course like some gigantic serpent for more than twenty miles to its very summit, crossing and re-crossing the swift and turbid Reuss (whose valley it ascends) by eight successive bridges.

And now we pass slowly away from the realm of the beautiful and picturesque, and the scene begins to take on a severer aspect. The pretty villages one by one disappear; the isolated chalets, perched on wild hill-sides, or perilous cliffs, or in the nooks and clefts of the rocks, grow rarer, and at last are seen no more. We leave the forests behind—the valley narrows, and the rocks multiply and thrust themselves forward in stronger, wilder forms,

and the frenzied stream fights its headlong way against fiercer opposition. The air grows chill, and soon masses of snow begin to show themselves, first hid away in the bottom of deep ravines and gorges, but soon more openly, and at last in broad fields sweeping down the long mountain-slopes, as conscious of being the rightful denizens of that stern abode, and defiant of the puny intruder man—yet not *always* puny, even there.

All along that wild and weird ascent may be traced the old military road built by Napoleon, and the mind does involuntary homage to the boldness which could have conceived such a project, and the united energy of will and grandeur of scientific skill which achieved it. The present carriage-road, though infinitely its superior as a piece of finished engineering, and indeed passing praise, does not begin to stir the imagination like the remains of that wonderful road. For, to time and the immense expenditures of national resources we give largely the credit of that, and the means seem proportional to the end; and, doubtless, the perfection of the result in great measure conceals the magnificence of the difficulties overcome. But *there* we seem to *see* the struggle, in its progress and its result—the struggle of mighty nature with *one human will*; and step by step, in that gigantic conflict, we saw *her* go down and the mightier *HIM* stride over her. Such sharp ascents up slippery steepes, such slender arches spanning the dark gorges or the rushing flood, such strange ways hewn along the face of dizzy precipices—and then the thought of the vast army with its ponderous trains of artillery and supplies, which waited for the construction of this unheard-of way, and were dragged up those terrible grades, and over those thread-like bridges, and through those perilous “galleries.” At one place (now tunneled) the old road passed around a fearful cliff by means of platforms suspended from

its top by chains! And then, to crown the whole and give a fitting finish to the gloomy grandeur of this ascent, we reach at last the well-named *Devil's Bridge* (*Teufelsbrücke*). Here, amidst a scene of indescribable savagery, the Reuss plunges headlong over a mass of rocks heaped desolate and wild, down into a black abyss from which the imagination shrinks back with inexpressible shuddering, but right across which the bridge is thrown, so near the face of the cataract that the passer is wrapped in its mists and spray, and swept by the swift eddies of the *Hutschelm* ("the hat-rogue"), the elfish wind that ever gambols wildly up and down the gorge. The gloom of the scene was deepened to us by the heavy clouds which had for hours been gathering round the mountain's brow, and which now came circling close around and throwing their contents in sharp dashes over us. It tries one's nerves a little to cross the *modern* bridge, ample and obvious as are its provisions for security; but to look over its side and see the old one, now disused and green with moss, twenty feet below, barely wide enough for a single vehicle, making its light leap across the awful chasm in the very center of the whirling mist-wreaths—and to think not merely of human beings crossing there, but of whole armies meeting at this point and contending with bloody throes for the possession of that slender transit!—don't you think it would "a'most take your breath away"?

Emerging now into the green vale of Urseren, and pausing for repose at Hospenthal, 4500 feet high, we thought we were pretty well up in the world—but we had only reached the borders of the promised land. We soon were in it—with a vengeance. At Hospenthal, turning off from the St. Gothard and mounting towards the Furca pass, we bade farewell to carriage-roads and carriages, and took to Alpenstocks and Alpine nags. Ah,

Esther, how shall I describe the glorious excitement of that day, as we toiled over hill after hill, and wound among those wild ravines, every turn opening some new and unexpected change of view, and our spirits rising higher with every ascending step? We sang, and leaped, and shouted, and ran, till our poor English courier (who, like "panting Time, toiled after us in vain") protested in behalf of the guides and the horses, and declared that "My gracious! I have traveled with gentlemen who (I thought) walked too fast; but, upon my word (now, excuse me, Mr. Beecher, it is so, or I wouldn't say it), you American gentlemen really do not walk at all—you run like hares, gentlemen. You do, indeed." Or, getting too far in advance of our conductors (?), we would linger awhile to climb the sides of the ravine, and gather the beautiful flowers which in such perfection and profusion still bloomed amidst the desolation and showed the loving Father-heart smiling all around us even there. Or, for a change, we would mount our slow-paced, cautious-footed ponies and, perfectly secure in the keeping of their trained sagacity, give ourselves up to the meditations, grand and sweet, inspired by such unaccustomed surroundings.

And so we came to the summit of the Furca ridge (7400 feet), and still our faces were turned upward; for before we slept that night we must overtop the blooming Maienwang, 1500 feet more, and descend on the other side into the rocky basin of the Grimsel. Fortifying ourselves by a hearty and savory meal, at the lonely inn of the Furca, against fatigues greater than we then anticipated, we set forward on our way, light-footed and light-hearted. Within an hour, turning a single angle in our zigzag path, we came upon the *Glacier of the Rhone*! We had had distant glimpses of glaciers, pointed out by our guides through chance openings and on far-

off mountains, before ; but here it was at our very feet—or we rather at its foot—a gigantic cataract from a half to a quarter of a mile wide, sweeping down from a height of more than 1000 feet, and rushing straight forward to the foot of the hill-side along which we walked, but arrested, not there and by that *alone* but through all its tremendous course, by the Frost-King's potent hand, and held, a monument of eternal wonder,

“In icy fetters fixed and motionless.”

Beyond the summit of the ridge from which it descended, we knew that the ice-lake which supplied it extended eighteen miles back; but what we saw was quite as much as we could take in. We watched the play of the cloud-shadows chasing each other over the broad white surface, admired the beautiful blue and green of the crevasses, were dazed with the splendor of its sheen as now and then the sun broke full upon it through openings in the mists above us, and gazing into the dark arched ice-cavern at its base, out of which the infant Rhone came running and smiling into the light of day, we felt the poetry of the statement, quoted by Baedeker from some ancient geographer, that the river Rhodanus issued “from the gates of eternal night at the foot of the pillar of the sun.” Skirting the base of this glacier for more than half a mile, we turned at length its lower point, crossed the river by a bridge, and in less than fifteen minutes were at the foot of the *Maienwang* (i.e., “blooming turf-slope”). Rightly was it named; but how can I give you the least idea of its appearance? It was an immense hill-side, on the same side of the valley as the glacier we had just passed. Its perpendicular height was about 1500 feet; it extended, I hardly dare to say how far, one or two or more miles on down the valley, the opposite side of which just at this point trended suddenly away, while the *Maienwang* followed the turn more slowly and in a most

majestic and gentle curve, opening up a new and magnificent prospect miles in extent. This concave slope, in which the beautiful and the sublime vied for the ascendancy, was inclined to the horizon at an average angle of from 60 to 75 degrees, and was covered, far as the eye could reach, with *rhododendrons* ("Alpine roses") now in full bloom—an unbroken sea of deepest green and the most brilliant crimson! The sun came out occasionally as we ascended, and as the golden floods rolled down that wonderful slope, and we, looking along the far surface, saw the myriad flowers *united* in the perspective, I leave you to guess on what a feast, what a surfeit of beauty, our snow-wearied eyes made banquet. This was the beauty—but that mighty hill was to be climbed; and as we mounted by short zigzags higher and higher, and looked down from loftier and loftier levels on that dizzy plane on whose steep sides a single slip of our horses' feet would be death, beauty was merged into sublimity, and by the time we had traveled up an hour, the sublime was deepened into the terrific.

Meanwhile a change had come over the whole face of nature: we had passed beyond the region of flowers and verdure; the cloud, which had broken away for a little season, now shut in more black than ever; the mists which all the afternoon had hung lowering on the mountain's brow pressed heavily down and burst in sudden showers; the wind rose and grew wintry cold; and before we reached the summit, a wild storm of wind and sleety rain was beating upon us. For a little while umbrellas and shawls were in requisition; but they were soon abandoned as useless, and because we had as much as we could do to keep ourselves upon our horses and the breath of life in our bodies. Our spirits rose with the tumult of the element. I would not have had it otherwise for the world. That fierce storm was in glori-

ous harmony with the savage scene through which we were passing. Rocks, all rocks—stern, barren, bleak—*these* unsubdued by man, unaffected by the tempests of so many thousand winters; hills of rock, valleys of rock, plains of rock—a whole landscape all composed of rocks, and in the midst two lakes, or tarns, that would have been beautiful if they had not been so black. Shall I ever forget the sensations with which I rode along the second and larger one, that gloomy night? (I call it night, though it was far from sundown yet.) They call it *Todtensee* (the “Lake of the Dead Men”) in memory of the French and Austrians killed, in a dreadful battle in 1779 on its borders, and thrown into its waters. I thought of Erebus, the lake of the infernals; and almost fancied I could discern the shades of those unburied ones flitting over its gloomy surface and renewing the fierce conflict with hate which even those cold depths had failed to quench.

Soon we came to the sheer descent of slippery rocks on the other side, made more slippery by the deluge of rain which was now pouring down them. At the suggestion of our guides, and much to our own satisfaction, we dismounted here and, taking our mountain-staffs in hand, plunged down the perilous steep, leaving ponies and guides and courier to follow at their leisure. We were drenched to the skin and stiff with cold, and it was a grateful change to the enforced and vigorous activity which at once gave occupation to the mind and quickened the circulation of the blood. As usual, Mr. B. took the lead; and soon his stalwart form was seen far down the hill, leaping from rock to rock, disdaining the beaten track, cutting off angles here and curves there, and, seemingly at the risk of limb and neck, making *straight* for the “Hospice,” or inn, which we could now discern far down in the center of the rocky amphitheater, and where

we knew that food and fire awaited us. I followed on as best I could ; and Holme brought up the rear, partly through that graceful modesty which always leads him to fall back as the youngest of the party, and partly from the excessive care required by the new stovepipe hat he bought in Paris and is carrying over the mountains. (I am sorry to say that the umbrella, which he persisted in keeping spread above it to the end, was not equally faithful to its trust ; and that the hat was found, on reaching the Hospice, like every thread on all our bodies, as thoroughly wet as so faithful a Baptist as himself could desire.) At length our whole party arrived—we found several already in the ample dining-hall of the inn—and other parties came in. French and Germans, English and Americans, ladies and gentlemen, it was a motley but a cheerful company that gathered round the Hospice board that night, prepared to do full justice to its generous cheer, and to enjoy the comfortable beds which afterwards welcomed us to their embraces.

Well, well ; I had little idea of spinning so long a yarn—and one gets on so slow on paper. Simmons is petrified, almost horrified, at the rate of our movements over the mountains. He says, if he should tell how much we have accomplished on some days : “My gracious ! Mr. Beecher, I don't know, sir, whether people would believe me, sir—that is, sir—you understand me, sir—people that are accustomed to travel in a different way. It is so indeed, sir ; upon my word.” But it is weary slow work to go over the same ground on paper. Since that night, we have seen Jungfrau ; seen her face to face ; spent hours in the full radiance of her snowy charms ; seen her made golden in the sunlight, made silvery in the moon ; seen the avalanches roll down her side and stream over her cliffs, and heard their mysterious roar breaking the solemn silence of her solitudes.

It was a day to be ever remembered—the brightest we have spent thus far among the mountains, and towering up amidst all my past experience with proportions as majestic, an outline as distinct, and a brilliancy as transcendent, as her own. But it is not to be described. Let me simply say, in conclusion, that from the Grimsel Hospice we went the next day (Saturday last) to Hof, thence by carriage to Brienz on the lake of B., thence the same night (quite unexpectedly to Mr. Simmons) to Interlaken, where we spent the Sabbath—with Jungfrau in full view, visible through an opening between two ranges, but coy, veiled more or less all the time, and revealing her beauties only in detail and one by one. Monday we made the excursion to Jungfrau, partly by carriage, the rest on foot—by Lauterbrunnen Valley and the Staubbach over the Wengern Alp, where Jungfrau met us kindly (not wholly free from mists, but glorious through and with them) and held communion with us, and told us things which it were not possible, if lawful, for man to utter—thence on to Grindelwald with its two glaciers, and back through a beautiful, fertile valley to Interlaken. We reached our inn, and turned to look at Jungfrau: the sun was just setting, and—oh joy!—she was manifestly divesting herself of that waving cloud-robe which had tantalized us so long! Up, up they rose, and melted as they rose, revealing more and more of the pure outline and spotless splendor of her form, until she stood complete before us in her nude majesty, her peerless beauty, her simple, graceful, queenly dignity, against the gray-blue sky. Almost at the same instant the moon appeared, full-orbed, directly by her side, and lifted her silvery lamp gradually above her through all that lovely evening. Judge whether we sought our pillows early. But we were astir early the next morning, first to Berne, with its queer old clock, queer old foun-

tains, and queer bears ; then on to Fribourg (ah!), and thence to Geneva, where I finish this on Thursday, July 30. To-morrow morning we are off to Chamouni.

BRIEG (VALLEY OF THE UPPER RHONE), }
August 9, 1863. }

MY BELOVED WIFE : We came down from Zermatt yesterday, from the midst of everlasting snow and glacier-fields of ice, miles in extent and hundreds of feet in thickness, and are here to-day at the foot of the Simplon, sweltering under a heat as intense as I ever felt in the tropics. To-morrow we cross the pass of the Simplon into Italy. We have gone through Switzerland at such a swinging pace (being anxious to see as much of it as possible) that when not on the tramp, I have felt like nothing but plunging incontinently into bed, and repairing waste and wear in time for the next start. . . .

For the first time in my life, the geography of Switzerland is cleared up to me ; I have learned the modes of traveling here ; and am in prime physical condition for mountain-ranging, and even (had I time) for the more perilous amusement of crossing glaciers. . . .

Oh that beautiful Jungfrau ! Now that we have gone through the whole series, and can speak from an intelligent comparison, I look back to her not only as my first love, but as my last. It was a beautiful Monday morning when, having spent a quiet Sabbath at Interlaken, our courier waked us to our early dish of coffee, after which we took carriage up the charming Lauterbrunnen valley. Interlaken is the head-quarters for tourists in the Bernese Alps, and a place of considerable resort from its own attractions of air and scenery, to say nothing of the famous Molkenkur, where people are cured of all sorts of maladies by simply drinking whey to the sound of beautiful music. . . .

It is beautifully situated on the short river that connects the lakes of Thun and Brienz. Behind it runs the river and (immediately beyond the river) a green mountain-range; before it spreads a fertile meadow, with noble trees and pretty chalets scattered about, extending two or three miles before it reaches the foot of the mountains, which throw their wooded or rocky heights in that direction against the sky, and between two of which Jungfrau lifts afar her snowy front. But Jungfrau, beautiful as she was, had kept herself wrapped, now on one side and now on the other, in her misty veil, and dreadfully piqued our curiosity to ascertain her form. Three hours' drive along a most picturesque valley brought us to Lauterbrunnen, a romantic little village in the bosom of the hills, where no less than twenty cascades may be seen in various directions leaping down the rocks from immense heights; among them the famous Staubbach, which, however, did not strike me as meriting the special distinction which has been given it.

We saw several cataracts which interested us more, some of them miracles of almost spiritual grace and loveliness. But the entire scenery about Lauterbrunnen is enchanting. Here we parted with our carriage, which went round to meet us in the afternoon at Grindelwald; while, after about an hour spent in wandering through this lovely vale, we addressed ourselves to climbing the Wengern Alp. It was here that we first heard the beautiful effects of the Alpine horn, sounded in spots where echoes peculiarly distinct and fine catch up and repeat and prolong the notes till they die away in exquisite cadences along the distant heights. My companions did not seem to care much for these; but they had a strange fascination for me, and I never grudged the few *centimes* which the horn-blowers expected in return for the entertainment.

It was nearly noon when we had finished our ascent and emerged at the crown of the Wengern Alp in the immediate

presence of the Jungfrau and her magnificent attendants. Sheer down in front of us went a precipice of two or three thousand feet into the rocky valley which separated us. That valley, though probably five or six miles in width, seemed scarcely half a mile, so vast were the dimensions of the mountain mass which, on the opposite side of it, rose directly before our faces, as though you might almost stretch out your finger and touch its sides or count the rifts and stains upon its surface. Jungfrau herself rested on a precipitous rocky base almost as high as we were; thence it lifted its magnificent form, wrapped in its everlasting robes of snow, eight thousand feet and more against the blue sky, in supreme grandeur and grace. *Silberhorn* and *Schneehorn*, its two principal peaks, vied with each other in splendor, and on either side *Monch* and *Eiger*, and *Mittaghorn* and *Breithorn*, would each have seemed peerless, had Jungfrau not been there. And over all those towering summits, those boundless slopes, those mighty gorges of purest white, rested such perfect calm, a serenity profound and sweet, as might befit the selectest shrine of Him who dwelleth in secret and hides His goings in the silence of ages as in a mantle. The occasional rush of a distant avalanche, brought to our ears across the valley, just served to make our sense of the abysmal stillness more acute. Ah! it was an hour of rare and indescribable delight we spent in that august presence; then descending to sublunary matters, after refreshing the material man, we started on our way.

The limitations of space and the necessity for selection compel the omission of a long and detailed descriptive passage that follows here, graphic and picturesque though it be.

. . . And now for Italy, the lakes, Turin, Milan, and Venice, where we turn our faces towards the dear West. O

beloved land! all that I have seen on these ancient ~~shores~~ makes me but prize and love thee more! With all thy faults, and amidst all thy trials, I am proud of thee this day, and defy comparison with any land on which the sun looks down. Would that this weary war were ended! but rather let it be prolonged till we and our children sleep beneath the sod than that her escutcheon receive a stain, or terms be made with anarchists and traitors!

And now, dear love, farewell once more. The days of separation are rapidly numbering, and if only God's mercy is continued to you at home, as to me, I trust we shall have no occasion to regret them.

We have reached and turned our farthest goal; henceforth our faces are turned towards the setting sun, and our hearts keep tune to the music of "Homeward Bound."

TO MRS. WARD RAYMOND.

MILAN, ITALY, August 13, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER FANNY: I have been reading over your last welcome epistle from San Francisco—welcome when it first came to hand, and not less comforting in its kind and loving tone when re-perused in these strange lands. It has been my companion in all my wanderings. The flowers you inclosed in it have grown drier and lost their hues, but the letter itself is as fresh and relishful as ever. How strange it seems for me, under these balmy skies of Italy and amidst its gay profusion of flowers—flowers trained by Art, in "beds and curious knots," and intermixed with fountains and statues and decorated buildings—to be looking with Fancy's eye on your picture of yourself and F. driving along that far Pacific shore, watch-

ing the surges as they broke against your horse's feet, and then returning lap-laden from that valley of flowers, which

" *Not* nice Art in beds and curious knots,
But Nature boon poured forth profuse o'er hills
And dales and plains."

You kindly wish that some of us "poor city-wearied folks" could share the exhilaration of the scenes you were then passing through, and never had compassionate wish a more fitting application than yours had to me, at the time I read those words. For I was exceedingly forlorn, and had been running down about the time you left for California, until I was about ready to lie down in "the last ditch" and die, like a despairing rebel. How shall I ever begin to repay the considerate affection which, just in the nick of time, devised this scheme of recruit for me, and with royal generosity placed in my hands the means of carrying it out? Not with words, I am sure, or I would write a volume of them; nor with any deeds, I fear, that are within my power; but so far as mighty love can pay it—"love that most delights in this, still paying, still to owe"—it shall be paid to all of you, and every hour anew.

And so you are at home again. Do you know that, intense and constant as has been my enjoyment through all this European tour, those words begin to have a strangely sweet, attractive sound to me? If I could have all you dear ones with me, methinks I could wander on unwearied for a long, long time to come—not forever, though; for, apart from all private and domestic ties, America is the only land for me; and the more I see and know of others and of other people's, the greater is my pride and the brighter my hopes of her. The moral wealth and glory of these countries is not indeed wholly in the past; but, with respect to the present, we have no occasion to shrink from comparison with the best of them. And the future—ah! the future—

that is peculiarly our own. These European nations appear to have already attained their development, and the great effort now is to retain what they have gained, to repair the waste of time (which alone is more than they can accomplish), to repress what threatens to impair or overthrow existing things, and to finish by slow and inadequate advances the works which the master-minds of former ages devised and bequeathed and left to posterity to complete. But we are at best in the infancy of our career. God forbid that by imitating the vices and corruptions of older countries we shall fall into premature decrepitude and decay!

We have followed with intense interest the progress of things at home; shared your humiliation and anxiety when Lee made his audacious movement to the North; your exultation when his robber-hordes were checked and driven back; your new triumph in the emancipation of the Mississippi, and your new shame and apprehension at the outbreak of treason in mob-violence in our own streets. I confess that I am far from easy yet. But to despair would be wicked, and I mean to hope against hope. In England our spirit was constantly stirred within us by those who professed to be friendly to the North, because, while they avowed their sympathy in our great struggle for freedom and hoped we should so far succeed as to destroy slavery, they almost always added that they saw no possibility of the re-establishment of the Union, nor did they usually pretend to desire it.

In London I attended a breakfast given to Mr. Beecher by some committee, at which one or two hundred of the ministers and leading Christian men were present, the object being not a public demonstration, but a free private conference, with a view to promote friendly relations to the North in this contest. Mr. Beecher spoke admirably and with excellent effect. I had no intention to take part, and

expressly refused when first called upon by the Chair. But as the conversation proceeded and Mr. Beecher's plain and earnest talk brought out more and more clearly both the good and the bad spirit of these sturdy Britons, my heart burned within me; and by and by one of those fits took me which carry everything within me before them, and I let them have it in as plain Saxon as I knew how to use. I told those complacent John Bulls that we were engaged in a death-struggle in America for our nation's life, one of those contests that sharpen men's faculties and make it almost impossible for them to err on any matter connected therewith; that we knew perfectly well both what we had to fight for, who were our enemies, and who were our friends; that there was a part of our people who were fighting *against Slavery*, but that ALL were fighting for *the Government, the Constitution, and the Union*—against anarchy, disintegration, and national death; that he who was not for us in that thing was against us; that we knew perfectly well (as they themselves had told us) that the ruling political and commercial interests of England were hostile to us in this struggle from the most material and selfish considerations; but, as they themselves professed to desire "friendly relations" with the loyal people of America, it was important they should understand that there could be no friendly relations with us on any such terms; that if there was no party in England who could sympathize with sufferings and sacrifices in America, for the maintenance of society itself and a just and free government against anarchists and traitors, we must fight our battle without their sympathy, but fight it we should, and could never accept their cheap anti-slaveryism as a substitute for the thing they owed us, or rather owed to civilization and humanity—and a good deal more of the same sort.

It was curious to see the effect. John Bull looked up at first from his coffee and wine, with round eyes, at this kind

of talk. Presently, as one saucy thing after another came out, his eyes began to light, and soon "Hear! hear!" began to come from one and another. Before I got through they seemed quite thoroughly waked up and on a broad grin, and I observed the more squarely I planted my blows the better they appeared to like it. For I must do John the justice to acknowledge that he is not only plucky himself, but a genuine admirer of pluck in others. At the close a number of them acknowledged that they saw things in a "very different light to what they had before," and they were urgent in requesting that on our return to England from the Continent a more public meeting should be called and these views presented to the community. They paid me the compliment of insisting that I must unite with Mr. Beecher to make the thing complete, received with laughter my assurances that I was no speaker, and sent their committee to both of us next day to ask for our photographs. I must confess I should like nothing better than to "speak my mind" on this subject right out in London; but I presume my vacation will be about over by the time we get around, and I shall have to hurry home.

But here I am at the end of my time, and away back in London yet. How I got there I can hardly tell, for it seems a year to look back upon since we bade adieu to the white shores of "perfidious Albion" and commenced our roamings among these people of strange tongues. And now we are under the warm skies of Italy and speedily approaching the farthest goal of our tour. Contrary to my expectations, I find myself cottoning to these Romanic nations, the French and the Italians, even more than to those of the Germanic stock, the English, Swiss, and Germans. Not that I believe them to possess the sterling moral and reflective traits in a superior or even equal degree. But they are more genial, simple-hearted, kindly, and lovable. Children of the sun, life is to them not a burden of care

and a toil of ambition, but, like that of the flowers, spontaneous and free and superficially (I fear not profoundly) happy. Appropriating without scruple whatever comes within their reach, they hoard nothing for the future and grudge no one his better luck. This at least is one side, the bright side, of Italian life, and from its novelty, if nothing else, it has a great charm for me. It is a sunny, smiling, social life, and a blessed relief from the prevailing rigid, anxious, and care-worn expression which chilled our very souls in southern Switzerland.

Milan is a very cheerful and comparatively beautiful city, its houses nearly all built of a light-colored granite or stucco, or imitation of it; many of the streets broad and handsomely paved, and its public buildings and palaces of an elegant structure. It seems to be in some sense the Paris of Italy, and the habits of the people resemble those of Paris in many respects. The Cathedral is a miracle of costly beauty, with its hundred and fifty white pinnacles glittering in the sunlight; its marvelous richness and variety of sculptured detail within and without; its more than seven thousand statues and fifteen hundred bas-reliefs on the exterior, all fine and many of them wrought by the hands of masters, and finished with an exquisite purity and elaborate elegance, for which we are wont to look only in the inmost shrines of luxury and refinement. As a single illustration of the richness of this vast museum of architectural and sculptural wealth, take this: the flying buttresses which support the upper (clear-stony) walls are decorated along their top with rows of finials wrought into floral forms. There are fifteen thousand of these flower-tops blossoming up towards the sky, and no two of the whole number are alike. Of these lesser ornaments, such as baskets of fruit and flowers, cherubs' heads, vines, arabesques, amorini, grotesque gargoyles, and caprici of all sorts, they are everywhere distributed and absolutely num-

berless. I must confess, though, that there is little of the solemn and elevated grandeur which so affected me in the best English cathedrals, and the general contour of the exterior, as seen from the distance of a half mile or a mile, is very unimpressive. The interior is not liable to these criticisms. It is exceedingly pure and noble, and its windows exquisitely rich in coloring and design.

We have got into the region of fine paintings also, but only admirable in the relics of the past. And there is so much of the worthless and even odious preserved in these vast, bewildering collections, out of which the precious few must be sought and sifted, and even on these the ravages of time and neglect (or worse) have often been so terrible, that, in a hurried examination like ours, the pleasure and profit are very seriously discounted by the fatigue. Leonardo's once lovely fresco of the "Last Supper" is such a perfect ruin as to excite none but painful feelings in the contemplation of it, such as one would feel in looking upon a once beautiful human form, changed by death, covered with the damp and the mould of the sepulcher, and hastening to corruption. Raffaele's sweet "Marriage of the Virgin," preserved by a thick coat of varnish which has lately been removed with great care and skill, has been more fortunate, and gives one a striking impression of the exceeding felicity and elaborate care with which these old masters did their work, and the perfection of the result.

August 15. Venice, Bride of the Sea! The sun was setting in a flood of glory as we reached the end of our railroad-ride, made under the blazing heat of one of the hottest days ever known in Italy, and rendered still more intolerable by the vexatious delays at the Austrian frontier and the odious fare of the custom-house restaurant. A fine cool breeze met us as we entered on the long railroad bridge by which the city is now approached from the mainland, belying Roger's statement to the contrary, and to me

who am a sort of child or foster-child of the salt water, and to whom the scent and sight of the sea, after inland confinement, always brings refreshment and exhilaration, it was like escaping from purgatory and snuffing the breath of heaven. And there she lay along the horizon, her domes and graceful campanili rising so calmly out of the blue waves, and reposing so softly against the golden sky, like a true bride, trustful and happy in the strong but loving embrace that enfolded her; and all my imaginings of this city of enchantment were realized in those first moments.

From the *dépôt* we stepped at once into a gondola, and soon we were gliding over the liquid pavements of this strange city, and threading its winding and mysterious ways, with the palaces and memorials of departed centuries looking down upon us, and all our souls astir with dim memories of the opulence and splendor, the gems and the wealth, through whose abodes we were passing. To be sure, the glory was a departed glory, and its ancient homes and decorations bore a decidedly seedy and even shabby appearance. But evening kindly drew her veil over these imperfections and the thousand meannesses which the near inspection of human habitations always reveals, and helped the imagination to renew and regild the palaces and repeople them with a free and noble race—a race of royal merchants, statesmen and artists, such as strode those marble halls and corridors, and skimmed those watery avenues in the days of the great Republic.

Our hotel was originally a palace, the splendid residence of one of the most ancient and princely families of Venice in her palmy days. Its front looks out upon the Grand Canal just where it broadens out into the open sea amidst beautiful islands scattered far off into the horizon. It retains with scarcely any alteration all the interior form of structure and decorations of sculpture and

statuary which marked its more fortunate period. As we glided up to its private entrance and stepped from our gondola, under its stately porch, upon its marble steps and floor, thence up the grand stairway lined with busts, and along the tile-paved corridor to our apartments, we could easily imagine how other sovereigns felt, in former times, when received with such fitting stateliness and grace to this home of the merchant-prince.

I will not tell you how much our self-complacency collapsed in the course of last night, sweltered by an atmosphere like that of twenty Tartaruses condensed, and punctured by the probosces of forty million imps of perdition, vulgarly known as mosquitoes. But we have lived through it, and, after a comfortable breakfast, are about to start forth to see the sights and enjoy what is enjoyable in Venice. I will confess that my anticipations are not of quite that roseate and golden hue in this plain day-light that they were in the flush of evening. Another of my senses is also aroused this morning, and snuffs suspicion in the air. But let me wait and judge a righteous judgment. . . .

TO MRS. HOWARD.

VENICE, August 18, 1863.

MY DEAREST SISTER : I have been hoping ever since we reached Milan for an hour of quiet and retirement, in which I might send you a word of love and sympathy from amidst scenes fraught with such sad and tender recollections. But I have sought in vain. The weather has been oppressively hot, and what time and thought have not been spent in the bare labor of existence have been frittered away and dissipated in the vain attempt to do weeks of wondering and admiring every day. You know to what a locomotive I am hitched, and how my wheels would be made to buzz and glow by what is to him an ordinary pace.

The moment we crossed the line into Italy, dear Annie became a presence to me, and the thought of her has been with me ever since. It has been sad, I confess, to think of her pining and fading under these golden skies and amidst this glorious bursting life of nature, turning sick and faint away from so many objects of beauty and interest on which her bright mind would have fastened, in her ordinary health, with such keen relish and delight, and closing her eyes at last in an untimely death, not only on these fair scenes, but on the loving ones who hung over her and watched in agony for their reopening. No work of art has once touched me, no gentle expression of nature has at any time reached and stirred the fountains of emotion, but a tear would start for her, and when all around me has been joyousness and hilarity, my heart has ached in secret, as though your grief, dear sister, and dear Tasker's and Jack's, were renewed, and I stood within its very shadow. But the sadness has not been gloom. Oh no, thank God! I have seen beyond the shadow, and beyond the cloud that cast it, and on the farther side all is bright—so bright!

It was a sweet, solemn Sabbath I spent on the banks of Lake Como. Henry was greatly disappointed in Como, because he had got the impression that its character was one of pure loveliness, whereas, in mere beauty, it appeared to both of us inferior both to Maggiore and Lugano, from which we approached it. He missed especially the marks of high culture and the elegant villas which he expected along its shores, and complained of the brown and splintered mountains which surrounded it. I was glad that the villas were away and the mountains there. I thought of "the mountains that stood round about Jerusalem," and of what they symbolized, and rejoiced that the provisions of divine love—the waters of cleansing and refreshing for such sinful and dying ones as we—rest in the bosom of a perfect security, of *almighty* and *everlasting* love. They were dark

days to you, dear sister, when you sat or walked by the side of Como, and I doubt not its waters looked gloomy and its mountains stern, for the cloud was heavy and hung low above you there. But as I looked down into the lake's green depths, I saw the heavenly arch distinctly mirrored there, and within that arch the image of our lost one stood and smiled—oh so peaceful, radiant, and loving!—and her look was full of hope and cheer, and it seemed to say, "Speak words of comfort for me to the dear hearts at home that still mourn my absence, and tell them that the days of our separation will soon be ended; for, though I shall not return to them, they shall come to me—*which is far better.*" And is it not better?

At Milan we sought out the old nurse, as you requested. She seemed delighted to see us, and at your remembrance of her, and went over the sad story of Annie's sickness and death in a way to show that she had told it often since, and felt that it was a part of her experience. She sends kind regards and a package in return for yours, inclosing, I think, photographs of her children.

As I write, I look out of my windows on the face of the Grand Canal, all ablaze with the pageant in celebration of the birthday of the Austrian Emperor, an illuminated procession of gondolas and fireworks on the opposite islands. The soldiers, officials, and Austrians work it; the Italians look on and say nothing. Lovingly, BROTHER JOHN.

TO MRS. R. R. RAYMOND.

MUNICH, August 25, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER: It was a blessed inspiration that led you to inclose your last letter to me in an envelope addressed to Mr. B.; for everything with my name on it which was due in Milan failed to reach me; and you cannot conceive the comfort which I got from your loving remembrance

of me,—and the good news you sent respecting my beloved ones in Angelica and all the rest of the circle. . . .

It was a little cruel of you, Sister mine, to draw with such graphic pen that little fancy sketch of friends “with winged power” to surround my wearied couch at night, and while away, etc. etc., and particularly cool to add, “Well, there we are! every night we are with you!” Humph! I don’t see it. If I did, I think I might be satisfied. And unfortunately for your suggestion that “sunset never fails to bring us together,” there comes in the awkward astronomical fact that by the time your sun sets, the slumbers of midnight have plunged us far beyond the reach of that comforting assurance. But I will be comforted by the thought that “the days are rapidly passing,” and we are on our homeward way, and that very soon the weary distance will be retraced and the dearest spot on earth be regained.

I am distressed to hear again and again of Robert’s poor health this summer. Oh, if he could have been, I will not say, in my place—for I am too selfish, I fear, to say that honestly, and while I am wishing, I may as well wish for the best—but if he could have been with us! I don’t know how he would have stood Mr. B.’s rate of movement, for I seem to remember some very peremptory refusals of his to adopt the pace of this locomotive leader of the people, and I am sure Mr. B. has kept fully up to his average velocity.

But this I cannot doubt, that such delicious excitement of mind and such vigorous exercise of the body, kept of course within the proper limits, would have renewed Robert as it has me. And I do wish he could have it in some form. Why, I feel as though I had been born again within the last six weeks. I look back with positive shuddering upon “the hole of the pit” out of which I have been “dugged,” and in which I should soon have been buried past the hope of any earthly resurrection, and I entertain very serious doubts about going back into that hole again, with any intention.

of staying in it. I have not a very long time to live at longest, and I begin to be a little doubtful about being buried before my time.

Eh! say you, what does all that mean? Well, nothing at all, my dear,—that is, nothing much, nothing of serious thought or purpose,—but only something of feeling, which has been working and, I suspect, growing within me, and which just now happened to pop out into self-consciousness and expression.

Our last chapter of Switzerland, the ascent of the G rner Grat and the view therefrom of Monte Rosa and Matterhorn, was the crowning glory of that peerless mountain tour, but the miserable appearance of the people in the Rhone and Visp valleys through which we traveled to that glorious spot, and which is the most unhealthy region perhaps on the Continent,—the wretched home of goitre and cretinism,—became so painful and oppressive that it was infinite relief to escape over the majestic Simplon Pass into the sunny plains of Northern Italy, and to rest on the shores of those exquisite lakes. . . .

It was not Sunday according to our diaries, but in looking back to the day we spent at Caddenabbia (the name given to the site of the handsome hotel on the shore of Como, whose waters laved its front steps while the forest-clad hill-side shot up in the rear so close and so steep that you might leap to it from the second-story back windows) it seemed to me more like the Sabbath than almost any Sunday I have spent in Europe, so perfect and sweet was the repose, and so sacred were the memories of dear Annie and her departure, connected with the spot.

Then came Milan, my recollections of which present a strangely mingled and contrasted medley, so much of gayety and beauty soliciting the senses and intoxicating the imagination, while memory never ceased to wave her cypress branches above me, and visions of a higher beauty and bliss

whose gates seemed near this place, beckoned my thoughts away. The two days we spent there, and the three in Venice, seemed all too short for the treasures of art which opened themselves to our inspection. But I have got some impressions that I shall never lose; the most distinct are those connected with the exquisite cathedral at Milan and two or three pictures by Leonardo and Raphael in the Brera Gallery there, and in Venice with the architecture and the street and water-life of the city, and the gorgeous paintings of the Venetian masters, particularly Titian and Tintoretto, preserved in the gallery of its Accademia delle Belle Arti. You can think how stimulating to the imagination are all the peculiar external features of Venice; but I am persuaded that nothing but actual experience can begin to convey an adequate conception of the reality. I had read and dreamed enough about Venice, and seen pictures enough, to make me recognize almost every important thing at the first glance, and yet I felt a something in the presence of the real thing which made my previous ideas like the insubstantial shadows of a dream.

But the people are very sad and unhappy: they chafe under the Austrian yoke. As many as can, get away and do not return; the rest either hang their heads and scowl, or throw care away and live as much like children and birds as they can. If they ever get a chance, won't they snap those chains with a shout! But as we pass through the country from city to city, and gaze upon the stupendous fortifications which frown all over the land and which are augmented by large accessions each year, we cannot doubt that it is the settled purpose of the Austrian Government to maintain its hold at every hazard, and to crush with ruthless hand the slightest show of discontent.

And now we are in Germany; our room has been full of American gentlemen for the last hour, and my time is up and I have hardly left myself a chance to say I love you.

But love you I do, every one of you, with a love bigger than all the mountains of Switzerland. . . .

DRESDEN, August 30, 1863.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER: Do you know that I am now every day drawing nearer to you? I do, and my heart expands and beats with an ever freer and more joyous throb. Indeed, indeed, there is no place like home, and dearer than all besides on earth are the dear ones there. Though my eye is filled with seeing, and my mind is never for one moment without matter of interesting observation and reflection, my heart is very, very hungry, and I feel that its cravings must soon be satisfied.

Our journey from Venice northward to this place, though not marked by anything intensely exciting, has been full of interest all along. It was at daybreak of a midsummer day when we stepped on board of our gondola, and took our last delightful ride over the liquid ways of that fairy-like city. . . .

Our route in Northern Italy led us by Solferino, and over much territory made historical by many a sanguinary struggle, not only in the late war for the emancipation of Italy, but in the old conflicts, between the first emperor and the Austrians. In the afternoon and evening we pushed on to Botzen, a curious old city in the Austrian Tyrol. Here we reached the end of railroading, and took post for Innsbruck (one and a half days) by the Brenner Pass, through the Tyrol mountains. Such a change as here came over the aspect of our journey was curious to see. . . .

The pass of the Brenner, and I suppose the Tyrolese valleys generally, differ very widely from those of Switzerland. There is none of that savage grandeur which characterizes the most noted of the latter; almost everywhere the valleys are beautifully verdant, and the hill-tops are covered

with a rich forest growth. Even when snow caps the summit, the trees seem to grow and flourish up to the very snow-line. But the rocks crop out sideways along the flanks of the valley, in almost perpendicular cliffs and palisades, or the hills are tossed and piled upon each other in the most picturesque confusion. We were exceedingly pleased with the appearance of the people—hardy, muscular, often handsome and bright-looking, and almost without exception looking straight into your eyes out of honest and kindly ones of their own. They wear their pretty costume with a simple grace, and challenge at once your confidence and esteem, and they are Catholics at that. But I must confess I have never met in Catholic countries such indications of a sincere, artless, and earnest devotion as here.

The crosses and *prie-Dieus* which are erected in all Catholic countries to aid the devotion of the wayside worshiper are somewhat more numerous, and decidedly more demonstrative, here. The frescos of "Mary and the Child" set up by the roadside, under little canopies, sheds, or open shrines, are painted in more brilliant colors and better taken care of, and the images of the Saviour on the Cross are larger (often life size), with a "visage more marred" with agony and with larger streams of redder gore pouring down his face and over all his limbs, and the universal attendance upon daily worship is something very remarkable. We stopped for the night at the village of Sterzing, up among the mountains and almost at the summit of the pass. It is a single long street, the houses on one side built with a *loggia*, or arcade, along the front of the ground-floor (such as was so great a curiosity when I first met it in Chester, England, but which is a very common feature of these older Italian, Austrian, and German towns). The fronts of the houses have, many of them, a quaint sort of ornamentation, all very old, but all in perfect repair, and just as neat as a row of new pins. About midway the street

was crossed by a large arch over which rose a tall and solid clock-tower. Our post-boy drove down the street, rattling over the stones (the pavements here are all solid, as if built for eternity, even in the villages), blowing his really musical horn, and cracking his whip, after the fashion of the true post-boy, as though he had touched off a pack of crackers at the end of his lash; and, arriving at the inn, whirled under its archway, as though conscious of bringing at least a triplet of emperors behind him. The ground-floor, or basement, particularly of inns, is very commonly devoted to horses, carriages, and the usual paraphernalia of a barn-yard, the house itself resting above on a huge arch, or groined vault which covers the whole area, and is open through wide doors before and behind. A dozen ready hands were busy in an instant to open our carriage and assist us to alight. The buxom landlady stood smiling at the foot of the stairway which led to the interior, and a few words from our experienced courier having satisfied her of the quality of her guests, she at once led the way to her best apartments. It was a strange old house, with space enough for a colony within it; the ceilings low, but every other dimension on a scale of bounteous and massive amplitude: vast kitchens, long arched corridors and passages, and doors without number opening out of them in all manner of fanciful ways and unlooked-for situations. It seemed more like some old barricaded mansion of feudal times, meant as the common home of a whole clan, fortified against elements and enemies, and a very castle of comfort. In our own spacious apartment, (Mr. Beecher and I always "chum it," in a double-bedded room) everything was as clean and sweet as the face and the clothing of our good landlady herself.

While supper was preparing we started out to explore the town. It seemed strangely still and empty; but on reaching the church (near the clock-tower) we learned the cause. It was the hour for evening worship, and the people

were at church. The door stood ajar; and hearing the sound of voices within, we drew near and entered. It was a novel and most affecting scene. The interior was large, not without some architectural pretensions, and decorated with a kind of rude and primitive costliness. Through the evening dusk, which within the church walls was deepened almost into a positive darkness, really needing the light of the candles which burned before the altar and lit up the chancel with a weird illumination, the kneeling people might be dimly discerned, old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and children of every age—a goodly representation of the entire community, and almost filling the house. These were engaged, not, as is usual in the Catholic churches, in separate individual worship, while the priestly service goes on as an independent matter, but, priest and people, in a united service, and with an earnestness of manner, an emphasis of tone, which were as impressive as they were strange. Two voices proceeded from within the chancel—no persons were visible there—the one a clear, ringing, somewhat nasal, boy's soprano, the other a deep guttural bass. These two with a loud, rapid semi-chant, which pierced you through and through, would repeat in unison a sentence of prayer or confession, whatever it might be (evidently in the vernacular, not the Latin), and all the people would respond, with a lower but perfectly distinct and equally rapid utterance, in which every tone and quality of voice could be distinguished, from the lisping treble of infancy to the rich mellowness of the full-grown woman, the raucous depth of strong, coarse men, and the tremulousness of old age.

The tone was strangely full of feeling—a kind of plaintive monotonous wail of contrition, confession, and supplication—and, spite of yourself, it touched you sympathetically and swept you into the general current of emotion. This was kept up a long time, the same words being often re-

peated over and over and over again, after the Catholic fashion, as if in profoundness of penitence and wrestling importunity of prayer. Then followed a succession of longer prayers by the priest, with *Amens* and other brief responses by the people, more like our own Episcopal service, and then what I took to be a sort of creed, or confession, in which all united, following the priest, but very long—five or ten times as long as the Episcopal creeds—and finally the ordinary Catholic ceremonies by the priest before the altar, watched (contrary to Catholic custom) in profound and silent attention by the people, until he took in his hand the sacred symbol of the Divine Sacrifice, and bore it down the center aisle to the door and back—his single boy attendant all the while throwing the light of his candle strongly upon it—when they all bowed before it, like grain before the wind, rising again as it passed, with hasty crossings of brow and breast and a low rustle of whispered prayer, which altogether formed certainly the most peculiar and impressive religious ceremony I ever witnessed.

It was over, and after a few moments of solemn silence they began one after another to rise and quietly retire. We supposed that it was some special feast-day, but learned to our surprise that it was only the usual evening mass. This was not all: Mr. Beecher had left the church before Mr. Holme and myself, and had been wandering through the village, and as we sat in our own room, talking over the strange scene we had witnessed, he came in to tell us how the impression had been deepened by hearing the same sounds proceeding from different houses in the village, as though those who were detained at home were also uniting in the service.

Once he had stopped in front of the other inn; and as the voices seemed to proceed from the open basement, had quietly ventured in to observe. It was quite dark, but he could make out the forms of four or five men, apparently postboys, teamsters, or herdsmen, kneeling among the wag-

ons, one of whom would repeat with loud tones the priestly part, and all the rest would respond. Meanwhile other servants and persons were passing in and out, attending to their business, and seeming to take this as a matter of course.

While Mr. Beecher was relating this, "Hark!" said Mr. Holme, "what is that?" We opened our door into the hall; and sure enough, there was the same peculiar sound and many voices apparently engaged. We stepped quietly along the passage, opened a door that stood ajar, and crossing a little ante-room looked upon another scene, certainly quite novel in a tavern. It was a little chapel fitted up with altar, crucifix, flowers, and burning candles, and bright-colored pictures hanging round the walls. Some twenty or thirty men, women, and children, evidently servants and attachés of the inn were most ardently engaged in their devotions. One of their number, a postboy who had learned to read, held the book and conducted the service, while all the rest responded. This, we learned on inquiry, was the daily practice. Surely I am a good *Protestant*, but here was a Catholic observance against which I had no heart to *protest*.

We slept like princes that night, and bright and early next morning were on our way to Innsbruck (*i.e.*, Inn's brücke, the bridge of the river Inn). It was a charming drive the whole distance, and thence by rail through the exceedingly picturesque valley of the Inn to Munich. Innsbruck, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol, is one of the prettiest little cities I have ever seen; its site perfectly charming, in the middle of a broad and fertile plain, bounded on either side by mountains six, seven, and eight thousand feet high, whose summits, though not covered with perpetual snow, were capped with white that day, the fall of the preceding night. It is well paved and well built, and the houses are built in the Italian fashion, and colored with that admirable judgment and taste which is one of the most observable and

beautiful fashions of the Italian towns. (The feeling for color is a national instinct with the Italians, and the Tyrolean seem to share it.)

The prevailing colors are light and delicate; straw color, faint green, and a pink blush or flesh color being the most common. Over and between the windows you often see decorations in white plaster, festoons or garlands of flowers, etc., and nothing is more common than pictures in fresco on the outer walls, the subjects usually religious, sometimes historical, and the execution varying from respectable *down* (I am sorry to say) to absurd and even detestable. But the *general* effect of color is exceedingly cheerful, neat, and elegant, and Innsbruck, as we looked down upon it from that winding mountain-road, set in the bosom of that green and golden vale and overhung by those magnificent white-capped mountains, was one of the loveliest specimens we have seen.

We spent three or four days at Munich, but really it hardly came up to my anticipations. . . . There is a monotonous uniformity in the splendid new streets which contrasts most disadvantageously with the homely but picturesque and spirited variety of the old German town, even with its own older parts. As to the paintings and sculpture, there is no end to the profusion. All the public buildings, inside and out, are befrescoed and be-statued without limit, I had almost said *ad nauseam*. All German history, poetry and legend, classical antiquity, scripture and Catholic legends, are ransacked for subjects, and these are treated in oil, in distemper, in fresco, in encaustic, in marble, bronze, wood, glass, and with immense learning and a wonderful degree of cultivated dexterity in all technical manipulations. And yet there is hardly a picture or a statue or a beautiful window which you would turn back to see a second time, or which leaves an abiding and quickening impression on your memory or heart. As a rule it is all self-conscious, labored, *imitative*, and (you

often suspect) mercenary. You admire, and pass on and on—and on—until you weary of the endless maze of very fine, splendid, beautiful, exquisite,—soulless things, and are glad when the round is ended. One exception must be made—*Kaulbach*, the one great Protestant among these troops of interested or effeminate Catholics, is a true master; perhaps not a “first-class” one, but genuine, healthy, rich, free, and honest. . . .

Another real treasure in Munich is the *old* Pinakothek, or Picture Gallery, containing many choice specimens of the old masters admirably classified and arranged.

Our course from here is to Berlin, to Frankfort and Heidelberg, down the Rhine to Cologne, thence by Brussels and Antwerp to Ostend (or Calais), where we cross directly to London. We shall not return to Paris, our time is so far spent. What further I shall attempt in Great Britain (if anything) is uncertain. I do not see any prospect of getting started on the voyage home before the first week in October.

Berlin, September 2, 1863. Here we are in the Prussian capital, and “happy, happy, happy we”—such a nice bunch of letters! I have glanced through them, just to see the general complexion of the news, and must now *read* them, hoping to add a line to Mother before this goes to the post.

Lovingly,

FATHER.

To Dr. and Mrs. T. J. CONANT.

BERLIN, Sept. 4, 1863.

VERY DEAR DOCTOR AND “SISTER” HANNAH: I know you will not measure my affection by the meagerness of its expression; indeed I have been faithful in my heart. In all my mountain wanderings I thought of you who

with our dear Esther were the first, years ago, to desire for me that enjoyment, and never did I experience an hour of special exaltation or exultation, in that fortnight of magnificent experiences, without remembering you and wishing that you might share it with me. Beautiful Italy too! how you would enjoy it, its charming lakes, its fragments of antiquity, and its glorious collections of art! We saw but little, and that not the best or richest part of it! But we saw more than I could hold or bring away, or even fully appreciate on the spot. In Milan and Venice and Padua and Verona we came upon localities associated with Shakespeare's stories, and though Shakespeare knew but little about them, yet you could not help feeling that *his characters* did; and I thought of you there, and wanted to talk to you on the spot. Even more have you been in our thoughts and on our lips while studying cathedrals and pictures. O Hannah, steal some money and bring your husband over. I cannot tell you what I have seen, and I cannot bear that you, so rarely gifted by nature and by culture both to enjoy and to profit by it, should die without the sight.

And now we are in Germany, with an entirely new world of interest opening before us, and all as free as air. . . .

What would we not have given for Stillman in Munich! we felt so much the need there of some one who was familiar with the localities and the contents of the several art collections, and who could at the same time sympathize with our objects and put us on the track for information. Knowing that Munich was itself the creation, and had become in some sense the home, of the new German art, we wanted to make the best use of our time in studying its best results. Couriers and *valets-de-place* have their routine of "sights" to show, four fifths of which you care nothing about; and if you desire to

go one step beyond a cursory glance at the surface of things, they are no help and much hindrance. We generally preferred to take our chances under our own guidance. . . .

I saw enough in Munich to satisfy me as to the comparative value of this school of German art. It is wonderful what has been accomplished within so short a period, and by a direct and conscious effort in that direction. The number of the artists and their works, the variety of arts which have been cultivated, and the *truly respectable* character of the productions, must command admiration. But in the range of art to which this new school have aspired, respectability is doubtful praise. The whole bears the unmistakable signs of a hot-house growth, a rank, unnatural profession with an attenuated, crude, and feeble development. The artists, by dint apparently of thorough teaching and laborious practice (for which due praise; it shows the good scholar, but more is needed to make the master), have certainly attained to great facility in the use of the pencil and chisel in the production and reproduction of certain conventional forms and faces. But of original study of nature, insight into character, profound earnestness of feeling, invention or inspiration, I see few traces. Cornelius, the founder of the school, I apprehend gave a wrong direction to its efforts by holding up the old masters as the standard, instead of their mistress—Nature. So that we have the absurd paradox of a school of *retrospective* men endeavoring to reproduce *prospective* men. The great masters into whose grand and earnest faces we look back, stretching forward far in advance of their own age and struggling to realize ideas yet embryonal and future, are simply inverted and parodied by the feeble-minded copyist, who, looking backward and leaning forward, presents just the opposite aspect to our

offended optics. The very munificence of the patronage by which the Bavarian monarchs have sought to foster and stimulate the development of this school has augmented all its faults. By giving the best artists more work to do than they could do well, it has led to habits of haste, superficiality, conventionalism, and self-repetition, and by wasting and feeding the meanest of all motives, the love of money (*I hate money, I do!*) it has made them careless even of their fame, or willing to allow vast quantities of inferior work (done by their pupils) to pass under their names, because their names will bring the dollars. I grew tired at last of gazing at whole acres of frescoed walls and colored canvas, where the same men and women appeared to be masquerading in different costumes and attitudes,

“ . . . —merely players:

They have their exits ,and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,”

and all assumed, theatrical, overstrained, with but few touches of nature in them and few marks of a great or noble aim in their creator.

Cornelius seemed to me strong, but hard and prosaic; Overbeck, a purer, more refined and poetic nature, but feeble and finally overcome and enslaved by a weak pietism; Hess, Schnorr, and indeed all the rest, mainly the creatures of cultivation, and therefore mainly of a piece; and Kaulbach, even Kaulbach, who is the best of them, and by nature royally endowed, before whom, at work in his studio with the facile ease of a master, my spirit bowed and did obeisance—even he has been corrupted by success, and still more by its golden rewards. “He hath the greater condemnation,” by the grandeur of the gifts he has prostituted, of the possibilities he has failed to realize. To think of such a man allowing his

ideas (grandly though unequally sketched in his studio) to be put into enduring colors, and sent down to posterity as his own work, by mere pupils, and those of very moderate ability, as he is now doing in the Museum at Berlin, because he can (without forfeiting his contract) make more money, at the same time, by staying at home and illustrating Goethe by crayon drawings! What wonder if under such stimulus his wonderful fertility runs to waste, and for quality he gives us mere quantity to admire! And he, alas! is the *Protestant* among them. If he had but been true! Very much the same impression I received from what I saw of the sculptors, and of the architects, and of the glass-painters, and of the workers in bronze. Munich and its art, interesting as a phenomenon in history, are not a living growth but an artificial fabric, the production of a single generation and of a royal patron's favor, not the slow ripened fruit of ages, not the irrepressible utterance of a people's thought and heart. It will wake a passing wonder and receive the loud laudations of the present, but it cannot endure; let us hope that it is at least stirring the soil and scattering some seeds for a nobler harvest in the future.

Heidelberg, Sept. 6. Too bad that I should have been cheated of that only remaining hour in Berlin which I had consecrated to you, and which should have enabled me to finish my letter, and to dispatch it from that point. . . . As to Munich, I was only going to add, that at last, fairly drowned out by the flood of modern wish-wash, I was glad to betake myself to the old Pinakothek and its treasured heritage of the olden time, certainly for art the better days. Indeed, but for the information I had gained, I should have been vexed that I had not confined my attention to it. For it contains much that I could have studied to great advantage, much that I

was obliged to leave with the most cursory and unsatisfying observation. At Dresden we did better, for we had but one place to go to, the Gallery, whose excellent arrangement greatly facilitated an intelligent comparative study of its contents. We were nearly four days there, and so far as brain and back would bear the tension we faithfully improved the hours. The Sistine Madonna was "all my fancy painted her." Oh that wonderful baby-Christ (Raffaello's), with his solemn far-reaching eyes and his calmly regal air, as though the infinite government rested consciously, yet lightly, on his infant shoulders, "prophet, priest, and king" at once, and still a perfect, noble, human babe! And that sweet girl-mother, with her troubled but not fearful brow, as if trembling under the vastness of the divine mystery which she felt within her arms, yet not only clasping it with the tenderness of a mother's love, but upbearing it in the unconscious assertion of a mother's dignity and right! Oh, it is wonderful! no engraving transcribes it, and no words can interpret it. You *must* come and *see* it. Holbein's Madonna is a very different thing, but in its way very charming. Far less poetic and subtle in its sentiment, almost without suggestion of the great "mystery of godliness," it is very, very full of human sweetness and dignity, and it is gloriously free from the idealistic conventionalisms which so abound even in the works of "the masters." It is a real woman, a true mother and matron, sweet-hearted and full-brained, full of thought, but none for herself; full of gentleness, kindness, patience, pity—in a word, of love, considerate and ready for action (action which will be none the less efficient because perfectly, studiously quiet), the love that cares for and takes care of the weak and the erring first, that takes their burdens and sorrows on herself, and loses them in the tranquil fullness of that peace

whose springs are within, and whose outflow even from her mere look gives constant cheer and comfort to others. This is mainly in the face and head of the Madonna herself; the rest of the picture is admirable chiefly for the sentiment of earnest, loving devotion in the father's face (the women are Dutch dolls, or dolls almost, for expression), and for the minute and affectionate fidelity in the painting of details, both of which are strikingly characteristic of the early German masters.

Both in Dresden and afterwards in the Berlin Gallery I became deeply interested in that school of which the Van Eycks in the Netherlands and Dürer in Germany were at once the founders and (almost) the finishers. Of Dürer we have seen but little, and that not the best works (these are at Vienna), but what we have seen, with his engravings, furnish some idea at least of his manner. But the specimens of the Van Eycks which we have found, and which are in the same spirit of noble conception and wonderful execution, have filled us with delight and with amazement that such a planting should have yielded so meager a harvest. Though those brothers had finished their labors in 1441, thirty years before Dürer was born and while the Italian art was but just struggling to the birth out of the old Byzantine, they left no room for improvement in the technical perfection of their work, while for profound and tender feeling and a *supreme devotion to truth* (the highest glory of art) they seem to me to stand to-day without a rival. The splendor of their coloring is not eclipsed by the proudest of the Venetian masters, and (to the confusion of all modern science) it is still as fresh and bright as though it left the palette but yesterday. In minute accuracy and finish they infinitely surpass the painters of the south, as the Germans always have, and I see nothing in which they are inferior except in a certain idealistic elevation

of expression and grace of form, particularly in the drawing of the figures of men and women, which the Italians owe (I suspect) to their freer study of the nude model and a freer sacrifice of truth and individuality to the ideas of beauty, material and spiritual. This, however, has been enough to blind the multitude to their nobler qualities, and the established worship of the Italians, by fixing a general standard of taste, has contributed to this popular indifference.

After having spent the better part of two days in the Berlin Gallery, which to our surprise, and contrary to the guide-book, we found even richer for illustration and instruction than the Dresden, we had the good fortune to fall in with Dr. Waagen, the director of the Museum and an authority in art history and criticism. He spoke good English (like a Christian man), took the liveliest interest in our inquiries, and not only answered us freely and fully, but appointed an hour to meet us in the gallery, and gave us an interesting lecture on just the things we wanted to know, in presence of the pictures themselves. It was pleasant to hear all the important results to which we had been brought by our untaught observations confirmed by such authority, and further developed and illustrated by a multitude of particulars which his familiarity with the subject and the works enabled him readily to point out. He showed us, too, how this German art, so glorious in its infancy, succumbed under the miserable spirit of imitation in the beginning of the sixteenth century (while Dürer still lived), when Mabuse and others went to Rome to study under Michael Angelo and Raffaello, and came home to disown and destroy their native art. It was very curious to see the diluted Italianism in the works of these men which Dr. Waagen pointed out to us, the very thing which had so disgusted us in Munich. When we sug-

gested this to the old gentleman, he shook his head and sighed, and though he spoke in guarded and commendatory terms of his contemporaries, his opinion could not be concealed, and it did not condemn our own.

And now we are at *Heidelberg*. I have just returned from a visit to the beautiful castle, after which I strolled through the town and by the university, and thought again of Stillman and his bright-cheeked wife, and of Ros, and wished for the thousandth time that they still were here. . . . But I must close. With special and loving remembrance to Grandma Chaplin, and love to all the dear children,

I am your heart-untraveled

"RAYMOND."

TO MRS. I. W. RAYMOND.

ANTWERP, Sept. 12, 1863.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER FANNY: *Could* you for a moment seriously doubt the perpetual security of your place in my memory and heart? Could you imagine any danger of "slipping" out of your "pigeon-hole," especially during the enjoyments of this delightful tour, every happy day of which has brought new cause to remember your and dear Ward's affection for me? I do not believe you could, and I shall waste no paper, therefore, on declarations and assurances to the contrary.

You see from my date that we have about completed our circuit, and are drawing towards the day and the point of our departure from old Europe to our own dear native land. I am glad of it, not because I have not enjoyed the journey, but because my enjoyment has been so intense and constant that my power of enjoyment is about used up. Having accomplished the great object of coming abroad in the recritual of my health and the restored

tone of my spirits, I want to get back to the field of my duties. A life of luxuriant idleness is all very well if one is born to it and to the means of honest indulgence in it, but I belong to the working class; and as Providence has so ordered, I am thankful that He has given me an honest pride in my labor, and made protracted pleasure-seeking irksome. . . .

Our tour since entering Germany has assumed an entirely different character from what it had in Switzerland and Italy. We were there feasting on the beauties and sublimities of nature, climbing mountains, crossing glaciers, floating on the bosom of sunny lakes, or gliding in gondolas over the blue waters of the Adriatic. But here our time has been spent in capitals, looking upon men, the great ones of the earth, and upon their works. We have been in Munich (the capital of Bavaria), in Dresden (of Saxony), Berlin (of Prussia), Brussels (of Belgium), besides visiting Nuremberg and Heidelberg and Cologne, making the tour of the Rhine, and getting a passing glance at a multitude of other places famous in the history of nations, learning and art. In this progress we have had an opportunity of seeing many of the finest architectural structures in Europe; have examined the richest galleries of painting and sculpture and collections of engravings out of Southern Italy; have looked into the schools; have observed the people, and have been brought into contact with some of the most notable men of the age. Our American ministers and consuls have in every instance received us with an unlooked-for cordiality, opened their houses to us, introduced us at once into society, helped and directed our inquiries, and expressed but one regret—that we could not stay long enough to allow them to carry out their generous plans of hospitality. . . .

Our Belgian minister, Mr. Sanford (by the way, he knows

Ward very well, and inquired after him), treated us very handsomely in Brussels, and was particularly anxious to bring about an interview with the king. He imagines that Leopold's personal influence on the politics of both England and France is very considerable, and he takes a great deal of pains to keep him enlightened on our American affairs. He thought that a confirmation of some of his statements by Americans fresh from the country and familiar with its affairs would strengthen his influence and do good. But, unfortunately, the ex-king of Portugal having arrived the same day, the king could not receive us, unless we could stay longer than we had time to. So we dismissed the thought, and came on to Antwerp. We have just now (Sept. 13th) received a telegram from Sanford, stating that the king is to be at Ghent to-morrow, and having consented to receive us there, S. had taken the liberty to engage us. So we are in for it.

Ghent, Sept. 14. This has been a great day in this ancient city—a grand fête in honor of the inauguration, in the great square of the city, of a magnificent bronze statue of James Van Artevelde, the champion of Flemish rights, and particularly of the civic immunities and privileges of the Gantois bourgeoisie in the middle ages. The streets are all decorated with the national and municipal colors intermingled with family shields and armorial bearings and the devices of numerous ancient guilds, are enlivened by strains of martial music, and filled with burghers and neighboring peasantry dressed in their Sunday best. There has been a grand procession to the square, a royal progress and presence, an original *cantata* by more than 1300 performers and singers, some decoration or order confirmed by the king on the sculptor, and any quantity of illuminations and jubilations to-night; and I am fearfully tired as I go to bed to-night to prepare for

our reception to-morrow. Good-night, and God bless you all.

TO HIS CHILDREN.

. . . . Our American Minister at the Belgian court, thinking it would give pleasure to us and that it might do some good to our country, had spoken to the king and arranged for not only a formal presentation but a private interview with his Majesty. So we had to dress ourselves in our best, put on our white gloves and our white cravats (without which it would be considered very disrespectful to appear before the king), call our carriage, and at the appointed hour make our way to the palace. The body-guard of the king was drawn up before the entrance, and the street was filled with a crowd of curious people, who gazed with intense interest at the happy mortals who were passing into the august presence. Entering the outer gate, we were conducted by a soldier on guard there to the main door, where an officer met us to whom we presented our cards. Touching his cap, he led us up the grand staircase to the door of an ante-chamber, where an elderly usher with a long wand met us, and, receiving our cards from the officer with a low bow, conducted us to a door on the opposite side, where one of the gentlemen-in-waiting stood. The moment he saw our names, he approached us and said, "You are punctual, gentlemen; his Majesty is just ready to receive you." (We had heard that the king was a stickler for punctuality, and were exact to the moment.) Then, after just looking into the other room, he beckoned us to follow; we were passed into the royal presence, and he retired and closed the door.

It was a large and elegant hall, but with very little furniture and no chairs. The king was standing in the

middle of the room, but advanced a step or two to meet us as we approached him. He is a noble-looking old gentleman, and his manner of receiving us was very gracious and kind. He speaks very good English, fortunately for us, and he immediately began inquiring about our journey, and what we had seen. We told him, and spoke of the great pleasure we had enjoyed in his own kingdom, and how happy and well-governed the people looked. He seemed well pleased with our compliments ; and then the conversation turned on America. He spoke very kindly of our country, and was glad to hear how highly our people thought of him. He expressed great concern about the war, and wanted to know whether something could not be done to bring about peace. We explained to him how the war was begun and kept up by the slaveholders, who rebelled against the government and wanted to set up an independent confederacy so as to have more chance to enslave men, and that the only way to have a lasting peace was to subdue these rebels. And so we went on in a very pleasant chat, for full half an hour. We were afterwards told that this was a very great honor, as the king seldom does more than say a few words and dismiss his guests. At length his Majesty expressed the great pleasure he had had in meeting us, and as we had been instructed before by our Minister that *that* would be the signal for us to retire, we paid our parting respects, and bowed ourselves backwards to the door.

As we regained our carriage and rattled away, the people, who were all this time waiting for the king's departure—for which everything was in readiness—gazed harder than ever at the two simple republicans who had enjoyed so unusual a share of the royal time and attention. For ourselves, we were well pleased with good King Leopold ; but when we remembered how few kings

are like him, and how, when he dies (which cannot be long now, he is so old), it is a mere chance what sort of a man will reign next, we were very glad that we lived in a republic, where the people choose their own rulers and, if they do not prove worthy, can change them for better. But alas for our country, if the people are not wise enough to elect the right men! Every boy, therefore, who expects to be a man and to vote one day—and every girl who, though she does not vote, may, when a woman, influence those who do vote—should see to it that they prepare themselves to be useful to their country by intelligence and by goodness. It is my daily prayer that my children may love their dear native land and be worthy of her liberties.

The following extract from some of Mr. Beecher's recollections of this interview of two republicans with royalty preserve the humorous elements of it,—for many years a topic of merriment in the circle :

Our tour on the Continent drawing to a close, we came to Brussels, on our way to England, in September of 1863. Dining one day with Mr. Sanford, the American Minister, our conversation naturally turned upon the war in America. Greatly aroused at finding our friends there somewhat despondent, and inclined to favor some compromise, I gave my own views with no inconsiderable energy. Mr. Sanford expressed a desire that I should see the King of Belgium and repeat my views to him. It was arranged that we should meet the king at Ghent, where he was to be on the following Monday at the unveiling of a statue of some famous man. Accordingly we repaired thither, nothing loth ; for, to say the truth, while I did not expect much from the interview, I did hope a good deal from Van Houtte's great nursery at that place—world renowned ! We were informed that

the day would be wholly consumed by the king in public affairs, but that on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock he would give us audience. All day Monday, therefore, we strolled through Van Houtte's grounds, and it being a fête day, his workmen and scholars were enjoying holiday vacation, so that we had him all to ourselves.

Our courier was named Simmons, an Englishman with a French wife, and long a resident of Paris. Simmons was a character. He had been Mrs. Stowe's courier for a year, and was quite proud when it was his good fortune to have celebrities in hand. Now, for ourselves—mere vagabond clergymen, with little time and little money, and no reputation that he had ever heard of—he had only a tolerable conceit. Even that suffered from the indefatigable enterprise with which we had raced him, by night and by day, all through Europe. But when he learned on Monday that we had repaired to Ghent to meet an appointment with the king, and that the royal party were to remain till Tuesday expressly for this interview, joy and pride took possession of his soul. Not that he manifested it in any clamorous or indecorous way. No; he was silent, dignified, and indifferent. He spoke among the servants, couriers, and waiters that thronged him, with the nonchalant air of a man who attended royal levees every other week! To us he was more anxious. We must be put in costume; etiquette required a dress hat, a swallow-tail coat, white gloves, and I know not what else. I was democratically obstinate. If the king would not see me in my ordinary clothes, he need not see me at all. Simmons was in despair. His face grew sad as with the gloom of twenty sextons. At length, after much persuasion, I compromised on the gloves and hat, but utterly refused to exchange my best frock coat. The master of ceremonies, whoever he was, winked at the irregularity.

Tuesday dawned. A pair of milk-white horses and gorgeous open carriage had been procured by Simmons. There came with them, as they dashed up to the door, a curious crowd. Out rushed all the people of the hotel—cook, butler, steward, waiters, and guests. Simmons stood upon the sidewalk, calm and cool, as a man not easily moved. At length Dr. Raymond and I came forth. A whisper ran round, "Which one is going to see the king?" and as Raymond had altogether the best of it in looks and dignity, he carried off the honors of the occasion. We ascended; the door was closed. Simmons mounted with the driver. He took one triumphant look at the admiring crowd, parted his coat-tails, and sat down as if *he* were the king! and away we dashed through crowded streets, Simmons a world happier than was the monarch we were going to see. Not an officer, not a soldier, not a courier, that lingered about the mansion where the king was to receive us but knew in half an hour from Simmons that the king had waited over a day to meet *his* party.

The king met us in a long reception-room. His Majesty, in full military dress, appeared to be a well-preserved man of sixty-five. Tall, dignified, and yet neither stiff nor cold, he entered at once into easy conversation, speaking admirable English. He kept his left hand much of the time upon the sword at his side, as a rest. Almost at once, his Majesty turned the conversation upon America. I gave my views with some explicitness, and was confirmed by Dr. Raymond. Etiquette, of course, required us to address the king as "Sire" or "Your Majesty." I did sometimes, and sometimes I forgot it and said "Sir." Dr. Raymond, who took part in the general conversation, preserved the proprieties more successfully, and occasionally would follow up one of my lapses with a remark in which "Sire" or "Your Majesty"

received a delicate emphasis, by way of hint to me. Once or twice I went back to correct the word, but finally got "Sir" and "Sire" so mixed up that I used both of them. The king plainly enjoyed it. A mirthful look stole into his eye, and a smile to his lips.

We made very little impression on his Majesty's political views. He said that the war was doubtless a case for mediation, and more than intimated that he would be happy to arbitrate between the South and the North. I replied that there was no sovereign in Europe to whom with more confidence the North would turn, if they were disposed to refer the questions at issue at all; but that our people had no wish or purpose to ask any one to settle the quarrel for them; they intended to fight it out, to the last man and the last dollar.

I was not, at that time, aware that Charlotte, (or Carlotta, as she has since then been called,) the wife of Maximilian, was the king's daughter. It was at the time when the French were in Mexico, and the son-in-law of the King of Belgium was spoken of for the Mexican throne. The king asked me what the opinion of our people was in regard to the appointment of Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico. Quite unconscious of the ground I was treading upon, I replied that but one feeling existed in the United States as to the French invasion: it was a cowardly thing—a masked battery aimed at us. While our hands were now full with the Civil War nothing could be done, but he might be sure that as soon as the war closed the French would leave Mexico, and far more rapidly than they had entered. And, as to Maximilian, I said that I should advise any one who proposed to sit on the throne of Mexico to try Vesuvius or Hecla for a while. If he could manage to sit there quietly, he might then try Mexico.

His Majesty naturally received these views with de-

cided coolness, and shortly afterwards asked us how long we intended remaining in town, etc.—which is the signal for dismissal. Now, although etiquette does not allow one to turn his back upon royalty, yet the floor was wooden, polished, and very slippery, and while I began with cautious backing, I soon got quartering, so that I could see where I was going, and near the door, losing all propriety, I turned clear around and *bolted* out as I would have done at home.

No sooner had we got fairly away than Dr. John exploded with merriment. Knowing all the time that the king's daughter was wife of Maximilian, he saw me getting myself into hot water with the most profane enjoyment. Nor did the fun ever wear out. An allusion to my gifts as a courtier was an unfailing source of amusement.

TO HIS WIFE.

BERLIN, September 2, 1863.

. . . We left Munich Wednesday afternoon and ran out north as far as Nuremberg, where we spent the night and the next forenoon. I wish I could give you some idea of Nuremberg, which is one of the most curious and interesting places that we have visited. . . .

It was evening when we arrived, and after supper I left Mr. Beecher talking with some pleasant Boston people whom we had met the day before in Kaulbach's studio, and went out for a moonlight ramble alone. That is the true light for one of these quaint old cities; and it is one of the few sights which are best enjoyed by a single pair of eyes. For an hour I threaded the narrow, irregular streets, treading upon the same firm stones which honest builders laid in times when substance was in more esteem than show, and over which the busy streams of human life have rolled so long and left so lit-

tle trace. I looked into the quaint faces of those old burgher-mansions, many of which are still occupied by the descendants of the men who built them—so ample and even in their dimensions, so diversified in their decorations, so full of nooks and recesses, balconies, bay-windows, and nameless architectural features, placed in all manner of unexpected positions, and suggestive of that complete subjection of all things to the interior comfort of the family which we know to have been the reigning principle in their construction. I traced the varied and picturesque outline made against the sky by their peaked gables, their ornamental chimneys, and their quaint turrets, in such utter contrast to the tame horizontals and parallels of the bastard-Grecian streets in the modern cities. I stood before the grand old Rathhaus (or Town Hall), the churches, the beautiful bronze fountains, and other monuments of the piety and public spirit of Nuremberg in its palmy days, on which treasure and genius had been expended without stint, yet without waste. And I could not but be led into comparisons between “the former times” and “these,” which were not altogether to the advantage of the latter. Seen by daylight, no doubt, some new aspects might present themselves; but it was moonlight then, and when at last I stood before the house of Albert Dürer, whose great creative genius inspired and in large measure guided the work of construction and decoration in this grand old town, and who is at the same time the acknowledged “father of Christian art” for all Germany, my spirit was fully prepared to bow down and do him homage. It is a melancholy fact that few or none of his great pictures remain in his beloved Nuremberg. One after another they have been stolen by the “great conquerors” (and robbers) of mankind, and carried off to adorn (and disgrace) the great capitals of modern times.

LONDON, Sept. 10, 1863.

DEAR WIFE: We arrived in this great city this morning, and after dispatching unpostponables, I sit down in great haste to write you a line.

Our tour in Germany and Belgium (at the last moment we abandoned Holland) has been full of interest, only too brief and hurried. It was a perfect contrast to the preceding month, spent amidst the sublime and picturesque scenes of Switzerland and Italy. The old towns of Germany are indeed picturesque, and the Rhine, with its bold banks draped in vines and crowned with grand old castles and ruins from Heidelberg to Cologne. But the feature of our German tour has been the capitals, with their characteristic life in the present and their rich collections of medieval art. And though we spent three or four days in each, we felt that in each we had but just chipped the shell and begun to realize how much there was to explore within.

In Berlin we were received and entertained by Mr. Judd, the American minister at that court, in a very cordial manner. . . . At their house we met the Neumann ladies; the Professor himself was unfortunately not at home. They were expecting us, from letters received from Captain Ros, and were inconsolable that our stay was so short. We also made there very pleasant acquaintances in Mr. T. S. Fay, the late minister to Prussia; in Prof. Ranke, the historian; his brother, the president of the most important gymnasium in Germany, which I visited, and there formed a pleasant acquaintance with Zumpt, the celebrated Latinist, in his class-room; and, above all, in Dr. Waagen, the Director of the Royal Picture Gallery and the well-known historian of art in the Berlin Museum, who took the most lively personal interest in our study of the gallery, appointed an hour to meet us there, and gave us in all two or three hours

of the most instructive and suggestive talk, illustrating his views by the paintings themselves. Mr. Beecher plied him with questions, and he answered with equal enthusiasm and with exhaustless learning.

Did I tell you that we met Mr. Low and his family in Munich, and again in Dresden, and had the most charming time with them? His wife, two daughters, three sons, and a son of Mr. Pierrepont are with him. (All the boys have been Polytechnics, and have a delightful faith in "the Doctor.") They insisted on our changing our room to one adjoining them, and we made a common circle, visiting the lions and the opera together and having a delightful time generally. Mr. Low goes in the Scotia on the 10th of October, and is very earnest to have us join his party.

In Dresden I also lighted upon another Polytechnic boy. His father, a Mr. Stallknecht, is a Dane by birth and practicing law in New York, and has brought his boy over to give him a thorough training in Germany at one of the gymnasiums there, of which he has a very exalted opinion. He rendered me very important service, delaying his departure for home a day that he might devote it to me. We spent as much of it as I could spare in first visiting one of the famous Kindergarten schools, where children of every age, from the tenderest, are received and taught on a perfectly natural plan, much of it in the open air, in a pleasant garden-spot, which is also in part cultivated by the pupils; and then visiting a very celebrated gymnasium. Mr. Stallknecht was well acquainted with the principals of both, and was exceedingly useful as a medium of communication between them and me, their English being much like my German—very valuable for its possessor's private uses, but of no great account to others.

We were obliged to run away from Berlin between

two days, making a hurried night-journey, by rail, across Germany to Heidelberg. We knew very well what a world of interest we thus sped by and left behind us a *terra incognita*. But our time was passing more rapidly than we, and this was the easiest way to accomplish the sacrifice that was inevitable. . . .

Of Cologne cathedral, too, I am obliged to speak in comparatively moderate terms. A beautiful structure it unquestionably is, remarkable especially for the harmony of its proportions, the graceful upward flow of its vertical lines, and the delicacy of its carved decorations; but the excessive laudations which give it pre-eminence over all other Gothic cathedrals in Europe found no response or confirmation in the impression it produced on my feelings, and Mr. Beecher expressed himself as even more disappointed than I was. I am not sure but the very perfection of its harmony may in part account for its want of immediate effect, that being a quality which is the very reverse of obtrusive, and requires time for the mind to apprehend and feel it. . . . In our minds, at least, Cologne must yield to Milan in exquisite beauty, and to the English cathedrals for dignity and a certain majestic simplicity, which places them foremost in my heart as temples of worship to the Christian's God. In Belgium the cathedrals are exceedingly noble, not having perhaps the exquisite proportions and the delicate decorations of Cologne and Milan, nor the majesty of York and Winchester, but equally far removed from the wretched classicism of St. Paul's and the whole Renaissance school, and the detestable extravagances of the later or Flamboyant Gothic, which is overabundant on the Continent. The applications of the Gothic style to civil and domestic uses are admirable and full of suggestions to our modern architects, if they had but the brains to take a hint.

And here we are back again in mighty London, and at our comfortable old quarters at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. You can't think how much it seems like getting back home, to be in a country where our own dear mother-tongue is spoken, not by here and there a man, but by everybody and on every side, and where we are at once brought into living contact and communion with our species through that wonderful, vital medium, speech. . . . It is now probable that Mr. Beecher will remain and speak in England, and he is very urgent to have me stay with him. I know there is something in what he says, and I feel the claims of the cause to be strong. But the trouble is that nothing can be done to advantage here until after the middle of October, and that is too late for me to be absent. I must be at home by that time at furthest, and shall be.

S. S. PERSIA, N. Y. BAY, }
9 A.M., Wednesday Morning, Oct. 7, 1863. }

How do you do this bright and beautiful morning? Within two hours, my feet will again touch the dear native shore, and as soon thereafter as affairs will allow, I shall be on my way to the spot where my treasures are and my heart also.

We have had a glorious passage—fine weather—pleasant companions—five meals every day, and a most magnificent termination this morning. I came alone, leaving H. W. B. in England, where he will be heard in due time.

CHAPTER XII.

VASSAR COLLEGE—PRELIMINARY.

IN January, 1861, a letter had been received by Dr. Raymond, informing him of his appointment as a member of the first board of trustees of Vassar College. The story of the origin and growth of that institution will appear in the papers and correspondence below:

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1861.

JOHN H. RAYMOND, Esq.

DEAR SIR: You will perceive from a copy of the charter accompanying that you are appointed one of the corporators of "Vassar Female College." Permit me to express the earnest hope that you will accept the trust, and that you will not only give to the enterprise about to be inaugurated the sanction of your name and reputation, but also your best counsel and active support and co-operation. The first meeting of the Trustees will be held at the Gregory House in this city, on Tuesday, February 26th, at ten o'clock A.M.

Immediately on the organization of the Board, I shall place in its hands the funds and securities which I have appropriated to the college.

At this meeting measures must be adopted for the custody and management of the college funds, the erection of the buildings, and the improvement of the grounds. Needful preliminary and prospective arrangements will also be considered in regard to the organization of the college.

With sentiments of high consideration, I am,

Very truly and respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. VASSAR.

He obeyed the summons, and was deeply impressed by the occurrences of this first meeting of the Board, where its formal organization took place. He always spoke of it as one of the most affecting scenes of his life, and declared that nothing could exceed the thrilling interest of the occasion, when the Founder of the College gave up forever into the hands of others a splendid fortune. We find an account of the transaction in his own language, occurring in a "Biographical Sketch of Matthew Vassar," read before the University Convocation held at Albany, N. Y., in August, 1868.

In 1855 the beautiful cottage and grounds since known as the *Cottage Hill Seminary*, which were the property of Mr. Vassar, were purchased by Prof. M. P. Jewett, who had been for many years at the head of a flourishing female seminary in Alabama. Friendly relations were formed between him and Mr. Vassar; and, in the intercourse that followed, Mr. Vassar's interest developed into a settled purpose, and the purpose gradually ripened into a definite and noble plan. A COLLEGE, in the proper sense of the word—an institution which should be to young women what Yale and Harvard are to young men, receiving them after suitable preparation at the academies and seminaries, and furnishing them with the means of a *true liberal education*—this was the conception which he would attempt to realize. At least, he would make the beginning; he would plant the germ, and leave it to others of a kindred spirit, and to a favoring Providence, to foster and perfect it. It was unoccupied ground. Millions had been spent on colleges for young men, at home and abroad, while *not a single endowed college for young women existed in all Christendom*. He was satisfied that, in taking this step, he was not only justified by the most weighty intrinsic considerations, but was acting in harmony with a general movement in the public mind—was providing for a want which had already begun to be felt and would grow more urgent with every passing year. He believed that many would follow

in the same path ; it would be honor enough for him to have led the way.

His purpose formed, Mr. Vassar proceeded to its execution with that mingled caution and decision which so strikingly characterized him. He corresponded, personally and by letter, with many leading educators, and sought wisdom from every accessible source in maturing his plans. He carefully made out a list of twenty-eight persons, whom he invited to act as the first trustees of the College. A charter was obtained from the Legislature ; and on the 26th day of February, 1861, the Board was convened, and Mr. Vassar formally transferred to their keeping the funds he had appropriated for the founding of the college. No one who was privileged to witness the impressive scene which occurred in the parlor of the Gregory House, in Poughkeepsie, on that morning, will ever cease to remember it as one of rare moral interest and grandeur. The bonds and mortgages, certificates of stock, and other securities, which constituted the sacred deposit, had been placed together in a small casket, the key of which Mr. Vassar held in his hand during his brief and dignified address :

"Gentlemen," said he, "as my long-cherished purpose—to apply a large portion of my estate to some benevolent object—is now about to be accomplished, it seems proper that I should submit to you a statement of my motives, views, and wishes.

"It having pleased God that I should have no descendants to inherit my property, it has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims upon me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honor God and benefit my fellow-men. At different periods I have regarded various plans with favor ; but these have all been dismissed, one after another, until the subject of erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention. The more carefully I examined it, the more strongly it commended itself to my judgment and interested my feelings."

After a brief and impressive statement of the grounds on which his decision rested, and of his wishes in regard to the character of the institution, Mr. Vassar proceeded as follows :

"And now, gentlemen of the board of trustees, I transfer to your possession and ownership the real and personal property which I have set apart for the accomplishment of my design."

With these words, he delivered the key into the hand of the president of the Board of Trustees, thus at a single stroke sacrificing one half of his entire estate—the fruits of a long and laborious life—on the altar of an enlightened philanthropy.

A site had already been selected, and plans and specifications drawn for the college edifice, and on the 4th of June, 1861, Mr. Vassar "broke ground" with his own hands, in the presence of a few of his friends, and with no other ceremony than a simple prayer for the blessing of God on the enterprise. The building was finished and fully equipped for its purposes by the autumn of 1865; and during this whole period Mr. Vassar, acting as chairman of the executive committee of the Board, took the leading and responsible part in the direction of affairs.

The College was built "in troublous times." Almost simultaneously with the commencement of the work, the war of the Southern rebellion began, and continued through the four years required for its completion. Before the close of the first year there was a sudden and enormous rise in the prices of materials and labor; and this, together with the general derangement in the business of the country, baffled all the calculations of the contractor and the committee, and necessitated immense sacrifices in every branch of the work. Those who had looked upon the undertaking as chimerical, and predicted its failure from the beginning—and they were not a few—were now more than ever confident of the fulfillment of their prediction; and some ill-natured ones were not wanting who, as they looked on the gigantic walls slowly rising year after year, began to whisper "Vassar's folly" as certain to be the designation of the completed structure. With Mr. Vassar it was a period of the greatest anxiety. It cost him more sleepless nights than he ever confessed, and taxed his resources more severely than the largest and boldest of his business operations. But he never faltered in his purpose; and, though he saw the outlay exceeding the estimates at the rate of thousands monthly during the entire process of erection and equipment, it was never once arrested until the last blow was struck and the College was in actual operation.

In the summer of 1865, the preparations for opening being substantially completed, Mr. Vassar resigned the position he had held on the executive committee. He felt that the enterprise had reached the point at which he ought to be relieved from the prominent responsibility he had hitherto borne in its management. His long and varied experience in practical life had been of eminent service in superintending the material arrangements for the college; and he now called on others, whose previous experience better fitted them to shape and direct its educational machinery, to assume the charge. He had just completed his seventy-third year; and though his general health was still good, yet the trying labor of the last four years, and certain monitions he had received of the approach of age, made him not unwilling to lay down the burdens of active life and content himself with observing the further development of his project in other hands.

The College was a success from the beginning. The first announcement of Mr. Vassar's purpose, on the occasion of the legislative act incorporating the College, was greeted with universal acclamations of applause, both in the Legislature and throughout the country. On the day of opening it was filled with students from the best families, and of a high average grade of promise. After the opening its popularity increased rather than diminished, so that by the close of the second year it became necessary to provide for an additional number of students. The satisfaction afforded Mr. Vassar by this outward prosperity was very great; but it was far surpassed by the pleasure he took in watching the interior working of the institution. He never wearied of walking through its spacious halls and apartments, filled with busy workers in the noblest of human employments, and witnessing their free and happy use of the abundant facilities which he had placed at their disposal. He visited the College daily when his health permitted, cultivated a friendly acquaintance with the professors and students, and took a lively interest in the discussion of all the questions that came up in the current life of the institution. He was ever sure of a warm and loving welcome there. Every face, as he appeared, was lighted up with a smile of joy and affection; and the feeling did not fail to find modes of expression as delicate as they were beautiful and

touching. Among its more formal manifestations was the establishing of his birthday, under the title of "Founder's Day," as the chief festival of the college year, to be annually commemorated with appropriate observances under the immediate direction of the young ladies. Poetry, recitations, and dramatic representations, having special reference to the day, formed the literary part of the entertainment, while the accompaniments of decoration, ceremony, and festal cheer tasked the invention and artistic taste of the fair providers. To them a labor of love, these were to Mr. Vassar occasions of affecting interest. The feeling of the College towards himself, as "Founder, Father, Friend," received at such times an explicit and emphatic expression which under ordinary circumstances would have been unsuitable; and the sight of so many happy youth exerting themselves to do him honor in beautiful forms, and the presence of his old friends and neighbors gathering round him with kindly hand-grasps and warm congratulations, might well move a heart of less sensibility than his. On one such occasion he whispered into the ear of the writer, on whose arm he chanced to be leaning: "This is almost more happiness than I can bear. This one day more than repays me for all I have done." Indeed, had Mr. Vassar's sole object been to secure, out of his estate, the largest amount of happiness to himself before his death, he could not have selected a more fortunate investment; and it is not too much to say that the expenditure of his fortune yielded him, during the last three years of his life, more genuine and unmingled satisfaction than all he had experienced in acquiring it throughout his long and prosperous business career. So true is it that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

From the time of the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Raymond felt a growing interest in the experiment (then regarded as novel) of a College for Women. From each succeeding meeting of the Board at Poughkeepsie he returned with new enthusiasm for a cause with which he had felt at first only a general sympathy, and of whose success he had never had

great assurance. He took an active part in the deliberations of the trustees, but was not prepared to learn, in the spring of 1864, that his own name had come before the Board in relation to the office of President. Professor Jewett, who had been associated with Mr. Vassar in the earliest discussions and plans for the new project, and who would naturally have been the first President of the organized College, had from personal reasons withdrawn from the enterprise; and the prominent part taken by Dr. Raymond in the deliberations of the Board had impressed them with the belief that he was a man able to harmonize and adjust, to organize and animate the diverse elements of this perplexing scheme.

Whatever satisfaction he may have felt in this proposed arrangement, and in the warmth with which its acceptance was urged upon him, was counterbalanced by the serious questions to which it gave rise. The benefit gained from his European travels had proved transient, and he had but just offered his resignation at the Polytechnic on the ground of insufficient health and the need, for a while, of complete rest from official labors. Could he assume a burden of far greater magnitude? And would he pledge himself to an enterprise attended by dangers which seemed to him overwhelming? His decision was not aided by the comments of his immediate friends, who could not forbear indulging in a little skepticism on the profit of an investment in so unpromising a cause as "higher female education;" and his perplexity culminated when the trustees of the Polytechnic declined to accept his resignation, proposing measures by which his labors there might be greatly lightened, and offering him other inducements to remain.

For the first time in his life he now stopped to consider the question of his own remuneration, driven to it by the possibilities to which his failing health opened his eyes. The hope which he had at one time felt for Vassar College seemed destined to disappointment. He had delighted in the thought of a college amply endowed, whose powers should not be crippled by poverty or its higher interests perpetually sacrificed to its lower material needs. But, as described in the preceding extract, owing to the business conditions of the country, the outlay in the erection of the college buildings was far greater than had been anticipated, and thus was absorbed in mere foundation-work that which would have been rich provision for the endowment of professorships and of the scholarships which he so much desired. He was somewhat influenced by this fact in declining to assume the charge of the enterprise. He writes to his wife:

BROOKLYN, May 13, 1864.

I have dispatched my declinature to Mr. Vassar. Mr. Sheldon, although, as you know, he was exceedingly desirous to have me go, on hearing the letter read pronounced it "excellent," "just the thing to do good," etc. etc. I wrote very frankly, expressing my views in plain terms. Oh, I assure you, I have "spoken right out in meeting;" and though I felt all the delicacy and reluctance which you express on the subject, yet a conviction of duty pressed me to it.

This letter, which is given below, expresses his conviction of a fallacy from which the cause of Education has always suffered. His general ideas on this subject should perhaps be stated, to make clear the consistency

of the letter with his habitual spirit of self-sacrifice. The popular misconception of the claims of Education and the whole tone of public sentiment with regard to its worth, as compared with more tangible and material values; the position of those in educational professions as the servants or beneficiaries rather than the benefactors of the public, giving from their stores of heart and brain and nerve treasures of supreme worth, and receiving the most meager return; the struggles of its institutions for the very breath of life—all this was a ceaseless regret to him. He was sometimes asked: "Then you think that education should be within the reach of the wealthy alone? And if it could be had only at great price, what would become of those best fitted to use and least able perhaps to pay for it?" He would reply: "For such there should be special provision. Education should be freely given to those who cannot buy it; and that it may be given, those who have abundant means should contribute liberally to its revenues." His constant effort in every institution with which he was connected was for endowed scholarships to meet this very want. But he maintained that the rich should be willing to pay for a thing so precious in proportion to its intrinsic importance, and held them responsible for a false standard of values whereby they were dismayed at the idea of giving for that which is beyond price sums expended without a thought upon things of transient worth or enjoyment.

The fairness of his plea may justify the publication of a letter in which, for the only time in his life, he mentioned his own sacrifices in this cause:

BROOKLYN, May 13, 1864.

MATTHEW VASSAR, Esq., *Chairman of Committee, etc.*

DEAR SIR: The distinguished honor done me by the Founder and Trustees of Vassar Female College in my election to its Presidency, the cordial unanimity of their action, and the expressions of personal kindness with which it has been communicated by the committee of which you are chairman, have profoundly affected me. The magnificent possibilities of usefulness open to the incumbent of that chair make it impossible to treat the summons lightly, and forbid any shrinking from the toil and anxiety by which alone those possibilities can be realized. One might indeed be excused for grasping somewhat over-eagerly after the chances of such distinction, especially when encouraged by the approval of such a body of counselors.

But I have not been able to forget that on me rests the ultimate responsibility of a wise decision in this matter; and that, where both my own interests and those of the College are so deeply involved, I cannot afford to be tempted into a mistake.

I have felt sure of your sanction, therefore, in taking time for a thorough and deliberate canvass of the whole question; and it is with more regret than I can express that, contrary to my expectation, I have found my mind gradually settling to a negative conclusion. I regret it the more because in assigning reasons for this conclusion, although other considerations have had their weight, I am compelled in candor to attach special and decisive importance to those immediately connected with my own interests.

In the first place, there seem to be imperative reasons for opening the College next fall; and a great deal remains to be done to complete the preparation. I do not refer to the material arrangements, which are in good

hands and more than sufficient for a beginning, but to the interior and still more vital organization of the faculty and system of instruction and discipline, the selection of professors and teachers, the course of studies, the distribution of the labor, and, in general, the entire scheme of regimen, domestic and educatory, for an institution of the first class, and in many respects a novelty in the history of education. This is a great work, the responsibility of which must fall chiefly on the President; and so far as I am concerned, it is nearly all of it work still to be done. For in such a matter I could adopt no other man's notions or materials without having first thought them through and made them my own. Even if I were in full vigor, I should hesitate to undertake so much within so limited a period. But I am not in full vigor. For the first time in my life I have thought it necessary to seek absolute freedom from official responsibilities, to give me time and opportunity for a thorough recruit of my health. A year's respite I have thought little enough to make a sure thing of it. It would certainly seem inconsistent with that step, and I fear would be positively wrong, for me at the same moment to take up a burden whose weight I have never measured, but which cannot be less, and is likely for the present to be very much greater, than that which I lay down.

A flattering picture has been drawn me of a summer to be spent mainly in pleasant out-door occupation, traveling about the country to visit nominees for appointments in the College, and in supervising the work of others rather than doing work myself. But I cannot so deceive myself; and I observed, sir, with satisfaction that when this view was suggested in your presence it did not deceive you. What a man might make of the position who took it merely to make an easy berth for himself, I will not undertake to say. But for him who

undertakes it conscientiously and knows what it requires, the tax on brain and nerve for the next six months must be constant and severe; and I must not be ashamed to acknowledge, both on my own account and that of the College, that, in my present physical condition, I shrink from assuming it.

In the second place, even if this objection could in any way be obviated, I am obliged to acknowledge my unwillingness to accept this office for the largest compensation that I have heard mentioned. This is a salary of \$3000 per annum with the rent of a partially furnished house, equivalent to about \$3500, while I should not be willing to take the position for less than \$5000.

What it has cost me to pen that last frank sentence it must be difficult for business men to appreciate, accustomed as they are to the daily exchange and mutual comparison of values. It is the first time in my life that I ever attempted to set a value on my services; and I may point to my past record as evidence that I do it now only from a settled conviction of duty.

Having served the cause of public education to the best of my poor ability for now nearly thirty years (fourteen in the faculty at Hamilton, five at Rochester and nine in my present position), I have it to say that never in a single instance until now have I sought, directly or indirectly, to make terms for myself, never objected to the compensation offered me, never asked for a dollar's advance, and—never made the two ends of a year meet. During this entire period I have been laboring for the benefit of large and wealthy communities (for the Baptists of the Empire State, for the garden region of Western New York, and for Brooklyn, the "third city of the Union"); my labors have been accepted with an overgenerous praise, and paid for at the usual market-price of such commodities, and yet I have done it at a constant

pecuniary sacrifice to myself, and have been dependent upon extra-professional labors to eke out a bare support for my family.

You will not, sir, of course, understand me as reflecting in these simple statements of fact upon the trustees of the institutions with which I have had the honor of a connection. That were an ungrateful return for the generous kindness that I have invariably received at their hands, and a very poor expression of the real feeling with which I regard their philanthropic devotion to an unrequited and often thankless service. The fault, if there be any, is in the poverty of the institutions, and in the imperfect appreciation by the great public of the value of education, which is the *cause* of that poverty, and whose deficiencies are only now and then supplied by rare instances of private munificence.

To me, however, the result has been the same. I close my work this summer, and with it my twenty-eighth year of public service, with impaired health, a family unprovided for, and an empty purse.

You will not, I am sure, misapprehend the spirit of these personal references. The great apostle would not be stinted in the luxury of "boasting" when he had once begun. But I have nothing to boast of. I mention these things simply to screen myself from the suspicion of a sordid motive in offering such a response to such a call. And now, sir, you shall yourself judge whether, after such an apprenticeship as I have served, I am or am not justified in saying what I do say most deliberately and without reserve: that henceforth I cannot conscientiously accept office in any public institution without a compensation regulated not by prevalent notions and usages on the subject, but by the actual value of the service required and the cost of preparation for its proper

performance. You shall also be judge whether I have set the figure too high to meet these conditions.

Whether I could, under any circumstances, be *worth* that amount to the College is a very different question; it is only another way of asking whether I am fit for the place, which I certainly have not claimed to be.

It is a still different question whether the resources of the College would justify it in paying such a salary to its president. As one of its trustees I do not hesitate to express the opinion that the present resources of the College would not. Accordingly, I have regarded the result to which my mind has been brought on this point as decisive of the whole question. For in this, and in every other matter connected with the management of the College, I am opposed to drawing in advance on the possibilities of the future. In the generosity of the man who has laid so broad and deep the foundation of this enterprise, and of other gentlemen who are equally interested with him in the fame of the honored name it bears, the College has everything to hope for, nothing to speculate upon. And I believe the best warrant for the expectation of further liberality will be the prudent management of that already bestowed. In this connection, I for one have heartily regretted, and still do, that the munificent sum consecrated by you, sir, three years ago to this sacred cause should, to so large an extent, have been absorbed in mere material provisions, compelling us to begin the ungracious work of retrenchment and enforced economy just as we reach the vital part—the men and women who are to infuse their spirit into its life, and to put upon the College for all time to come the impress of their heart and brain—in other words, compelling us after the old fashion to *pinch and starve the College at its heart*.

But I forget that it is not my province to judge. I trust the end will justify every step in the progress by

which it shall be reached. Meanwhile, for the present emergency it ought not to be difficult to find a stronger and a better man for its president on terms entirely within the means of the College.

Asking you to pardon the length of this communication, which would be shorter were my respect less for those for whom it is intended, and to convey the substance of it to the Committee in such way as you may deem best, I remain, dear sir, with sentiments of sincere esteem and admiration,

Yours very truly,

J. H. RAYMOND.

The only record of the result of this letter is found in a hurried postscript to one of May 20:

Alas! I have just lost this afternoon's mail. The Vassar Committee called at one o'clock, and have only just gone at 4 P.M., and now I must run for Philadelphia, where I am to meet President Smith of Girard to-morrow morning.

As I feared, they are going to come to my terms. And how shall I decide? *They mean to have me.* Mr. Vassar admitted the force of my views, and said that I was perfectly reasonable and right.

To his WIFE.

BROOKLYN, June 7, 1864.

On Friday P.M. I received a note from Mr. Vassar, by the hand of Mr. Buckingham of Poughkeepsie, of such a tenor, and accompanied by such explanations from Mr. B., as satisfied me that Mr. Vassar had in some respects misapprehended my views. I determined to go forthwith to him and settle matters in private personal interview. Mr. B. was delighted with this, and tele-

graphed that I would be there the next morning. Mr. Vassar met me at the station, and nothing could exceed the kindness and cordiality with which I was greeted. The old gentleman had just moved out, the day before, to his summer residence at Springside Cottage; and was there with his housekeeper, Miss Germand, and their servants.

They were memorable hours for me which I spent there during this visit. For the first time I have been brought into direct contact with Mr. Vassar's heart; it is as large as an elephant's and as tender as a babe's. We talked over the whole enterprise, and all that he aimed at, and how he aimed to accomplish it. Our views harmonized at every point. It is a wonder to me how a man without any regular education can so correctly appreciate the necessities of such an institution and the conditions of its success. But it is the purity of his motives, and the large and generous catholicity of his spirit, in combination with a broad common-sense and much business experience, that explains it. "If thine eye be single, it shall be full of light."

My anxieties as to the future endowment of the College are at an end. For in this interview I became persuaded that God had given to it an endowment in his heart and remaining fortune, not of course absolutely free from contingencies (what earthly provision can be?), yet affording adequate ground for confidence, and making a demand for written obligations on his part gratuitous and offensive. You will anticipate the result. I have written to the Polytechnic trustees, announcing my decision to accept the Vassar presidency.

It was my purpose to return that evening. But the irregularity of the day and the excitement of the afternoon's conversation brought on a terrible headache; and while the carriage waited at the door, I was obliged to

leave the table and make my way to bed, from which I did not rise till the next morning was far advanced. How sick I was, and how kindly I was nursed, I will not attempt to tell you, nor how sweet the Sabbath repose I enjoyed in that exquisite spot. Such beautiful grounds, such pure sweet air, such gambols of the squirrels, and such melody of birds! I lay on my pillow Sunday morning, and could not restrain my tears as the little creatures swarmed in the trees around my open window, and seemed to vie with each other for my delight and for the honor of God.

Monday morning I had very satisfactory interviews with the Executive Committee, and with young Matthew, and came down the river quietly and comfortably by boat.

Farewell, with boundless love to all.

This was followed very naturally by his letter of formal acceptance, addressed to the Executive Committee. Those who knew him best could bear witness to the sincerity of its expressions:

BROOKLYN, June 10, 1864.

MESSRS. VASSAR, BISHOP, and BUCKINGHAM, *Committee of Trustees of Vassar College.*

GENTLEMEN: The honor done me by the Trustees of Vassar College, by my election to its presidency, is made doubly grateful by the channel through which it is communicated. After giving to the subject you have laid before me the maturest consideration in my power, and weighing the comparative force of this and other claims, I have been led to the conclusion that it is my duty to respond affirmatively to your call, and I hereby authorize you to notify the Board of my acceptance of the appointment on the terms which have been fully considered by the Committee.

It is needless to say that I have reached this conclusion not without exceeding diffidence of my ability to meet the too generous expectations of my friends, a diffidence which reflection rather increases than diminishes. As other objections and obstacles have been successively removed, this has grown upon me, and at times been almost overpowering. If I have not allowed it to determine me to an opposite conclusion, it is because I find a counterbalancing encouragement in the character of the men whose support is pledged to me, and am not forbidden to seek wisdom and strength from Him to whose honor this venture is devoted, and who is abundantly able to supplement every deficiency, and to give increase and ample fruitage to the humblest germs of promise.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the kind and considerate manner with which you have conducted this business, I remain

Your obliged servant and friend,

J. H. RAYMOND.

From Mr. VASSAR.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 17, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. RAYMOND: I can hardly express to you my satisfaction at the receipt of yours of the 10th inst., which removes the last doubt and anxiety from my mind as to the assured success of our College. I am gratified that our recent interview has resulted in removing every doubt and obstacle from your path. You are most welcome to the position which is to reflect honor upon us both. So far as in me lies, it will be my highest satisfaction to sustain you and the enterprise which you are to guide. It is, as you justly remark, the favorite child of my age, and to see it in the full career of success and

usefulness will be the crowning pleasure of my life. It will be quite important that before the meeting of the Trustees we have some consultation as to the business to be transacted, and that you see the members of the Executive Committee, that all views may be understood and harmonized. Awaiting such meeting, I am

Most truly yours,

M. VASSAR.

TO A DAUGHTER.

BROOKLYN, June 30, 1864.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER: Your welcome letter has just come to hand. I trust your rose-colored anticipations Vassar-ward are destined to no disappointment in the uncertain future. Indeed, my own hopes predominate, although I sympathize with all the regrets and misgivings which you report from others, and assume my grave responsibilities with no slight anxiety, I assure you. "Don't I shrink from the idea of leaving the 'Poly.'?" You may safely believe it. It is my own child; and though I am not ashamed of it as it is, I see many points in which I should like to labor for its greater perfection. But it is useless to look back. If the cloud of Divine guidance moves forward, it is ours to follow—to follow with an implicit and joyful trust. I think it does; and the only real occasion for solicitude is the possibility of an error there.

Things have gone to suit me at the Poughkeepsie Board meeting. Without assuming the responsibility of deferring the opening of the College, I was able to satisfy the trustees of what I believe to be their true policy—the taking of ample time to make their preparations perfect; to finish and furnish their building completely; to provide a handsome library, art-gallery, and

apparatus of every kind; and, above all, to select and appoint just the right kind of Faculty and other officers, and allow them full opportunity to understand the entire scheme of the College and their individual duties before opening the doors for the reception of students. The time fixed is September, 1865. My dear old friend the Founder is vastly pleased with the result. They have almost worn him out for the last year by their perpetual pushing, pushing, pushing to have the College started this fall, contrary to his convictions of expediency, and to the utter defeat of his cherished idea of having the preparations carried out to a beautiful completeness. He did not know which way my judgment would go, but supposed I favored haste, and had made up his mind to consent, though most reluctantly, to a compromise on January or February next. But when I came out (as I did most conscientiously, and after canvassing the whole question on both sides) squarely and strongly on his ground, and carried the Board unanimously there, he told me with tears in his eyes that he felt a mountain lifted off his heart, and thanked God that he had found a man who could not only understand his ideas but make other people understand them too. After the meeting was over there was a general interchange of hand-shakes and congratulations, and all professed to breathe for the first time free in regard to the future of the College. By all which I must not be seduced into the dream that perils are passed, and that nothing but smooth sailing is before us. I already discern thunder-heads in the sky and hear the dash of distant breakers, which admonish perpetual vigilance and forecast. But I do thank God for the propitious gales with which we set out on a voyage from which, with His blessing, I hope for the most glorious results.

TO DR. GEORGE R. BLISS.

ANGELICA, July 10, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER BLISS: . . . You will know from the papers that I have been compelled to consider matters of very considerable importance to me during this period, and you probably have learned what has been the result. Since last December, when my health seemed to give way again, much as it did a year before, I had been settling into a conviction that I must have an entire and permanent change of some kind. The old routine at the Polytechnic had become hopelessly wearing and depressing, and I had the feeling that my work was done there, and that, remaining, I should settle down into an old man at once, which was not an agreeable prospect. I notified my trustees, therefore, that I should probably resign at the close of the year. Yet I felt uncertain as to what I should do with myself. I was supplying the Madison Avenue pulpit with so much pleasure to myself as to excite some question in my mind whether my new vocation was not to be found in that direction; while at times, when I felt most prostrated and miserable, I was inclined to retreat from all official responsibilities, and spend a year here at "Fountain Home" at some easy work of body and mind, in hope of a renovation.

While in this state of incertitude I attended a Board meeting at Vassar College, in February last. Here circumstances concurred, first in the Committee on Internal Organization and next in the Board itself, which enabled me to reconcile some divisions and to suggest solutions of some embarrassing problems; and this, as it afterwards appeared, greatly to my surprise, resulted in a proposition to offer me the place of President. The result of my first consideration of the subject was a declination. I was asked to reconsider my decision and propose con-

ditions of acceptance. And thereupon followed a struggle between the two Boards and in my own mind, which has kept the summer pretty full. Early in June, however, my mind was made up; my objections were one after another removed, and the case grew so strong in favor of Vassar that I could resist no longer. So I have put my neck under the yoke and am harnessed in.

After a few weeks of relaxation I shall set myself seriously to the work, first, of maturing a scheme of study and discipline, and then of collecting a Faculty and assistants. If you can help me in either branch of the work by any suggestions or nominations, I shall receive them most thankfully. My idea is not at all the one at first proposed: to make the school an *omnium gatherum* of all ages, studying on all plans, but to make an honest effort at organizing a *liberal education for women*, taking students at the point where thorough education leaves off in the existing Ladies' Seminaries, and carrying them through a well-digested and well-balanced course of higher culture adapted to the sex. Of course, liberal provision must be made for exceptional cases and special objects. But I believe in the responsibility of the College to furnish a System of General Education, and I do not propose to shirk that responsibility. Whether I am competent to discharge it is another question. To you, my dear brother, who have given so much reflection to the principles which underlie and which shape the curriculum for young men, I shall look for help in determining what modifications are required in a woman's education.

TO PROF. R. R. RAYMOND.

ANGELICA, July 10, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER R.: I arrived here two days ago, glad enough to escape the heat and dust of the city, and

my own cares, in this green and tranquil retreat. . . . After a little trip to Rochester this month, C. and I think of going, in August and September, to Hamilton (for the first time since I left there in 1850), thence on to Catskill (the "Mountain House"), Poughkeepsie, Peekskill, and Brooklyn. I promised the Polytechnic folks to be on hand at the fall opening, to render any assistance that I could in starting the work of the new year. Nothing had been done towards looking up a successor before I left, and I doubt whether anybody has any person in view or any special plan.

My own work, thus far, proceeds satisfactorily. Both Mr. Vassar and the trustees seem disposed to give me *carte blanche* in respect to everything—the plan of organization, the selection of officers, the time of opening, etc. I cannot fail to see that, while this gives me a better chance of success, it makes the responsibility of a possible failure all the more concentrated and entire, and I try to refuse responsibility and have them decide every question themselves on its own merits. It is a great encouragement to me that I find myself in such harmony with Mr. Vassar in all the great essentials of the enterprise. He is wonderfully liberal in his conceptions, and wherever others were shallow or narrow in policy I find that the old gentleman's broad, good sense almost invariably dissented, and only yielded from a modest feeling that they ought to know better than he. He is now naturally delighted to find that in every instance my views justify his and are cordially indorsed by the Board. Still, I often draw a long breath when I think how much is expected of me, and with what apparent confidence. With God's help I think a good thing will be done; but without it, whew! what a splash I shall make!

Your letter from London reached me in Brooklyn just in time to bring along. We rejoice with you in your es-

cape from the perils of the deep, and in your incipient recovery from its fatigues. And where are you now? Have you "done" London, and done with it, the Leviathan? And, pray, how did you feel when you heard that the *Alabama* had come out of her hole to swallow the *Kearsarge*? and how, when you learned that, instead of swallowing, the whale had been swallowed by Jonah? What would I have given to see the light that gleamed in your eye that morning as you gave the quiet "good-day" to the John Bulls around you, especially to the sympathizers with Secession!

Before you get this you will have looked on the gay glitter of Paris, and have started, mayhap, for glorious Switzerland. Oh that I were with you! and all mine with me!

The summer trip alluded to in the foregoing letter fortified him for a winter of labor and loneliness. Not the least of the sacrifices involved in the long preparatory work which he was to take up in the fall was the separation from wife and children, who remained at the grandfather's home while he was engaged in the frequent journeyings necessary in his quest for teachers. The letters of this period furnish a diary of the hopes and fears that attended his great experiment, and show its gradual development in his own mind:

To his WIFE.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, Sept. 12, 1864.

A lull in the tempest of business which rages in the "President's Room," on the day of opening, offers a moment in which to send love and greeting to dear Fountain Home. It is astonishing to see how naturally I fall into my own place and ways here at the Institute. The officers received

me cordially, the boys uproariously, and I must confess it seems very home-like and pleasant. The school opens full, and all feel cheery and strong. . . .

After we parted in New York, you to turn your face to the setting, I to the rising sun, I made my way through the rain to the Sound steamer. There I found myself snugly housed in the spacious and elegantly furnished saloon, where, but for the undulatory basis on which all rested, it would be easy to forget the treacherous waves beneath us and the storm that raged around. As it was, I enjoyed my evening paper and my evening meal in the cabin, and then an old-time chat with Mrs. Conant and the Doctor, winding up with a pleasant talk with Mr. George Riley and Mr. Bentley of Chicago, who were on their way to the centenary of Brown, where Bentley graduated. . . .

Arrived at Providence the next morning, I went directly to the hotel, where I met a host of gathering friends, and thence proceeded to the college, to shake hands with old acquaintances, form new, and join the procession for the church. I had a place assigned me among college presidents in the church and at the table of the Centennial Dinner which followed, and sat through the whole—Historical Discourse of two hours, by Dr. Sears; dinner, and after-dinner speeches, which last were unusually good and lasted until the dusk of the evening compelled adjournment. Governor Clifford of Massachusetts presided admirably, and among the speakers were Professor Goldwin Smith from Oxford, England—scholarly, genial towards America and apologetic for England; ex-Secretary Chase—a dignified and noble reply, severely just to England, touchingly cordial towards the few who have stood up for truth and our country, “when to advocate them was to invite reproach, self-sacrifice, and loss;” ex-President Wayland in his happiest vein of parental affection, kindly humor, and Christian faithful-

ness; George Wm. Curtis—a most felicitous speech, the gem of the hour, full of wit, classic elegance, and patriotic fervor; poems by Thurber, Major John Hay (President Lincoln's private secretary), and others "too numerous to mention."

It was a proud day for old Brown, and all went away feeling so, and interchanging warm congratulations. There were many inquiries about Vassar, which I answered in the true oracular style. I shall remain here a few days, and then go up to Poughkeepsie to look over the ground there.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 21, 1864.

I cannot tell you how I enjoyed the trip up the river in that beautiful boat—"floating palace" indeed, a very literal fact. I think I never knew an atmosphere of such exquisite perfection as we had that day, so crystal clear that the outlines of the most distant hills stood out in bold distinctness, as though you might reach out your hand and touch them, and delicately tinged with a sort of golden glory, which, without changing any of the natural colors, gave an indescribable richness to them all. Before us spread the majestic river with its gliding sheen of waters and the white sails of its busy craft. Our beautiful steamer darted along the water like a bird or arrow in its flight, while on the deck good-and-happy-looking passengers sat in easy groups, bathing in the luxurious temperature of the air, and listening to one another's talk and to some unusually good music we had on board. Children were gamboling all around me, and my heart cried out longingly for my own. Patience, hungry heart! there is a time to fast; but the time for feasting will come.

The last hour on the boat was enchanting, and as we came in sight of the Poughkeepsie landing, veiled in the cool shadows of the evening, and looked around on the

bold green banks between which the river flows at this point, and which rise as they recede into rolling and wood-covered hills, and in the distance cut the horizon with sharp mountain-ranges, I felt *satisfied* with our new home.

I have temporarily taken a room at the Gregory House. Yesterday afternoon I drove out to the College, where I spent several hours in roaming over the grounds, and then walked back to town. I had a wakeful night, and this morning I find that the Raymond stock has fallen off several degrees in self-complacency and self-confidence. But I must be ready this afternoon for another visit to the College, where I am to meet a number of scientific gentlemen (Professors Dana, Torrey, Hall of Albany, and possibly Agassiz) who are here by invitation as a committee of examination on the Cabinet, now complete—a beautiful thing, in arrangement and exhibition unsurpassed by anything at home or abroad. Dr. Magoon is also hard at work hanging his pictures, which are about half up and will be finished this week. Mr. Vassar's full-length portrait (by Elliott) shows very finely; and Miss Church's copies of "the Masters" are quite effective.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 24, 1864.

I have made considerable progress in studying my big problem here; *i.e.*, what has been done thus far, and what is *fixed* for the future. But I am more and more impressed with the scale on which everything has been projected, and which can hardly be carried out without bringing us to the bottom of the till sooner than I want to see it. No calculation seems to have been made for a period of infancy in the College. But I have little faith in Minervas born full-grown, and I mean to shut down the gate as soon as I can get it down.

It is a lowering gloomy day externally. But we are all

as chirk as squirrels over Sheridan's successive victories. Oh such squirming and writhing of copperheads! It is beautiful to behold. May the hateful *ism* not only "writhe in pain" but "die amidst its worshippers."

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 30, 1864.

Everybody else being at last disposed of, my thoughts turn to the best-beloved ones and wing their eager way to that distant roof which shelters them. Would that I could go as lightly and as swiftly! Ah! would that I could with them cleave the intermediate space, and with these gathering shades of evening enter that dear abode and gather my treasures into my bosom. . . .

I have been fortunate as to my abiding-place here. I have lighted on a quiet old-fashioned house (the Northern Hotel) in a retired but pleasant street, kept without the least pretension to "style," in a plain, substantial, domestic way; a first-class country "tavern" of the olden time, neat as wax, with good, savory eating and quiet, civil, and attentive service. The landlord, "General" Platt, is a fatherly, sensible old gentleman who "knows how to keep a hotel" for sensible people, and his wife a neat thorough-going housekeeper who knows how to make things taste good and look like home. The "General" could hardly believe that I was in earnest to pass the modern houses by and come to his modest mansion. But when I told him that I knew good living when I saw it, his eye brightened, and he had me up in his best chamber at once. I wish you could have looked in upon me last evening, as I sat in my cosy arm-chair, reading by my cheery gaslight (the only modern thing in the room) and "taking mine ease in mine inn." I can kill mosquitoes on the ceiling without rising on my toes; but the other dimensions are spacious, with three pleasant windows, large old-fashioned secretary, open stove, etc. etc.,

and all as neat as wax. When you think of me in Poughkeepsie hereafter, you may imagine me the occupant of this snug Bachelor's Hall, and wanting nothing but—you and the other treasures of home! Heigho! what a "but" is there! "It is not good for man to be alone."

With more love than a little—or than a good deal,

Yours.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Oct. 27, 1864.

. . . I find one great difficulty in being obliged to give so much of my time to details outside my special official duties. The hugeness of this concern and the multitude of its details are such as to furnish endless material. Every day brings its new questions. I am much engrossed with these discussions; often it is necessary to go out to the College to settle a question intelligently, and that consumes another half-day. But I am constantly turning things over in my mind, and gradually clearing up my conception of the whole grand scheme. Perhaps it is as well. I shall work with more certainty and celerity when I begin.

How impatient I grow of the distance between us, and of the tedious lapse of time! I want this weary work of preparation over, that we may once more have one home and be surrounded with the interests of a common life. Our circumstances are indeed very much changed from those of a year ago. I think that in my own experience I never passed through so much in the same length of time before. Never has the space between me and eternity seemed so short, and never have I so felt the folly of living for anything short of eternal results and the favor and blessing of God. It seems more and more strange to me that I should have been pressed into this new and trying service. Often I tremble at the thought of what is to come out of it, and am weighed down with a sense of my utter insufficiency to

sustain the burden. But it is a consolation to remember the way in which my mind was led to the conclusion, and to feel that it was the conviction that *God willed it* which decided me, and it is an unspeakable relief to roll the burden off on the Everlasting Arm, praying to be satisfied with any result which promotes His glory, whether it be by my success or defeat.

After this Dr. Raymond made several trips to Philadelphia, Boston, etc., for the purpose of conferring with those prominent in educational matters, and of meeting instructors whom he wished to see with reference to possible appointments in the Vassar Faculty :

To his WIFE.

BROOKLYN, NOV. 30, 1864.

Yesterday I returned from the City of Brotherly Love, where I had a very pleasant time visiting old friends, etc. Saw Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who agreeably disappointed me: nothing of the "strong-minded" in her manner whatever; simple, quiet, lady-like, but bright and sensible, full of conversation, and running slightly to enthusiasm on her favorite topics of Woman and the Bible. Prof. Carson pleased me, a gentleman in manner and a scholar in taste and culture. I heard one of his lectures to Miss Dillaye's school, on Shakespeare, and have no doubt as to the extent and accuracy of his scholarship. . . .

And now to New England, and after the holidays to Rochester; for I want to have things ready to report to our Committee on Faculty by the first of February. So, you see, my coat is off at last, and I am fairly at work.

BROOKLYN, DEC. 15, 1864.

I am back again, sooner, you see, than I thought possible when I wrote last from Boston, thanks to Prof. Tenney's

courtesy, which led him to defer his lecture Tuesday evening for the sake of meeting me. I cannot tell you how much I like him. He is a younger-looking man than I expected; is clear-headed, sensible and modest, earnest in his work, and has had the discipline of several years of labor under the best advantages. Set him down as sure for an appointment; and Miss Mitchell, if we can afford such a costly luxury.

I was charmingly entertained at Dr. Hague's, where they were urgent to prolong my stay. Monday evening I went with them by special invitation to a literary club, where I met a number of the *élite*, and was gratified by the cordial expressions of interest in the College. . . .

I hope you abide by your original purpose not to fix a day for my coming. For my pudding is getting so thick now that I cannot hurry the stirring of it. The only trouble that the unfolding of my new work gives me is that it must circumscribe my time with you and the dear flock in Angelica. I cannot bear to be so long separated. But I am so grateful that while this must be you are blest with such a home, and need not feel yourselves like a flock without a fold if without a shepherd. And surely not without a Shepherd—even the Best! May His presence abide with you ever!

In a letter to his brother Robert, then wintering in Italy, he writes:

ANGELICA, Jan. 2, 1865.

We have just heard from Brooklyn of your last, announcing your final settlement in Florence, "in a little cottage opposite Powers' studio," which hasn't a bad sound to it.

And where am I, and mine?—and how? Well, you see by my date where I am, right in the heart of this Allegany winter, and a right warm cordial heart I find it both to body and spirit. Father M.'s house, so airy and cool amidst the

summer-heats, is as genial, snug and cosy under this freezing Christmas sky as though there were no such thing as frost except to decorate the window-panes, or snow except to lie as a mantel of purity over field and hill and to rest as a crown of glory on the pine and hemlock forests. I came on from Po'keepsie just in time to enact Kriss Kringle at the family Tree, which our merry circle of Angelica cousins extemporized with splendid success at our house on the occasion. If just at this time, for instance, you could have been transported to our wintry clime, I think you would have found some matter of mirth, as you would have been right sure of a hearty and hilarious welcome. I found all well and in tip-top holiday spirits. The children are in splendid condition. Hal is a good boy, round and sound and tough. It would have done your eyes good to see him, as I first descried him, on the road a mile out of the village, the day I arrived. Expecting me in the stage from Belvidere, he had trudged out alone through a driving snow-storm to meet me. "There!" said the driver, beside whom I sat on the front seat of the stage-wagon, "do you know who that is?" I peeped out of my blanket, but could make nothing of the little chap I saw rolling through the drifts like a miniature steam-tug in a high sea. "That," said he, "is your boy." And sure enough, as we drew near, there were Hal's happy eyes sparkling over a pair of cheeks that glowed like two great, round, red apples, with a cherry-ripe nose between. As he tumbled into the stage beside me, and I threw my arm round his stout little body, perhaps I didn't feel glad and grateful. O perhaps not! N.'s black eyes, too, sparkled with health and good spirits.

My own health has been steadily improving, since I escaped from my old life of confinement, and I have got saucy enough to laugh at the doctors, heart-disease and all.

I cannot be thankful enough for the returning vigor of body and mind that makes work not only possible, but a

positive pleasure to me. It is well that it is so, for I have not at all exaggerated the magnitude of the enterprise before me. It grows upon me day by day, and it is no slight evidence of my improved health that the prospect instead of oppressing seems to inspire me; and I am more satisfied than ever that my trouble at the Polytechnic was not too much work, but the character of the work, the monotony of routine, and the multitude of petty details. I am too old for that sort of thing, and, having served a long apprenticeship, I shall hereafter hold myself absolved therefrom. The College grows slowly on, the externals about completed except the furnishing, which is a big exception and will require a world of discussion, negotiation, and hard work to finish in season. The internals are as yet in embryonic process of formation in my poor skull, though certain premonitory throes there give token of approaching birth. As the ghost in Hamlet has it, "my time is almost come." I have traveled as far south as Philadelphia, and east as far as Boston and Lynn, and had a pleasant time both ways. On leaving here, about the 15th, I go north as far as Montreal, and by the middle of February I hope to have my "recommendations" ready for the Board. Considerable time I have passed in Poughkeepsie, and continue pleased with the prospects there, though, of course, the difficulties assume a more definite shape as we proceed. That I expected.

The Polytechnic is full to overflowing; seventy new desks added, and a long list of applicants waiting for a chance to get in. It is the fruit of our labors, though others have entered in to gather.

The brief Christmas holiday was followed by a winter, spring, and summer of arduous and perplexing work. Endless complications arose, particularly in his choice of the college faculty and officers on whom he must rely to carry out his purposes. For, however per-

fect the plan, he was powerless to give it tangible form till he could find the men and women to fill its different parts and aid him in its successful execution. For every position he had an ideal occupant in whom were united all the necessary gifts and graces. But to find such perfections in flesh-and-blood embodiment was no easy matter; nor always, when found, to secure them for the College, which was regarded by many as a doubtful field of labor. Feeling the responsibility of the great trust to be committed to him, he sought no more anxiously for the intellectual than the spiritual culture which must impress the future students. They were not always combined in the same individual, and he was constantly embarrassed by his high standard.

He was to make his final nomination of candidates to the trustees at their meeting in April, presenting to them then his fully matured scheme, and he was steadily occupied in preparations for this report.

Soon after his return in January he writes:

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 27, 1865.

DEAR E.: . . . Oh but it is a hundred-legged animal we are making! and as every limb of the centipede has to be shaped and articulated and adjusted with respect to every other, there is no finally deciding any one important question till we are ready to decide all at once, and this "small head" must carry it all along together as best it may.

The "materialities," as Mr. Vassar calls them, are progressing nicely, *furniture* being at present "the subject of our story." . . .

I have spent several evenings with Mr. Vassar going over my plan, and he says it "hits the notch exactly." The dear old gentleman is full of hope and of faith in my ability to carry out all his ideas and realize his great object,

and seems delighted with the picture I have sketched of the machine at work.

There was no office, perhaps, to which he attached more importance than that of the Lady Principal, on account of the intimate personal relation she must hold to the students, and her influence in the shaping of character. As their model and guide in all feminine accomplishments, and as one of the chief representatives of the College to parents and patrons, it was desirable that she should be a type of social elegance as well as of all mental and moral refinements. As a member of the faculty, she must share to some extent the responsibility of its educational policy, and alas for her if with all else she possess not an endowment of physical vigor equal to the ceaseless drain upon it!

How successful he was in filling this position may be judged by those who knew the first Lady Principal of Vassar College. Who could meet her without feeling the presence of a queenly nature? What anxious "parent or guardian" ever felt the charm of her noble bearing, of her stimulating conversation and magnetic sympathy, or talked with her of the highest interests of a pupil, without dismissing all fears? In all questions with regard to the interior management of the College, questions that might not strictly belong to the presidential province, but from which the president could not turn when the welfare of students was involved, she proved the counselor that he sought. What did he not owe to her ever-ready aid, to the devotion which in its utter self-forgetfulness was absolute heroism! Remembering the years in which they labored together for this cause, and in which her helpful sympathy never failed, we go back to the time when her attention was

first invited to it, and follow the correspondence which traces the progress of an acquaintance that ripened into friendship before the opportunity of their first meeting. His first letter to her was written at Rochester, where he had gone for important interviews after his Christmas holiday:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1865.

Miss H. W. LYMAN.

DEAR MADAM: You are probably informed to some extent respecting the foundation laid by Matthew Vassar of Poughkeepsie for a Woman's College, and of the preliminary proceedings in the establishment of the institution. By the last circular of its trustees, a copy of which I send you herewith, you will be enabled to form a general estimate of the condition and prospects of the enterprise, which its friends hope may be destined, under the guidance and blessing of Divine Providence, to do a great and good work in the education of woman.

This circular was issued in June last; and since then the work has been steadily prosecuted according to the programme outlined therein, and now approaches completion. The spacious edifice, with all its essential appointments, is substantially finished, and the interior furnishing is all, of a material character, that remains to be done. Meanwhile the more important matter of internal organization is not neglected. I am myself in the field maturing the details of the plan with the aid of the best counsel I can obtain, and canvassing the long list of "candidates" for positions in its corps of officers and instructors. Not the least difficult part to fill satisfactorily (perhaps I should rather say, the most difficult of all, for reasons which you will readily appreciate) is that of "Lady Principal," the chief executive officer among the ladies of the corps, and the immediate associate and aid of the President in the internal administra-

tion of the College. As the personal and confidential adviser of the young ladies, she would have a more decisive influence than any other officer in the moulding of their personal habits, and especially in their moral and religious training, and would probably more than any other determine the characteristic and ruling spirit of the College.

It would be no disparagement to any lady of our profession to say that she did not possess all the qualifications desirable for such a position; while, surely, the noblest powers, consecrated to the holiest purposes, may here find ample scope and the grandest incentives to exertion.

And now, madam, to the immediate object of my writing. Your name has repeatedly been mentioned, as that of one possessing eminent qualifications for the post; and from all I have heard, I find my mind drawn so strongly in your direction that I am induced to presume upon your indulgence so far as to inquire, in this frank unceremonious way, whether you would be willing to consider the question of accepting such an appointment. I do not, of course, ask a commitment of any sort or to any extent, as I, on my part, have no authority to commit the trustees. But, charged as I am with the responsibility of nominating the best obtainable candidates for this with other offices, and profoundly impressed as I am with the central importance of this, especially to the highest personal welfare of the future pupils of the institution, what I seek is simply permission and an opportunity to unfold more fully to your mind the spirit of the proposed administration of the College and the character of the special province here inviting an occupant, and at the same time such a mutual acquaintance as would assist both parties to judge whether the Master has work in it for you to do.

Should you consent to entertain the proposition, it would probably be best for me to visit Montreal for a personal interview. In any event, this correspondence will,

on my part, be regarded as strictly confidential so long as you desire it to continue so.

Trusting that I may be favored with a reply soon after my return to Poughkeepsie, which will be by the middle of next week,

I remain, dear madam, with very great respect,

Yours truly,

J. H. RAYMOND.

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, }
POUGHKEEPSIE, February 3, 1865. }

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN: Your favor of the 27th ult. came duly to hand. My "impression" of you was certainly derived from warm friends of yours, but friends of mine as well, and friends in whose judgment I could safely confide. And that impression, whether "too favorable" or not, your letter, both the tenor and the manner of it, has confirmed. Were it the will of Providence to assign you a share in the great work that is before us here, I feel how much I should be privileged and strengthened by the association, and how greatly the prospect of a true success for the College would be brightened.

I was not aware how long you had been in the service. Nor do I wonder that after having so long "endured hardness" in the field you occupy, and won for yourself so "good a degree," you shrink from the hazards of a change in the sphere and character of your responsibility.

Your "talent for organization," of which you would probably have a better opinion now if it had been more thoroughly tried before, would unquestionably, for some time, be somewhat severely taxed in the Lady-Principalship of the College; and the duties would perhaps always be more largely administrative than might be to your taste. In this view, would that you were "ten years your junior" for our

sake, not for yours ; though, if you could engage in these duties *con amore*, and your physical health and strength proved sufficient for the demand upon them, you certainly would not fail of a signal success.

And now, my dear Miss Lyman, will you not more clearly indicate the "post" which you say you can "imagine," and which you imply you might assume with less hesitancy ? Our trustees have confided the internal organization of the College very generously, if not very wisely, to my direction ; and there are several posts to which I attach more importance than is usually given them, and for which I am still anxiously seeking incumbents. Perhaps it is the design of Providence that our views should meet at another point, and in this matter our only interest can be, as I trust our common desire is, that the will of the Lord be done. With sincere fraternal regard,

I am, dear madam,

Your friend and servant in Christ,

J. H. RAYMOND.

From Miss LYMAN.

MONTREAL, Feb. 6, 1865.

MY DEAR DR. RAYMOND : The circular reached me safely. I am glad to see that the College is to be a step in advance of other schools. It will then gather to us the best female talent in the land ; will be, or may be, the place where our missionaries, authors, teachers shall receive the advantages needed to fit them for their work. It will probably be avoided by fashionable triflers.

I have received your second letter, which makes me feel as its predecessor did, that I should like to work with you, and be quite willing to defer to your judgment when we differed. The freedom from responsibility thus gained would be delightful to me. It would clearly have been

wiser in me to have asked you what you would expect from a Lady Principal rather than jump to the conclusion that we should differ on that point. It only shows that I am a very woman.

But you ask me to describe the post I think I could occupy, and I will try to sketch it imperfectly. I supposed that the work of the Lady Principal would divide itself into two parts: that she was intended to be what Pastor Fliedner in his deaconesses establishments calls the "House Mother;" one to whom the students could go with wants, trials, sicknesses; one who, studying each individual, would see that her needs were fully met, her duties performed. The boundary between your duties and those of this office I have not thought of; only understand that I am not afraid of this kind of work in abundance. All this planning and arranging I should like to do as far as I am capable. The motherly guidance, the religious instruction I should enjoy, though I presume you would take the prominent part of this last. And this would not be too much for me, for I suppose I should be relieved of domestic and pecuniary care.

But I took up in some way the impression that there would be expected of me a minute attention to details for which I am not naturally fitted. If I could have an assistant, who might be called (and was so at the "Spingler") the "Governess" (Mrs. Abbot being "House Mother"), who would see that every one was kept to the work; would watch over the machinery and let me know when it needed oil; would look after what records you design to have; would keep a daily journal of the doings; would always be on hand for meals or prayers when I could not be; with such an one to aid me, I think I could work heartily and efficiently. Moreover, if in that case my labors would be considered too light, I could add to them—now, do not think me presuming—instruction in my favorite subjects, history and general literature.

One thing more. Will you write to my old teacher, Mrs. W. B. Banister of Newburyport, Mass. (formerly Miss Grant of Ipswich), and ask her what she thinks of my adaptation for the post? In my young days she asked me to stand second to herself at Ipswich, and in later years our correspondence has been intimate. She has spent a month in my house, has heard me teach, and to her I have unfolded all my heart. Yet her high sense of the responsibility attached to all educational movements, and her extreme conscientiousness, will enable her to speak of me as if she loved me not; and her opinion, which I have not yet received, would greatly influence myself.

My friends Prof. and Mrs. H. B. Smith, of New York, urge upon me a careful consideration of the matter, as they seem to consider the post of honorable importance. Mrs. Smith is a friend of thirty years' standing, has been in my house, and her daughter was a year under my care. She can tell you all about me.

You do not expect me to say that if I could have such arrangements as these made for me, I would go to Poughkeepsie. I should want to know more of the plans, above all, more of your ideas on female education; and I do not understand that you are yet sure that I am the one you want. For myself, I believe that I shall be directed by the same kind Providence that brought me hither. And as we both seek to be led by our heavenly Father, may not we be sure that if I am called to this work, it will be ordered for His glory, even though that be displayed by my utter failure? I will trust *Him*. I have learned, too, that happiness is found in doing His work, not in our surroundings.

Of one thing be assured, my dear sir, that whether it seem best to join you or not, my deep and hearty interest is henceforward enlisted on behalf of the Vassar College. I shall regard it as one of the hopeful signs of the times, and shall be glad to aid in your blessed work by any means

in my power. It is singular that I should have been brought to consider this subject. Two months ago I should have said it was impossible to think of it. Believe me, dear Mr. President,

Sincerely yours,

H. W. LYMAN.

While absent on a journey to New England in which he hoped to complete his corps of officers and teachers, he had expressed in a letter to Miss Lyman the doubts that sometimes troubled him of the wisdom of her coming:

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., March 2, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN: Your second (unanswered) letter has just reached me. My correspondence has to chase me about the country now, and I often lead it a wild hunt before it overtakes me. This, however, is but in part the explanation of the delay in answering your first, which you so gently chide. It ought at least to have been acknowledged sooner, and should have been if I had been clear as to what I ought to say, or had I not promised myself to have been ere this in a better condition to speak definitely. I fully expected to have accomplished last week the journey to the East, which I am only just commencing, to have seen and conversed with your friend Mrs. Banister, and other persons variously related to the question, and to have my mind made up on some points, if not on all. Several unforeseen circumstances have intervened to prevent; among them the last illness and death of one of my oldest and most cherished friends, the late Mrs. Conant of Brooklyn, by whose dying pillow, and in the house darkened by her departure, my time and mind were for several days sadly engrossed.

But without attempting to excuse the procrastination which was not necessary, and though still hesitating in

judgment, I will in few words state how I do feel, and wait for more light. There is so much in the spirit of your conceptions and expressions that harmonizes with my idea of what should be the governing spirit in the management of the College, and with my earnest desire as to what *may* be, that I can hardly avoid the impression that God has called you to the work. The kind of responsibility which you describe as most to your taste, and for which there can be no doubt of your possessing special aptitude, is certainly the most important part of that which I had assigned to the office under consideration. Nor could there be any insurmountable difficulty in modifying the arrangements in the minor respects to which you allude. I have no cast-iron system to which I am endeavoring to shape my teachers; but, keeping in view, as far as I can, the great essentials to be arrived at, and seeking to find a corps of officers among whom the requisite qualifications for all may be found, I can afford to leave the *distribution* of the work to be measurably determined by their several adaptations.

My chief doubt, I will be frank to say, grows out of the very completeness of your maturity. The transplantation of full-grown trees is proverbially perilous, and to be cautiously undertaken just in proportion to the perfection and beauty of the existing growth. What we shall succeed in making the College no man is wise enough to predict. It is a huge thing, and I daily feel how entirely it is beyond my power to grasp and control the conditions of its success. If God blesses, there seem to be the elements of a great benefit to the cause of woman's education; but it would not be strange if at least one generation of officers should be used up in getting it fairly under way. I shrink, therefore, as much, I think, on your account as our own, from urging you to cast in your lot with us, from a conviction that, if your

own or our anticipations should not be realized, if the field should not prove one adapted to your talents or your tastes, the mischief could not so readily be repaired as it might be if you were ten years younger. You see that I mean to be entirely frank, as I know you want me to be. If I could find your *other self* in a younger person, a twin-sister (to be Irish) ten years your junior, my doubts would be all resolved. If I do not, I shall begin to question whether this matter of age is so weighty a one after all, or whether, closely scanned, it is not an absolute advantage. I already see how an effective argument might be constructed on that side of the question.

I am writing in the bar-room of a hotel, in momentary expectation of the omnibus which takes us to the cars. What I have written, however, will show why I am waiting for more light. I have promised myself the pleasure and profit of a long talk with Mrs. Banister on this and other subjects, and hope before a great while to see my way clearer. Our Board meets in April, though it will not be necessary to act definitely on this subject then. Still, I shall feel anxious, for your sake as well as our own, to have the question settled at the earliest possible moment. . . .

There ! I think you will agree that I can write quite as rambling a letter as you are equal to ; but on one point I find my mind clear and steadfast; to wit, that I am, and expect to be always hereafter,

Your sincere friend and admirer,

J. H. RAYMOND.

To his WIFE.

March 22, 1865.

I have been eagerly looking for your answer to my suggestion about your coming on earlier than May. The weather has been so perfect, and spring has ad-

vanced with such rapid strides, that I am constantly wishing you here to enjoy it. I went out to the College again yesterday, and I assure you it was pleasant to see the broad campus escaped from its wintry fetters and preparing to put on spring attire. Inside, the finishing up of a multitude of little details continually advances the home-like appearance of things, and makes me more and more eager for the beginning of the fray. Our orders are out for the principal part of the college furniture, and everything "progresseth silverly."

I have another letter from Miss Lyman which I inclose. She evidently begins to feel interested, as you will see.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 24, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN: . . . Well, I have completed the circuit of our Yankee Orient, and got back to my starting-point, thoroughly jaded with over-much talk and the incessant asking and answering of questions. If I die suddenly, I think the "crowner's quest" will find "Died of school-marm on the brain." And now I have before me the yet more responsible duty of gathering up the results of all this inquiry, and digesting it (if possible) into some practical form for the consideration of our Trustees at their April meeting.

My easternmost point was Newburyport, whither I went for the sole purpose of an interview with Mrs. Banister. It was my first meeting with that admirable woman; and I no longer wonder at the ascendancy which she has been wont to gain over the best natures and most intelligent minds when brought into close contact with them. It is an intellect to govern a state or adorn the bench, yet informed by a spirit as womanly as it is truly Christian and broadly catholic.

I spent some three hours in conversation with her; and I was equally gratified and encouraged to find how far my views, formed in large measure but recently and with but too much reason for diffidence, were coincident with and confirmed by her own, the fruit of so much experience and ripened wisdom.

Among the interesting topics which occupied us, you were perhaps the most prominent, and I am constrained to acknowledge that, had I gone to find good reasons for discontinuing this correspondence, I should have failed of my object. If Mrs. Banister rightly judges, it should go on, and I feel more desirous than ever of a personal interview. So far as I can get your ideas from the necessarily partial statement of them in your letters, I do not apprehend any serious difficulty in the arrangement of details. But an hour's conversation would effect more for mutual understanding than a month's correspondence. . . .

From Miss LYMAN.

MONTREAL, March 29, 1865.

MY DEAR DR. RAYMOND: Yours of the 24th surprised me, for the Bridgeport letter tallied so completely with my own convictions that I laid aside all idea of attempting anything new, made my arrangements for another year, and began to see vividly the bright side of staying here. The few friends who knew of the matter have congratulated me on my (your ?) decision, except, indeed, the H. B. Smiths of New York.

And now, when I had imagined you discussing with some younger woman the arrangements for Lady Principal, behold the whole subject is opened again.

What shall I say in the few minutes that I can just now snatch? . . .

Can you not depute some one to answer for "an inquiring friend" such questions as these? What is the denominational connection of the College? the number of teachers,—the number of pupils expected—(how I wish you could *begin* with only a hundred and fifty!)—whether these are to be mostly female teachers. "Any intelligence will be gratefully received" by one who knows only what you have written and the facts contained in the circular.

TO MISS LYMAN.

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 4, 1865.

I have just returned from New York, and find yours of the 29th ult., which has been awaiting my return several days.

What could I have said in that Bridgeport letter to convey an impression so contrary to the fact respecting my feeling on the subject of your coming to help us in our great work in Poughkeepsie? . . .

I have earnestly desired that, in the filling of this post particularly, the guidance of Providence should be clear; and I have felt it due to you that above all things else I should state honestly whatever seemed to make *against* your coming. The feeling of dismay (I can call it by no other name) with which I read your opening sentences, at the possibility of my having fatally misled you by my reticence and occasioned a peremptory closing of the door upon this negotiation, has both revealed to me more clearly than ever the strength of my convictions, and taught me the danger of error on the side of reserve also.

And now, my dear Miss Lyman, I say, as I have said before, if the Lord send you not, I do pray, for your sake not less than for ours, and for the sake of the priceless interests involved, that you may not be per-

mitted to come. Yet it does appear as though it might be His will. . . .

And now to the relief of our "inquiring friend," whose questions I can better answer myself than through any deputy, and I but imperfectly in some respects.

"What is the denominational connection of the College?" So far as it has any, Baptist. It is, however, simple justice to the fact to state what, if you were a Baptist, I should state much more emphatically, that the connection is very slight, consisting simply in the fact that the majority of its trustees are members either of Baptist churches or of Baptist congregations. This organization of the Board is in accordance with the established conviction of our American religious community that some denomination of recognized orthodoxy should take special responsibility in the management of every chartered educational institution. The selection was made of catholic men, such as would cheerfully carry out the Founder's well-known and strongly anti-sectarian views in the management of the College. Mr. Vassar is of Baptist parentage and, in the main, of Baptist sentiments. He has been a liberal supporter of that society and its missions all his life; but, although for several years past he has indulged a hope in Christ, he has never seen his way clear to join any church.

For myself, I am strongly in sympathy with Mr. Vassar on this point of catholicity. I am a member of a Baptist church, holding with them substantially in relation to the ordinance from which they take their name, but remaining with them under protest in regard to the tenet "baptism prerequisite to communion," wherein I think them (in common with the majority of Protestant theologians of all sects) in error. My notions in regard to the Church—I mean its outward organization, ordi-

nances, and forms of worship—would be received probably with some “head-shake” by my brethren all around ; and yet, never was an unworthy servant of Christ honored with more general and generous fellowship and all-covering charity by Christians of every name, than I have been. I could be a member of an orthodox Congregational church with about the same amount of protestation as I am of a Baptist ; of a Presbyterian or Episcopal, with some more. But I should be a poor Congregationalist, and poorer Presbyterian and Episcopalian, just as it is understood I am a poor Baptist, and as I am willing to be if I may but be in the same proportion a better Christian.

With regard to the College, my heart's desire and prayer to God is that, religiously, it may be a school of Christ, a place where His word and doctrine shall be taught in purity and power, and where His renewing and sanctifying spirit shall continually dwell ; but so far independent of special ecclesiastical alliances, and so far pervaded by a spirit of true and loving catholicism, that all who love Jesus in sincerity and truth may feel at home there and surrounded by sisters and brothers. So far as this, my purpose is fixed—that, as Providence has not made the College dependent for its pecuniary support on any denomination, so under my administration it shall never be managed in the interest of any. In this I expect to be sustained by the Trustees, as I know I shall be by the Founder.

In canvassing the claims of competing candidates for situations in the College, I have never asked, to what churches do they respectively belong? always, which is the living Christian? which will bring the largest accession of spiritual power? Of eight heads of departments on whom I have thus far substantially fixed (not counting yourself), four are Congregationalists, two

Baptists, one Episcopalian, and one Friend. And this proportion is wholly accidental or providential ; for, until a friend happened to ask me the question the other day, I had entirely (culpably, perhaps) forgotten to make the reckoning. Whether this proportion is likely to be preserved in future selections, you can judge as well as I.

I have been thus explicit on this point because I see how important a matter it may be to you, and because (let me confess it), if you do not somewhat sympathize with me in this Christian heresy, it will be a greater trial to me than anything I have ever thought of, in view of our possible prospective association.

This letter concludes with his answers to her questions of minor importance.

From Miss LYMAN.

MONTREAL, April 7, 1865.

. . . . With all my heart I agree in your views. I cannot think church government of much importance, and am called only a half Congregationalist, while the evangelical Church of England party say I am "High Church." I have pupils of all denominations, and would never give a straw to turn one from the way of her fathers, provided the Gospel be preached there.

Your ideal of what the College should be in religious matters is my own, and draws out my heart as is rarely done. I should feel it an honor and a privilege to work with you, and under you to advance the kingdom of Christ. Indeed nothing has so much attracted me to Poughkeepsie as that picture of your views.

When I received your first letter, your way of putting the subject arrested my attention and drove away the decided negative that sprang to my lips. I gave the whole subject into the Lord's hands, and waited His direction. Never

did I feel more absolutely resigned to His will. The thought of what I was to relinquish was laid aside. If the Master called me, He could and would supply all my need. The Bridgeport letter having settled the matter in my view, I as quietly gave up the whole, and turned to my summer arrangements. Now that the subject is reopened, and especially since I have read your last letter, and have seen the spiritual demands that will be made upon me, I mourn that I have not that spirit of consecration that I felt before. Inferior questions seem to crowd from my view the great one, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have for me to do?" Next week is "Passion week;" I always keep it, reading in the family the "Lessons for the day," and worshipping with the Church of England on Friday and Sunday. I intend to devote the coming days especially to prayer for direction in this matter. Will you not, my dear friend, seek for me that simplicity of purpose, that entireness of consecration which will lead me to

". . . hear the Master's voice
And follow calm and still,
For love can easily divine
The best Beloved's will."

Then whether I go or stay it will be as is best for the institution; for you, for me, and, above all, for the interests of our Lord's kingdom.

MONTREAL, April 13, 1865.

MY DEAR DR. RAYMOND: Lying awake last night, according to a habit which I am afraid is growing upon me since I received my first letter from the President of Vassar College, I began to think over the question now before me, and, at the risk of wearying you, I am tempted to tell you some of my thoughts. I asked myself what I was to do with two hundred girls, all strangers to me. . . .

If I were to take a school and organize and carry it on, I

could do it up to certain limits as to number, as I did long ago with more than seventy pupils. But I suppose—no, I won't suppose. Please to define my prospective position. I do not understand the arrangement of the "Departments," et cetera. All that you will explain to me when you come.

My theory has always been that boarding-schools are necessary evils; that to make them as like a family as possible is the best way. But I see also that it is impossible that women should receive the highest kind of culture without large institutions. There they must be allowed to develop individually as far as possible. One does not want them to be like the trees of the forest—tall, ungainly, bare of branches till near the summits—but rather like those glorious cedars in Warwick Park, or one of our own graceful elms.

Vassar College is founded, as I understand, to aid in the formation of symmetrical, graceful, noble womanhood. With all my heart I wish it God speed, but am I the one to add to its success? . . .

Where can I do the most for Christ's cause? must be my only question. With the air of my native land filled with rejoicings that the suppressed rebellion has placed her once more before the world as the great Republic; that her starry banner floats no longer over a slave; and that she is at liberty to set forth on a new career to conquer the world for Jesus, I confess my heart leaps forth to work *there*. God forbid that America shall not prove faithful to her mission!

Whether I go or not I feel sure you will, amid trials and difficulties, have a great success, and if "the first generation of teachers dies," as you sometimes fear, in getting the College into operation, perhaps it will be as pleasant to watch its success from the heavenly heights as it would be from an earthly point of view.

Should it never succeed; should the Lord not accept the

offering of the Founder, the "Well done" at last will to you make amends for all.

For your last letter I am continually thankful, showing me as it does into what hands such great educational interests are committed.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. April 20, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS LYMAN: ... I do not wonder that your heart "sank a little" at the idea of being set to brood over a nestful of "two hundred" birdlings all at once. Is it necessary? Indeed, I fear we shall have to dismiss the whole idea of birdlings (sixteen years old!) and the sweet picture of that home-like interior to which it is not strange your heart should cling. Yet I want my "missionary field" planted with the same seed and, by the blessing of God, budding and blossoming equally like a rose! Is it too much to hope for? Certainly not to strive for. And who can hope for success but one who knows the seed and is familiar with that kind of horticulture? "But how to introduce it on such a scale, that is the difficulty." Did I ever say it was not, and a great difficulty too? An impossibility? I trow not. By God's blessing, boldly *no*.

"Please to define my prospective position," you ask. Willingly. It will be just that which you and I shall sit down and mark out (asking divine guidance) as most likely to make your personal influence most powerful for good. I do not anticipate that it would contemplate an effort to spread that influence directly and equally over the entire body of young ladies. It would differ from your present position very much as the presidency of a college does from the mastership of a private school. So far as your immediate personal instruction and daily intimate intercourse were concerned, these would (I presume) be limited to a small class, perhaps only the most advanced, perhaps with the new-comers. Through these you would more or less affect

the whole. ("Give me my sixth form," Dr. Arnold used to say, "and I am sure of the school.") Besides this, you would have special opportunities in dealing with individual cases requiring special study and special care—the morally weak and sickly, instances of peculiar moral or religious experience, etc. etc., coming to your knowledge through the teachers, and demanding judicious and sympathetic treatment. Another interesting part of your office would be the supervision of all the moral influences at work in the institution, and, by precept and example both, inspiring the younger teachers with a high conception of their work and a high standard of Christian fidelity to their pupils. . . .

To his WIFE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, April 13, 1865.

Congratulate me, my dear wife! The last man of the last committee has left me, and I feel that I am out of the woods—at least, of one piece of them.

Monday night I went to bed, a wonder to myself that I had gone through the work of the preceding five days, steady quill-driving on my report, and felt jaded indeed, but clear and well. Tuesday morning I woke with a headache, reaction coming on; and the committee came too, and the afternoon and evening till midnight were spent in reading and talking, reading and talking, till—oh my head!

Wednesday morning, waked with a headache and full of anxiety lest I should break down in Board meeting. Committee meeting at half-past eight; then followed Board at eleven. At about ten the clouds broke, the brain cleared up, and I had a splendid day. My scheme for the College seemed to be received with universal favor and approval, and many pleasant things were said. Of course, the unpleasant things would not be so likely to reach my ears. Still, the discussions of the Board were free, and had there

been any disposition to criticise severely, I could not have failed to find it out. Now for the remainder of my work. I feel as though more than half the burden were off my mind, now that I have certain stakes driven that I can work to, and not be obliged to carry so many points afloat in my thoughts. My first business, after clearing my table of incidentals, will be the preparation and publication of the College circular, and the first thing after that, I think, must be Montreal. And now to make my movements chime with yours. Can you meet me on my return from Montreal, and where?

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 26, 1865.

MY BEST BELOVED: Are you out of patience? Well, not more weary than I am of this interminable job, which "draws out" as though it would stretch "to the crack of doom." My purpose was to print a very brief circular in the ordinary form, embracing merely items of information for the guidance of those who wished to come to the College. But it was thought the public wanted more, a development of our entire plan and the reasons for various provisions. And when I got at work, this idea gained strength in my own convictions. It involved a remoulding of my report into a suitable form, with the needful omissions, additions, and modifications, really a more perplexing task than the first writing. I have been "pegging away" till now, with many interruptions from public and private causes, and still the job is incomplete, and I have waited for this to be done before looking forward to the question, "What next?" I think I shall be ready to go to New York on the 29th. There I shall stay only long enough to make arrangements for printing the Prospectus and see half a dozen people, and then I think I had better, as my plan has been, slip away to Montreal and settle the "Lyman" affair. Bless the woman, you may as well prepare to surrender your heart

to her! I have a bunch of her letters to show you which it will refresh you to read, and you cannot help loving her, not only for her own goodness, but for the genuine interest she has in your husband and his work! I should not be back, probably, before early in the following week. And then I am ready to grapple you, and stick to you, as poor Wilder used to say, "like bricks," *i. e.* so long as you will go with me. For I shall have to be on the move more or less, I presume, for some time to come. Whither, or for how long, I cannot tell now, for I have put off everything for the Prospectus, and do not even think of what lies beyond.

When I have thought of you of late—and I always do at the mercy-seat—it has been with anxiety about your health. God restore and confirm it! How I have wished for you, and for H., in my daily walks about this most picturesque of rural cities! For I find it absolutely necessary to be regular in my daily exercise, and I have enjoyed it greatly. I breakfast at seven A.M., but not till I have had a brisk promenade out into the country and back; then, after an hour or so spent in private duties and reading the Poughkeepsie paper, I go round to my workshop.

My faithful Schou precedes me, and a pile of letters awaits my attention on the table. These opened, read, answered, or otherwise disposed of, I take up my regular morning's work, happy if I am not intruded on by more than three or four, and do not lose more than half the time in answering their inquiries or chatting with Father Vassar, who tries to let me alone but cannot. Another walk half an hour before dinner, an afternoon of work, and then at half after five I lay aside my pen and take my glorious evening tramp, instead of supper, which I have eschewed, much to my inward salubrity. And oh! what lovely scenes, especially during these charming spring days! North, south and east, every day new discoveries, and the last always the loveliest of all. The west, across the river, I reserve for want of

time, and that, they say, is finest of all. I have a good long evening for work, and on my way home I frequently stop at Mr. Vassar's, where I have a standing invitation to break bread and cheese. Ought I not to fare well on such fare? which reminds me that I must say farewell to my fair, with an overflowing heart of love to all my dear ones about you. How is little Black Eyes? Kiss her well for me, and tell her not to read her precious eyes out, for we cannot spare them. And Hal, my boy, my only boy—his father's chief hope, and, I trust, to become one day my greatest joy and pride—let him play enough, and play with all his might; but let him not forget to put knowledge into his little head; above all, let him learn to be brave and truthful and obedient and generous and good. My dear M.—shall I ever get to the letter I have had it for weeks in my heart to write her? And H. must love me in the spirit, letter or no letter. I am very well, but at times savagely homesick. Once more adieu.

TO MISS LYMAN.

BROOKLYN, May 11, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND: . . . On the subject of dancing suffice it now to say that the College is wholly uncommitted, and so am I, and you need not fear that anything would ever be done there bearing on the religious welfare of the students without your full approval. One security you have. All the controlling influences in the Board would be with you in favor of strictness, and all you would need to do would be to keep me straight. For myself, I am constrained to confess I may need looking after, for I am a believer in Christian liberty, and in the divinity of the beautiful, and in the desirableness of an emancipation of the truth and spirit of Christ, in His people, from all the trammels of a narrow theology and a harsh and stern morality.

There, I have told the worst and I feel better. But don't suspect me of such narrowness in my opposition to narrowness as to be unaware of the terrible dangers on the side of breadth; don't suspect me of heedlessly confounding "Christian liberty" with latitudinarianism in opinion or license of life, or of rendering to beauty the worship due to the God of beauty. My doctrine on the whole subject is just your doctrine, I am sure, because it is just Paul's: "Ye are called to liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh." "Every gift of God is good, and to be received [if only it be received] with thanksgiving and sanctified by the word of God and prayer." "All things are lawful, but not expedient." "I will eat no meat while the world standeth, if meat make my brother to offend." That is good theology, is it not? Well, I think I love it, every word of it, and I will do my best, with your help and the blessing of God, to administer the College in its spirit.

But, the application? Yes, I know that is the difficulty, and if I don't speak right to the point, it is not because I have any notions to conceal, but because I have no opinions definitely formed on the subject. You know it has never till now been a practical question with me. I have not lived among a dancing people; "on the contrary, worry much the reverse" (as Mr. Weller remarked). In my schools it has never met me, nor in my church, and in my family the only person whom it has concerned thus far has been my eldest daughter, who is such a clear-headed little specimen of quiet Puritanic decision, that not even paternal arts and influences have ever been able to corrupt her in such matters as dancing, card-playing, or theater-going. So, what can you expect? I wait for light. When I talk with you, I presume you will find me pleading on the liberal side—*i.e.*, except when I find you leaning too far that way, in which case I shall try to be faithful; but when it comes to public expressions, and especially to the admission

of doubtful influences into the College-life, you will find me a model of caution. In a word, my dear Miss Lyman, I think you will find me not only "somewhat" but altogether in sympathy with you in the desire to have Christ's "idea" incorporated into our system, and to banish everything calculated to grieve His spirit from our midst or hinder the saving influences of the Gospel.

To-morrow I expect to see Mrs. Raymond, after a separation of four months! It is our silver-wedding-day, and we expected to spend it together after my return from Montreal. That plan my lumbago broke the back of. And now, since I must defer going till next week, I have telegraphed her to come. I am sorry that I have no photograph of her which I should be willing to send you. Picture to yourself the soul of goodness, a spirit as free from guile, as unselfish, as gentle, as true to duty, and as submissive to divine discipline, as ever dwelt in human bosom, and you have the only picture that will do her justice. Without pretension to "parts" or accomplishments, yet clear in intelligence and sound in all judgment, transparent as the day, "loving herself last" and full of sympathies for all beside, chastened by much experience of sorrow (five darlings have taken flight out of her bosom to God's), yet ever cheerful in look and tone for others, you cannot help but love her when you know her; but for one trace of all this you might search in her photograph a month, and search in vain. "Have I children?" I think I have! Five in heaven, and four yet spared to us on earth. But, happily, here's the end of my sheet. I should be blubbing next. Farewell, and believe me, ever affectionately,

Your brother, J. H. RAYMOND.

P. S. I shall get away (D.V.) early next week, and hope to be in M. by Wednesday morning.

The long-delayed meeting with Miss Lyman took place at Montreal, and the friendly relations formed during a five months' correspondence were confirmed in a nearer acquaintance. During this visit Miss Lyman's final hesitancy was removed, and she consented to the presentation of her name for election to the Lady-Principalship of Vassar College, which occurred during the meeting of the Board in June.

Only those who knew Dr. Raymond best could have any idea of the terrible weight upon his spirit which was removed by the successful opening of the College. It was the nightmare in which that huge building, like a soulless mass, seemed the mountain-load that was crushing him to the earth. Although he had ever been subject to great alternations of feeling, from exaltation to extreme despondency, it was his habit to give expression chiefly to the cheerful mood, and no letter at this time fully confesses the doubts which oppressed him. They are touched upon, however, in the following brief extract from a letter to Miss Lyman, under date of May 21st:

. . . I have been living for some time past the 42d Ps., "Why art thou cast down," etc. And I believe "I shall yet praise Him." I wait on Him, and He will strengthen my heart; and you shall say, "Is this the timid and careful man who came to me with such downcast looks, and painted the prospect at Poughkeepsie so dismally, as though his very object were to deter me from venturing there?" When we get the big ship launched and the voyage fairly begun, when difficulties take on a substantial form, when I have escaped from this terrible cloud-land of solitary speculation, this anticipation of all conceivable and inconceivable possibilities of peril, and we are battling *real* troubles, God for-

bid that you should find me unmanned or unmanly. But I do not mean always to talk to you in this melancholy strain.

" Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
All armed in proof."

In the short visits with his family, during the preceding summer, there were many hours when they felt that he "dwelt apart" within a shadow which the sympathy of those nearest and dearest could not penetrate. Greater than all the present and positive difficulties were the unknown dangers that haunted him in that "terrible cloud-land of solitary speculation." It was only in the dawning of the real life of the College that the full light broke upon his soul, and the spectres were put to flight:

To his WIFE.

OPENING DAY, Sept. 20.

Thus far we run before the wind. A splendid day, and the building and grounds alive with people. We must have received over two hundred young ladies already, and dined three hundred people in the hall quite comfortably. Our arrangements are perfect and work smoothly. I sit in my little sanctum busy with my papers, except when questions are brought to me for settlement. Poor Miss Lyman is so hoarse she can hardly speak, but is smiling as the day and strong as a lion. Our only difficulties grow out of the very natural circumstance that everybody would like to have the best room, and nobody wants to take the worst or even one of the worst. A few are exceedingly pertinacious.

I have bought my horse, the pretty Cuban pony. His name is Sherry, and he is a nice fellow.

How I wish you were here! Love to all my loves.

SATURDAY, P.M., Sept. 23.

I am very tired, and have to preach my first sermon to-morrow. So you will not expect much of a letter.

It seems like a dream, the sudden transmutation of this great lumbering pile of brick and mortar, which hung on my spirit like a mountainous millstone, into a palace of light and life. Last evening, about nine o'clock, I got out for the first time after dark, walked quietly down the front avenue to the gate-lodge under the dim light of the stars, and then turned to look at the College. It was illuminated from end to end. I then returned and walked around the whole. On every side it sparkled like a diamond. The front windows open, you know, on the corridors, which were all ablaze with gas; the end and rear windows are in the young ladies' rooms, and of course were equally brilliant. The blinds were generally open, and many of the windows; and everywhere fair young forms were moving around, and merry voices were heard in conversation and song. At the rear the pianos were going, and you would have thought the building had been inhabited for years instead of hours. We have a fine set of students, and they make themselves at home at once and behave beautifully. Towards sundown the grounds are all alive with happy groups—but you must come and see for yourself.

The work of reducing this beautiful chaos to order is, of course, great, and we are now at it. The responsible part comes largely on me; but, thank God, my fears are thus far disappointed, and I am working with a happy heart. But I do want you, all of you, so much. I cannot half enjoy the enjoyable things because you are not here to share; and our house, though most welcome for its quiet, is getting very lonely, and seems to complain that it alone is without a family and a mistress. . . .

Mr. Vassar has only just lived through it. He is almost

sick of joy. And good old Mr. Mitchell is the picture of happiness.

Things are dreadfully unregulated about the house. The steward has not his department at all in hand. But, so far, all are good-natured and indisposed to complain. That, of course, will not continue, and I hope the disorder will not. But the sermon waits. Farewell.

The sooner you are here the happier I shall be.

CHAPTER XII.

VASSAR COLLEGE—FORMATIVE YEARS.

THERE is so much general reference in Dr. Raymond's letters to the work upon which he had entered, and to its great responsibilities and risks, that it is natural to seek for a more definite knowledge of them. He has himself given a full account of the aims of the College, and of the questions involved in its organization; and in following him through the history of the problem that so long occupied his thoughts, we get the clearest idea of its solution, and of the end actually attained. The statements are taken from a report that he was requested to furnish, "in connection with other documents relating to our American systems of popular and higher education," to the International Exposition at Vienna:

THE COURSE OF STUDY.

HISTORY OF ITS DEVELOPMENT.

The Founder of Vassar College did not establish the institution to carry out any peculiar theory of education. His motive was one of general philanthropy. He sought for some beneficent object to which to devote the accumulations of an industrious life; and he found it in the erection of a College for Women. The scope of the idea, as it lay in his mind, was simply this, "to found and perpetuate an institution which should accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men."

For methods of procedure he relied upon others. "In relation to matters literary and professional," said he, in one of his

early addresses to the Board of Trustees, "I cannot claim any knowledge, and I decline all responsibility. I shall leave such questions to your superior wisdom." He stipulated only that the educational standard should be high—higher than that usually recognized in schools for young women. "The attempt you are to aid me in making," he said, "fails wholly of its point if it be not in advance, and a decided advance. I wish to give one sex all the advantages too long monopolized by the other."

The problem, then, which the Trustees had before them was this: to devise a system of intellectual training which, while adapted to the special wants of the sex, should be of as high a grade relatively, and should accomplish essentially the same ends, as the American college for young men, in other words, to devise a system of *liberal education for women*. What should it be? What elements of instruction and training should it embrace, and in what relative proportions? At what grade of advancement should the course begin, and to what extent should it be carried?

The question was embarrassed by several difficulties. In the first place, the only standard of measurement afforded them by the Founder's words had become itself unsettled. What was the proper function of the college *for young men* was in dispute. The champions of a "new education" were demanding essential changes in the orthodox collegiate system. They claimed that the vast growth and importance of the physical sciences entitled these to a larger space in the curriculum. Some of them boldly impugned the comparative value of classical training; and all urged that at least a wider scope should be given to individual choice in the selection of studies. Institutions of venerable authority were ranging themselves on opposite sides, and it was not easy to predict the result.

Again, supposing the conditions of a liberal education for men to be settled, were those for the other sex to be the same or different? and if different, to what extent, and in what particulars? The idea of a full scientific education for women was comparatively novel. Some sneered; many doubted; and those who had faith could point to no successful experiments to justify their confidence, and could find no recognized precedents to guide their policy. All was theory, and opinions were divided.

There were those who believed that the physical organization and functions of woman naturally disqualify her for severe study, and that an education essentially popular, and largely ornamental, is alone suited to her sphere. These deprecated all such movements as ignoring the laws of God and nature, and striking at the foundations of the physical and moral welfare of the race. Others, on the ground that there is "no sex in mind," demanded for women precisely the same educational treatment as for men—demanded, indeed, the admission of young women to the existing colleges, and their education side by side with young men, as the true solution of the problem. Between these extremes, a large and increasing number of intelligent educators and thoughtful parents were taking middle ground. Recognizing the possession by woman of the same intellectual constitution as man's, they claimed for her an equal right to intellectual culture, and a system of development and discipline based on the same fundamental principles. They denied that any amount of intellectual training, if properly conducted, could be prejudicial, in either sex, to physical health or to the moral and social virtues. They believed, in the light of all experience, that the larger the stock of knowledge and the more thorough the mental discipline a woman actually attains, other things being equal, the better she is fitted to fill every womanly position, and to perform every womanly duty, at home and in society. At the same time, they could not but see that there are specialties in the feminine constitution, and in the functions allotted to woman in life; and they believed that these should not be lost sight of in arranging the details of her education. It seemed obvious, too, that young women away from home should be surrounded with more effective social safeguards; that special sanitary provisions should be made for them; and that they should be furnished with ampler means of personal and domestic comfort than are usually thought necessary for young men. They could not, therefore, recognize the existing colleges as fully meeting the case, until those colleges shall be prepared to assume the whole of this responsibility by providing adequate personal accommodations and by enlarging their curriculum so as to embrace all the elements of feminine as well as masculine culture.

The Trustees of Vassar College, in common with its Founder, held this middle ground ; and two or three starting-points were thus determined for them.

1. A complete domestic system must be incorporated with the educational in the organization of the college. It was accordingly decided that all its students should be members of the college family ; that they should live together under one roof ; that the security and comforts of a well-ordered home should be assured them ; and that the sanitary and social regulation of their life, as well as their intellectual training, should be taken under the responsible direction of the college authorities. Hence the erection of the large and costly edifice, with its suits of furnished private apartments, its thoroughly equipped kitchen and laundry, the extensive apparatus for the supply of light, heat, and water, and the complicated arrangement of business offices, which otherwise might have been dispensed with. Hence, too, the appointment of a lady principal and a resident physician, and the important functions assigned those officers in the internal polity of the college. And hence a complete system of house regulations, matured by the Faculty, and intended to harmonize the personal with the student life of its members. In this feature the plan of Vassar College resembles that of the ladies' seminary or boarding-school, or that of the "college" or "hall" in the English university (as distinguished from the university itself), more nearly than it does that of the American college of the last half-century.

2. The course of study must be liberal, not elementary ; thorough and scientific, not popular and superficial. In this respect it was decided that Vassar should resemble the American college, rather than the seminary, academy, or high school. It was obvious, on a very little reflection, that the moulders of this institution were not so much concerned with the points which separated the old colleges from one another as with those which discriminated them in common from the secondary schools in our American system. The advocates of the new education were striving to make liberal education *more* liberal, to advance the college in breadth and altitude one step nearer the university. The question here was whether woman should have liberal education at all,—whether the course of study to be estab-

lished should be collegiate in *any* proper sense of the word ; and this question was settled in the affirmative. It should be collegiate, alike in the grade and in the method of its instructions. The text-books employed should not be the ordinary school-compendiums, but works of the highest authority in the several fields of knowledge. Not only the results of scientific and literary investigation should be taught, but (as far as possible) the methods. Mere *memoriter* recitations should be discarded ; and the student should be not merely required to "learn lessons," but trained to discuss subjects and to form and maintain opinions. This implied the devoting of some years, at the outset of the course, to disciplinary studies ; and, for this preparatory discipline, no substitute was found for the time-honored grammatical and mathematical drill on which the successful schools of liberal culture throughout Christendom have always relied, and still unanimously rely, as the indispensable foundation. This, in the judgment of the Trustees, was the step "in advance" to which the Founder had originally pledged them. In no other way could the expensive professorships, the scientific collections and other costly apparatus of instruction which he had furnished, be utilized, or the pecuniary provisions made for their continuance and enlargement be justified. Their efforts, therefore, have had this as a uniform and leading aim, to make Vassar College a COLLEGE, not in name only, but in fact,—a college in the grade and in the style of its instruction.

3. But, finally, the plan should not be a servile copy of existing models. If the old college system could be modified in any respect, either by addition or subtraction, so as to secure a more perfect adaptation to the wants of woman, the change was to be made without hesitation. Whatever might be added to former ideals of womanly culture on the score of breadth and thoroughness, there must be no lowering of the standard of womanly refinement and grace. The claims of æsthetic culture were therefore at once recognized ; the provisions made for instruction in the arts of design and in music must be ample, and adequate time be allowed for this culture in the regular curriculum.

So far all was plain ; but it was not so clear whether any further changes were required on account of the sex of the students. Some thought there should be relatively less of mathe-

matics and more of languages, less of science and more of literature. Some, that the classical or "dead" languages should be replaced by modern tongues; and others, that the study of the vernacular, and the arts of composition, should occupy a much larger share of the student's attention in a woman's college than in a man's. The old controversy as to the comparative claim of *practical* studies in a course of liberal culture came in; and the old difficulty was found, of determining what studies *are* practical and what not.

There was another point about which opinions differed; namely, whether the course of study should be prescribed or optional. In June, 1863, while the college edifice was building, a committee of the Board reported a plan of organization, recommending the adoption of what was called *the University System*, "an arrangement suggested by the system which prevails in European universities," and which was thus described: "Similar or collateral branches are combined into distinct departments or schools, which are practically independent of one another. Thus, we have the school of mathematics, the school of languages, the school of natural history, etc., each having its appropriate course of study. *The student selects whichever of these schools or studies his talents, tastes, inclinations, pecuniary circumstances, or objects in life may lead him to prefer;* and when he has mastered the studies of a school, he receives a testimonial certifying to that effect. Each school confers a distinct testimonial. When the student has gained testimonials in a specified number of schools, he is entitled to a diploma as a graduate of the university." This plan, though recommended by some theoretical advantages, other members of the Board thought not to be suited to the actual exigencies of the situation. It was believed that at the point indicated above by italics it would prove to be fatally defective; that the average student, or her friends, would not make such a selection or arrangement of studies as would attain the ends of a liberal education; and that in leaving so essential a matter wholly at the disposal of its students a college would be shirking its proper responsibility. The question was left at that time undecided.

To these theoretical difficulties a more peremptory practical

one was added—the necessity of taking into account the opinion of the public at large. There could be no college of any kind without students; and in this case, since there were no endowments for the support of instruction, they must be *paying* students. In this respect, it may safely be said, the enterprise has had to endure a test to which no school of liberal education was ever before subjected, and which has not always been borne in mind by those who have criticised its management from a purely theoretical point of view. The great building must be filled at once with students, and kept full to the number of nearly four hundred, at full rates of charge, or the enterprise would be crippled at the start. Whatever theories might require, it was idle to adopt any scheme which would not attract a liberal patronage from the well-to-do classes of the community.

The best thing to be done was, manifestly, to begin with a provisional plan, allowing opportunity for the public sentiment to declare itself, and taking time to mature the permanent course in the light of experience. Such a plan was outlined, and published as a "prospectus" in the spring of 1865. It offered instruction in all the branches of a collegiate course, but prescribed no uniform arrangement of them, committing the selection of studies in each case individually to the direction of the President and Faculty. The only prerequisites to admission were that the candidate should be over fifteen years of age, and should be prepared for examination in arithmetic, English grammar, modern geography, and American history. The prospectus exhibited the titles of studies to be taught in the college, grouped together loosely in ten departments of instruction. But it was added: "This scheme must be regarded as merely tentative. The Board reserves its final decision on the distribution of studies until experience has developed the wants of the community, and the whole subject has been maturely canvassed by the Faculty."

Of the three hundred and fifty students with which the college began, a respectable minority, perhaps one third, had been well taught,—a few admirably. But of the great majority it could not be said with truth that they were thoroughly grounded in anything.

In the ordinary English branches, had the same tests been applied then that are applied now with unvarying strictness at every entrance examination, one half the candidates would have been refused. In these branches the advantage was notably with those who had been taught in the graded public schools of the country, particularly of the larger towns and cities; and none appeared to less advantage, as a general fact, than those on whom the greatest expense had been lavished in governesses and special forms of home or foreign education.

In the more advanced studies, the examinations revealed a prevailing want of method and order, and much of that superficiality which must necessarily result from taking up such studies without disciplinary preparation. Such preparation seemed not to have been wholly neglected; but in a majority of cases it had been quite insufficient, and often little better than nominal. Most of the older students, for instance, had professedly studied Latin, and either algebra or geometry, or both. But the Latin had usually been "finished" with reading very imperfectly a little Cæsar and Virgil; and the algebra and geometry, though perhaps in general better taught, had not infrequently been studied in easy abridgments, of little or no value for the purposes of higher scientific education. . . .

One thing was made clear by these preliminary examinations: that, if the condition of the higher female education in the United States was fairly represented by this company of young women, with a great deal that was elevated in aim and earnest in intention, it was characterized by much confusion, much waste of power, and much barrenness of result, and admitted of essential improvement.

An inquiry into their plans for future study revealed as clearly their need of authoritative guidance and direction. There was no lack of zeal for improvement. Almost all had been drawn to the College by the hope of obtaining a higher and completer education than would be afforded them elsewhere. Indeed, the earnestness of purpose, assiduity of application, and intelligence to appreciate good counsel, which have, from the beginning, characterized the students as a body, are a noticeable and encouraging fact. But their reliance at first was largely on the adventitious advantages which the

College was supposed to possess for putting them in possession of their favorite branches of knowledge and culture. Of the real elements and processes of a higher education, and of the *subjective* conditions of mental growth and training, comparatively few, either of the students or their parents, appeared to have any definite idea. There was no lack of definiteness of choice. Tastes and inclinations were usually positive; reasons were not so plentiful. That the young lady "liked" this study or "disliked" that was the reason perhaps most frequently assigned. If its force was not at once conceded, she strengthened it by increased emphasis, declaring that she was "*passionately fond*" of the one and "*utterly detested*" or "*never could endure*" the other. *Practical* studies were greatly in vogue, especially with parents; "practical" meaning such as had an immediate relation, real or fancied, to some utility of actual life, such, for example, as that of chemistry to cooking, or of French to a tour in Europe. Appropriateness for the discipline of the faculties, or the equipment of the mind for scientific or philosophical investigation, might not be appreciated as practical considerations at all.

The deepest impression made by these preliminary examinations on those who conducted them was this, that the grand desideratum for the higher education of women was *regulation*, authoritative and peremptory. Granting that the college system for young men, coming down from an age of narrow prescription and rigid uniformity, needed expansion, relaxation, a wider variety of studies and freer scope for individual choice, there was evidently no such call in a college for women. In the field of "*female education*," without endowments, without universities or other institutions of recognized authority, without a history or even a generally accepted theory, there was really no established *system* at all; and a system was, of all things, the thing most urgently demanded. That it should be a perfect system was less important than that it should be definite and fixed, based upon intelligent and well-considered principles, and adhered to irrespective of the taste and fancies and crude speculations of the students or their friends. The young women who, all over the land, were urging so importunate a claim for thorough intellectual culture should first of all

be taught what are the unalterable conditions of a thorough culture, alike for women and for men, and should be held to those conditions, just as young men are held, whether they "liked" the discipline or not. The rising interest in the subject of woman's education, which so signally marked the recent progress of public sentiment, required a channel through which it might be directed to positive results. If Vassar College had a mission, was it not, clearly, to contribute something to that consummation? To adopt the "University System," or any other based on the purely optional principle, was manifestly to throw away the opportunity, and to use whatever of power and influence the College might have derived from the munificence of its Founder to perpetuate the deplorable state of things which it had been his chief desire to assist in changing.

To the task, therefore, of reducing to order the heterogeneous medley before them, the Faculty set themselves with all earnestness. Many have wondered why there should have been any delay in doing this,—why a collegiate course was not at once marked out and the students forthwith formed into corresponding classes. The reason will appear on a moment's reflection. It is easy to build a college on paper. To produce the real thing requires a variety of material, prepared and shaped for the purpose. There must not only be buildings and apparatus, books and learned professors, but there must be *students*,—students who have passed through a preparatory process which requires not only time, but certain moulding influences of a very definite character; and it will not be found easy—at least, it was not found easy in 1865—to get together four hundred young women, or one fourth of that number, so prepared. It was one of the great difficulties in the way of establishing a true Woman's College, that there was an entire lack of organized preparatory schools to furnish it with students properly grounded in the disciplinary branches, and that the schools which could do this work were to so great an extent committed to methods which tend rather to *unfit* the student for commencing a college course.

One fact, however, the Faculty discovered, which went far to counterbalance all their discouragements: The most mature, thoughtful, and influential of the students perfectly appre-

hended the situation, knew what they needed, and earnestly sought it. They were really in advance of the men of years and experience with whom the decision rested. With the quick insight of intelligent women—or, rather, with that exact discernment wherewith the sufferer of an evil takes its measure and presages its remedy—they had worked out the solution of the problem. Modestly, but firmly, earnestly, and intelligently, they pleaded for the adoption of the highest educational standard, avowed their readiness to submit for themselves to the most rigid conditions, and exerted a powerful influence to diffuse right views among the more intelligent of their fellow-students. It soon became evident that here was the vital nucleus for the future college; and around that nucleus the elements gathered with decisive rapidity. Before the close of the year, the Faculty found themselves supported in their desire for a full and strict collegiate course by a strong current of sentiment among the students themselves. The *controversy* was at an end. What remained was to make the idea a reality.

For the first year, no attempt was made to grade the students by any common standard. It would hardly have been possible to do so, so dissimilar had their previous plans of study been. Their individual wants were, therefore, considered only; and they were classified in the several departments of instruction separately. A great deal of earnest and profitable studying was done; and much progress was made in the development of educational intelligence, and in habits of steady movement under a decided discipline.

Toward the close of the second year, the first attempt was made to arrange a portion of the students (about one third of the whole) in college classes.

But it was not until the close of its third year that the institution fully attained a collegiate character. During these three years the Faculty had been carefully studying the conditions of the problem before them, ascertaining, through an extensive intercourse with students, parents, intelligent educators, and through other channels of information, the nature of the public demand, and gradually maturing a permanent course of study to meet as far as practicable its conflicting elements. At the opening of the fourth collegiate year (1868-69) this course defini-

tively replaced the provisional one adopted at the outset, and, with occasional modifications of detail, has remained in operation since. When the changes since made have in any way affected the standard of education, it has invariably been in the direction of its further elevation.

There is a fascination to many in watching the development of any genuine idea, especially if it attain large growth and fruitfulness. To one who cares to follow the history of the first Woman's College in America, and of the principles which it sought to establish, it is interesting to trace their progress during the four years which complete the first and formative stage of the College. In the President's annual reports to the Board of Trustees we see the unfolding of his plan (already broadly sketched in the "Vienna Pamphlet" just quoted from) as the chaotic elements upon which he worked gradually fell into order at his touch.

In his report for the first college year, we follow him through the weary mazes of "classification." After threading that labyrinth, it is cheering to see the way opening, in the second and third years, to that "Regular Course" for which he labored so untiringly with those under his care, that "royal road" to learning which to so many happy converts, convinced of its wisdom in those ever-memorable talks in the "President's Room," proved a way of pleasantness and a path of peace.

It was not strange that he should find occasion for expressions of special gratitude at reaching the successful close of the first year. His first annual report is given in full :

A favoring Providence has brought us through this our first year of experiment and trial, with perhaps as much occasion for

congratulation, and as little for regret, as it would have been reasonable to anticipate. To me at least, who have stood at a point of observation which commanded the whole field of difficulty, and at a post of duty to which every suffering interest has appealed for relief, and where there was no escape from the responsibility, day by day and hour by hour, of deciding doubtful questions, reconciling differences, moulding many and often inharmonious elements into an organization which would meet the demands of immediate necessity without compromising the permanent welfare of the College, and (last, not least) accustoming a large corps of able professors and teachers, representing almost as large a variety of professional habits, opinions, and expectations, to willing and harmonious action on the plan prescribed—to me, I say, after the experience of such a year, the approach of its close, without disaster, is eminently grateful, and, with more than wonted emphasis, I “thank God and take courage.” Many, I am aware, who have caught glimpses of the embryonic confusion inseparable from this formative stage, and contrasted what they have seen in part with the neat and finished ideal which it was so easy to spread on the pages of the Prospectus, have thought the process slow, and been disposed to censure the management of the College on that account. I do not fear such a judgment from any who have ever had a similar experiment to conduct. One on so large a scale and involving so many difficulties has, I think, rarely been attempted in the educational sphere. For myself, I must be allowed to say to you, to whom I am responsible, that during the past year I have felt the necessity of holding back quite as much as that of pressing forward; and, if any credit is to be awarded me, claim to-day as much for having prevented premature decisions as for contributing in my sphere to prepare the College to pass safely out of this period of expedients and experiment to the next, that of general law and incipient regulation.

But to a more particular review of the year.

1. *Classification of Students, and Instruction.* The College opened on the 20th day of September with nearly three hundred students. The maximum number of three hundred and thirty was attained during the fall. It was an easy task to distribute them in the comfortable rooms made ready for their

accommodation, and to surround them with all the outward conditions of successful study. Here our work as teachers began; here, too, we met with our first difficulty, and a formidable difficulty it was, with whose inevitable consequences we have been contending through the entire year. It was not that these three hundred and thirty young ladies were all strangers to us—had each to be carefully examined and graded in every branch of study she was to pursue. That required only time and patience, and it was done by the professors and teachers, under my direction, conscientiously and thoroughly. The difficulty lay in what that examination revealed.

It had been thought necessary, on financial grounds and with a view to the impression on the public mind, that the College should at once be filled, and that to this end the door should be opened as wide as possible for the admission of students. This meant the lowering of the standard of requirements. Had there been a strict adherence even to the easy conditions prescribed in the Prospectus, the number of students would have been reduced more than one half; and the task of organizing the department of instruction would have been delightfully easy and agreeable. We should not have accepted more than two thirds of those we did accept as candidates for admission; and of that number we should have dismissed a very considerable proportion on the results of the actual examination. Some of our professors and teachers, and many of the advanced students, felt disappointed and almost aggrieved that this was not done; and I know that some of the most intelligent friends of the College still believe that it should be done. I am not of the number. In an enterprise which, like this, aims not to carry out any narrow theory or to promote any special mode of reform, but to do the utmost possible good in the field it occupies, I believe in taking things as they are and working *with* Providence to improve them. The number of students who could be got together to pursue and complete a full college course must for some time to come be too small to warrant the maintenance of so costly an establishment as this, whose advantages might meanwhile be made useful to so many others, and especially in fostering and diffusing that love of learning which alone will inspire in the sex a desire for higher education. On the other hand, it

is indispensable, if we would maintain for Vassar College that foremost rank among schools for women to which all her antecedents bind her, not only that her regular course of study have a collegiate elevation and completeness, but that no student should be admitted in any relation who is not advanced beyond the need of mere elementary instruction, and that the published conditions of admission be strictly adhered to. Beyond this point, the claims of the business department must not be permitted to press upon the educational.

The consequence of the liberal principle of admission which it seemed expedient to adopt last fall was this: that among our three hundred and thirty students we had represented every age from under fifteen to about twenty-four—not to mention sporadic cases of even greater maturity—and every grade of educational advancement from that of a respectable college Junior down to a point lower than I have any convenient way of indicating or should take any pride in mentioning. Many of them, probably a majority of the whole, had been well taught, and were advanced either to the Freshman grade or within a year of it. Even these, however, had been educated so irregularly as to make the difficulty of classing them not small; while the minority was formidably large of those who, though they were ambitious for the topmost places, and often displayed imposing lists of the higher branches which they had studied elsewhere, were deplorably destitute of any educational foundation, and could not by any conscientious and intelligent teacher be assigned to other than elementary classes. In partial anticipation of the necessity, it had been arranged to form preparatory classes for beginners in Latin, French, and Algebra; but this was very far from meeting the emergency. We found that more than one third of the entire number were so deficient in the rudiments of Arithmetic and English Grammar that provision must be made for their regular and careful instruction therein. Such were the multifarious elements I found thrown suddenly under my hand, and demanding organization and arrangement into a working scheme which would meet their diversified wants and furnish the embryo of a regular system hereafter.

Within a week, as the results of the examinations developed themselves, I had abandoned all idea of a *general* class arrange-

ment for the present year, and resolved to class them, one by one, according to their degrees of proficiency, in the several departments to which they were admitted. This involved an amount of minute, laborious, and vexatious detail to which I should be sorry to see my worst enemy condemned. Nor was the difficulty that alone which was inherent in the task itself. Every one of these young ladies had come to Vassar College with rose-colored ideas of its perfect adaptedness to her particular wants, and of the freedom with which she would be allowed to select from its unlimited advantages to finish her education according to her own plan or that of friends perhaps no better competent to judge. "Special courses" were in great demand; and when those marked out were not approved, it became clear in many instances that even *female* Young America has a will of her own, and equally clear that she has been too much accustomed to have her own way in the choice and direction of her studies. . . . It took a world of talking, with individuals in private and to the school at large, to make it clearly understood that, while no effort would be spared to provide for the real wants (however peculiar) of every student, sham education, of whatever kind, was not the policy of the College; that the choice of their studies was not a matter of taste, affection, or caprice; that there was a natural relation of the various departments of knowledge to each other and to the common end—a well-informed and well-disciplined mind—and a proper order of consecution which could not be disregarded without ruining the whole; that what they contemned as mere elementary branches were the most indispensable part of their education; that the attempt to build the upper stories without a foundation was an architectural folly to which, neither for their sakes nor our own, could we afford to be a party; and that whenever on points of this kind their ideas differed from ours, it was our duty as good teachers to understand the matter better than they could, and their duty as good pupils, as well as their highest interest, to be governed by our judgment. If these lessons were thoroughly and finally taught the school, the time and labor expended were not thrown away. I trust they were; there was at least a general acquiescence in them, and the first half of our academic year saw a large proportion of the students of Vassar College

busily engaged in the review of their long-forgotten Grammar and Arithmetic, and on the rudiments of Latin, French, and Algebra, as preparatory to the regular College Course.

Meanwhile, there was the handsome collection of really advanced students, for whom provision was none the less to be made. They were not neglected. They too were at first classed according to their diversified proficiency in the several departments; and a steady endeavor has been made, throughout the year, to bring them gradually and without violence into line according to the regular course of study which the Faculty have laid down for the College proper. . . .

We shall commence work next year with the great advantage of a definite class-organization and a course of study which, though it will probably need further modification to adapt it fully to the educational demands of the time and the sex, will serve the purposes of present guidance. And the internal compactness and efficiency of the College will be further enhanced if the Board will sustain the President and Faculty in the enforcement of two other principles of its internal administration :

1. That the College shall not undertake to teach the mere elements of an ordinary English education, but will insist on thorough preparation in these as an indispensable prerequisite to admission ; and
2. That the special classes shall not be opened to the admission of younger students who have no good reason to give for not taking the regular course.

It will not be uninteresting to note among the problems for solution the difficulties experienced in reducing to disciplined order the captains and lieutenants of this newly gathered educational force, as well as the rank and file of the pupils :

The College has experienced during the year some not unforeseen difficulty from the lack not merely of a code of regulations for governing the students, but of an authoritative scheme defining the provinces of the various officers of the College and distributing the necessary powers and duties among them. This was an unavoidable deficiency. At the time of the opening of

the College it would have been premature to attempt to supply it. The scope and aim of the institution were in many respects new, and in some not clearly settled even in the mind of the Founder and the Trustees. It would have been unreasonable to anticipate a cheerful acquiescence on the part of so many concerned in the theoretical decisions of any single mind, and there was no common experience to which we could appeal as a basis for discussion. The only alternative was to rely upon those general ideas respecting our mutual relations and duties with which we should come together from our former and similar fields of labor, and which could hardly fail to agree in the most essential particulars; and, for the rest, for the adjustment of occasional differences of opinion or feeling, to depend on an impartial and kindly exercise of the Presidential authority and the common spirit of loyalty to truth and the College.

The collisions have been somewhat more numerous and serious than I hoped; yet, on the whole, the result has been satisfactory. Everybody's authority has at one time or other been sharply questioned, from the President's down, but always (I believe) honestly and out of love for the College. And, after all, we have got through the year with certainly no greater amount of friction than many other similar enterprises have experienced and happily survived, and so far as the officers are concerned, I am persuaded, with an increased feeling of mutual confidence and esteem. As for the students, they have as a body earned the highest praise for the spirit of intelligent self-discipline which has characterized them, and their ready amenability to a purely moral government.

At the close of the second year he is able to report still greater advancement in classification of pupils and regulation of departments and teachers, and to announce the graduation of the first College class. In this report he specifically combats the too free granting of special courses, mentioned toward the close of the first report, and shows the inevitable result of such a policy:

The difficult work of organization has made encouraging progress. A little more than one half of the students have

entered upon the Regular Course of study prescribed for the College, and nearly all of these are either in full membership of its several classes or will become so before the termination of the next year. The standard of scholarship in these classes is high; and an earnest purpose to secure the benefits of a sound, thorough, and comprehensive education is a marked characteristic of the school. I cannot but augur the happiest results.

Of the 189 students who are allowed to pursue special courses more than one half are over eighteen years of age, and a still larger proportion are earnest, faithful, and successful students, who are making the best use of their time, and proving themselves worthy to enjoy the advantages of the Institution. There is a fraction of this class, however, who form an exception to the general character of the students, having little or none of the real spirit of study, and, to the extent of their influence, lowering the tone of the College in every way. This is so uniformly true of those who, entering at a very early age, refuse to take our Regular Course on frivolous pretexts, but for no real reason except their distaste for systematic and thorough study, that it has been thought best to allow special courses hereafter to none under seventeen years of age. Of that class there were 21 last year who prevented the reception of an equal number of suitable students, and were the occasion of nearly all the trial to our discipline during the year. . . .

The Code of "Laws and Regulations" which was drawn up by a Special Committee of the Board appointed at your last annual meeting, and which was printed and put in force early in the year by the Executive Committee, according to your direction, has had the happiest effect in settling questions of doubtful jurisdiction among the officers of the College, and giving to each officer a definite knowledge of the duties of his position and the exact extent of his powers for their performance. The cheerful acquiescence in the will of the Board as thus made known, which has almost without exception been evinced by the officers, establishes the justness of the opinion expressed in my first Annual Report, that nothing else was needed as a general fact to prevent collision and insure harmonious action. . . .

Finally, I feel that the Founder and guardians of Vassar College have abundant occasion for gratitude and encouragement

in the progress already made in the development of their plans. At the end of its second year the College has graduated its *first class* of students, and has no reason to be ashamed of them. At a proper time in the course of this meeting it will be my pleasant duty to present the names of the four young ladies who compose this class as worthy candidates for the *First Degree in Liberal Arts*, and to ask the Board to take action with a view to conferring upon them diplomas in testimony of the facts, drawn in suitable form, executed by the proper officers, and duly sealed with the corporate seal of the College.

We have now also fully organized and successfully at work a regular series of classes, larger in size than the first, stronger in aggregate ability, and, so far as their education is advanced, more systematically and completely trained.

The provisional course of study had now done its work, and at the close of the third year, he reports the completion of the regular College curriculum, upon which he had spent much laborious thought:

While the aggregate attendance during the past year has been somewhat less, a much larger proportion of the number are enrolled in our regular classes, and expect to remain until they graduate. At the close of last year less than one third of the students were Regulars, and the class-organization of these was still imperfect. At the close of this year exactly two thirds of the whole will be arranged in the four College classes, and will hereafter go forward on a uniform plan of instruction, admitting all desirable varieties without sacrificing unity and system to the completion of their course.

This perfecting of our regular organization has been effected not only without lowering the claims of exactness and thoroughness, but in connection with a steady tightening of the reins of discipline in every respect. The endeavors of the Faculty in this direction have been sustained and effectively aided by the intelligent co-operation of the students, among whom a strong and very remarkable *esprit de corps* is developed in favor of a higher style of education. Their class-feeling is one of generous but very earnest emulation, and they are moved

by a common ambition to have this Woman's College, *their* Alma Mater, rank with the best in all things that the wise commend.

A large amount of time and thought has been given this year by the Faculty to a revisal of the course of study. It was not anticipated that the course adopted provisionally at the opening of the College would fully meet the wants which time might develop. Its imperfections soon made themselves felt, and last year some partial attempts were made to correct them. But owing to inharmonious elements in the Faculty, and to the want of fully developed results of experience, those attempts accomplished little. This year we began early and worked hard; and the result will be found in the Course of Study published in the new Catalogue, to which I invite the particular attention of the Board.

The difficulty of devising such a scheme as would reconcile conflicting interests and opinions, in a field comparatively new and untried, without sacrificing internal consistency and working efficiency, no one can estimate who has not made a like attempt. We by no means regard the work as completed; but we hope that an advance has been made towards a satisfactory solution of some of the chief difficulties of our problem.

This is not the place for discussing the principles that enter into the composition of the course. I wish only to call attention to the fact that the grade of education it aims at is decidedly *high*, not merely in the studies pursued, but in the extent to which they are carried and the provision made for teaching them; approximating, if not (in all its details) equaling, the standard of the first-class colleges for men. If it can be carried out, it will place Vassar College, in this respect, distinctly in advance of all the institutes for woman's instruction in the country.

We have not concealed from ourselves the fact that it is yet an experiment how far there may be a *paying* demand for such education for women. Higher education, even for men, has never been a source of pecuniary profit, simply because there are comparatively few who really appreciate it, and still fewer who are at once able and willing to pay what it costs in money, time, and labor. A course of study might easily have been

devised which, by adapting itself to a wider popular demand, would have been more likely to yield large immediate returns. But this would have been merely to add another good "Female Seminary" or "Ladies' Boarding-School" to the many already existing—one somewhat larger and wealthier and better appointed than the rest, but not different in kind; nor affording to the intellectually ambitious of the other sex any essentially new opportunities for development and culture.

To the other and nobler experiment we have felt that Vassar College was committed (1) by the known wishes and avowed purpose of its Founder, and the pledges given in his name to the community; (2) by the costly collections and equipments of the College, begun on a scale which would be mere folly and waste unless with reference to full collegiate courses of instruction; and (3) by the aspirations of so many of our students who have gathered to your halls in full faith that these pledges are to be redeemed, and that here they are to have not the empty shell, not the delusive name, but the reality and substance of the opportunities enjoyed by their brothers in the colleges of the land.

We have found these young women unexpectedly intelligent in their discriminations between real education and the glittering semblances too generally offered to their sex in its name. They have apprehended precisely the point of our deliberations, and watched their progress with intense interest. They hail with gratitude and joy every new provision introduced into our plan that tends to raise the intellectual standard of the College. However it may increase the severity of the requirements on themselves, and even though in some cases it cuts them off from the hope of personally wearing its honors, still they accept it as a compliment to the intellect of their sex and a harbinger of its coming elevation.

This feeling, so strong and so pervasive of all the true women among us, whether teachers or students, so much more earnest than I had anticipated, has, I confess, been decisive in my judgment both of the question of duty and of the question of expediency. Disappoint it by adopting a standard not essentially above that of other good female schools, and your best students will at once fall away from you, and carry no good report of you

to their homes. Meet this feeling and satisfy it, foster and stimulate and strengthen it by giving it the food it demands, make it characteristic of the institution, and the news will be borne to all parts of the land by proud and happy tongues, and Vassar College will everywhere be known as something nobly unique, as really what it was promised it should be, the Yale or Harvard among women's colleges, and the place above all other places where women most gifted and most capable of culture may seek a true education without peril of failure. The only question remaining will be whether the country will furnish young women enough who desire such opportunities, and who can find the means of paying for them. And that, I apprehend, at the worst, can be but a question of time.

His remark in this report concerning the mode by which his officers and instructors had been gradually brought into nearer mutual sympathy and accord is characteristic of his methods and worthy of note :

. . . . The deliberations of the Faculty have been conducted with unprecedented harmony and vigor, and with satisfactory results. It is cheering to the President, and full of happy augury to the institution, to see this body becoming more and more a unit and a power in the College, through an increasing spirit of mutual respect and a practical coincidence of views among the Professors, *which is all the more intelligent and the more likely to be permanent because it is reached through the freest and most earnest discussion.*

The following year, in his fourth annual report, he gives a further exposition of the principles on which the revisal of the Course of Study had been made, developing his own theory of a course suited to a college for women.

The revised Course of Studies, which went into effect at the close of the last collegiate year, has worked well in the institution after its brief trial.

It is modeled, as the Board know, in its general features and

the leading principles which have governed the selection and arrangement of its parts, after the so-called College System—not by any means because that system is regarded by myself or by my associates in the Faculty as perfect in itself, or in all particulars suited to the special wants of woman, but : (1) because it offered itself as the most available means (I may say the only available means) for specially securing some sort of definiteness and system—the crying and fatal defect in all womanly education to the present hour ; (2) because it was a simple and universally intelligible mode of asserting the educational rank and character of the institution, as something more than a larger Boarding-School for Girls, or Ladies' Seminary with somewhat better appointments—an institution which aimed at definite and high results, and in order to attain them prescribed the methods, expecting the pupil not to dictate, but to comply ; and (3) because the cardinal principles of the old College System, both as to aims and method, are peculiarly suited to shape the foundation of the “new education” for women. My own faith on this subject is briefly this : that, while the education for men has outgrown the old college system, and is demanding room for expansion and free development in various directions, that for women has but just grown up to it, and needs for a season the bracing and support of its somewhat narrow forms. And I think we shall commit a serious, if not fatal, mistake in our policy for the College if we overlook this important distinction.

At the same time, I have never entertained the idea of a rigid adherence to college forms and precedents. It was necessary that we should begin somewhere to impress some definite form on our work, and this seemed the nearest and best that offered. But we are under no necessity and no temptation to suffocate our prosperous and promising infant with swathing bands. Already our plan embraces many features which are quite unknown to colleges for young men, and such must steadily increase, as the demands of the sex, and of the age upon the sex, become more fully developed and are more fully announced.

I am aware that anxiety has been felt by many of the most devoted and enlightened friends of the College lest, by too close an imitation of the forms and studies and too much cultivation of the spirit of ordinary colleges, we should impair womanliness

of character in our students, and encourage the formation of those mannish tastes and manners which are so offensive to every right mind and feeling. I have here time only to say that that anxiety we not only profoundly respect, but share with an intensity and earnestness commensurate with our greater responsibility. We are trusting to no theory, we are following no party leaders; we are watching closely the tendencies of things on the young women who are under our eye daily, and for the present we ask simply to be judged by our work. Its results are before you; scrutinize them closely, get the verdict of the refined and sensible of both sexes. When our daughters will not bear inspection; when Vassar College, as represented, in public and in private, not by its tyros but by its seniors and its alumnæ, becomes popular with the vulgar and extreme "woman's rights" people, and disgusts the wise, we must confess our error. Until then, and so long as the young women who have drunk most deeply of the spirit of the College, and most profoundly of the sources of scientific and literary culture which it opens, command a universal admiration for the breadth and clearness of their intelligence, for the sobriety and soundness of their judgments, for the simplicity and delicacy of their manners, and for the dignity, purity, and symmetry of their character, we feel that we may fairly ask for a little longer trial.

His faith in the capability of women to master the most difficult branches had been well tested. The statements of the work accomplished during this fourth year in the different departments of instruction show the "high" character of the course, and the zeal with which it had been pursued. In none, perhaps, is it more forcibly illustrated than in those of Astronomy, under Professor Mitchell, and the Classical Languages, at that time under Prof. Robert:

The instruction in Astronomy has been given to two classes, one in Robinson's Astronomy, and the other in Pierce's Spherical Astronomy. A large amount of time has been devoted by both to practical observing, in which the young ladies of last year's

class have joined. They were fortunate in their observations of the meteoric shower of November, 1868; have recorded the path of four thousand meteors, and contributed some valuable data for determining the height of the meteors above the earth. The importance of these contributions has been recognized by the highest scientific authorities. The sun has been observed with special care, it being near the maximum period for solar spots. Drawings have been made of the most important ones, on twenty-six days. The meteorological journal has been regularly kept.

The large equatorial telescope was greatly improved by the skillful manipulating of Mr. Alvan Clark last August, and, so far as the object-glass is concerned, may now be regarded as the third in the country, those of Chicago and Cambridge only excelling it. The students of the previous year had given their time principally to the study of the Calculus and of Prof. Pierce's work on Eclipses, investigating the theory and rigorous formulæ devised by Bond for the computation of solar eclipses, with a thoroughness certainly unusual for undergraduates, and demonstrating their practical mastery of the subject by independent calculations of the solar eclipse of August, 1869.

The fact that such work is done in Vassar College by members of its Senior class will be to competent judges among the convincing proofs of the elevation and thoroughness of the education here afforded.

The department of Languages was, this year, in a most flourishing condition. He was greatly encouraged by the sympathetic views of the professor who had been called to that chair, by his zeal for classical culture, and his efficient aid in strengthening the classical foundations. Dr. Raymond had never lost his strong conviction of the importance of Latin as the groundwork of an education, and he emphasizes it in his review of the work done in that department (which, however, embraced modern as well as ancient languages):

Besides the reading of the regular Latin authors, the advanced classes have been exercised in written translations and analyses

of the works studied, and each student has presented an elaborate essay on some theme relating to classical antiquity and requiring extensive reading in its preparation. The students have manifested great interest in these studies, and a laudable ambition to attain a high standard of excellence in scholarship. Of the beneficial effect of this earnest and thorough study in the development of their intelligence, and in preparing them for the successful pursuit of literature, science, and philosophy, it is impossible for me to feel the shadow of a doubt.

The unusual attainments of the higher classes in Greek furnished an opportunity for the expression of his views on the knowledge of that language as a womanly accomplishment :

The selections read from the authors named (Homer, Thucydides, and Herodotus, in the Junior year, and, in the Senior, Sophocles, Pindar, and Plato) were quite full and extended as compared with those usually made by the colleges, and the study of this peerless language was pursued by the few who undertook it with a rare enthusiasm and success. I have never been an ardent Hellenist, but I confess I know of no field of elegant scholarship more suited to womanly cultivation than this. And now that the masculine intellect of the age is so powerfully drawn in other directions, and must be more and more so, to keep pace with the gigantic growths of material science and political philosophy, may we not hope that for some finer minds of the other sex the office is reserved of keeping open the channels for the refining and humanizing influences of that most exquisite of the ancient civilizations?

Although the study of Greek was made elective, there were many who were won by the fascinations of the field which it opened to them. One who felt the power of these attractions writes :

I think the enthusiasm felt by our class on the subject of Greek was owing almost entirely to Dr. Raymond's influence. The number of those selecting it had been for some time small,

as the majority of students chose the sciences. Being desirous to correct this tendency, the President made a plea for Greek to the students. He represented the advantages to be gained from it as a disciplinary study, and the attractions of the language itself, and showed that a knowledge of it is a great help to a correct and thorough appreciation of classical history, both of art and civilization. The result was a revival of interest in the classical studies, especially Greek, and the formation of a class comparatively large, numbering twenty.

So strong was his belief in the mental discipline attained through the severer studies that he even urged its important relation to the fine arts, and its value in preparing the way for their cultivation. The success of the Department of Music confirmed this view. The remarkable proficiency of the pupils in this department, in spite of the limitations in time, he attributes in great measure to "the healthy effect of the college course in strengthening the power of concentration and general capacity for improvement." He says :

The enthusiasm with which so many of our best regular students pursue this truly feminine accomplishment affords the strongest proof that there is nothing in the highest literary and scientific culture incompatible with an enlightened zeal for esthetic culture; while the remarkable success with which these young ladies, within the narrow limits of time here allowed them, attack and master the most difficult classical music shows that intellectual discipline tells also in this direction. It is the explicit testimony of Prof. Ritter, who has large experience in the most noted and fashionable schools in New York, in which music is made a specialty and absorbs a large portion of the young ladies' time, that our best students (those who are most diligent and successful in the severer studies of our course) do more and better work, and make higher attainments in music, than any other class of pupils that come under

his instructions. He undertook the professorship with many misgivings on account of the limited time allowed to the students, but has become enthusiastic over the results.

Both the Art Schools, like the Department of Astronomy, have suffered heretofore from their disadvantageous competition with the claims of the college course. The principles on which the revised course is arranged will leave our regular students more free than they have formerly been to combine art-culture with their studies in literature and science; and we can consistently encourage them in so doing just in proportion as we succeed in giving an intellectual character and dignity to the instructions of those schools.

If that end was accomplished, it was due to some extent to Dr. Raymond's personal interest in a finer culture. Many of his students bear witness to the impulse received from his sympathy in all matters of æsthetic enjoyment, and from the discriminating comments which were an education to all who were partakers with him in such enjoyments. His enthusiastic love of the beautiful and the purity of his taste could hardly fail to influence the general tone of culture in the College; while his own critical knowledge of art, and the high ground which he took with regard to its methods of instruction, fitted him to organize the Schools of Music and Painting. He could only intrust the administration of those departments to those in full sympathy with his own high idea, and it was a chief cause of satisfaction that he was able to secure the eminent talent which he sought in those professorships.

His conception of the claims of the Musical Department is seen in his statement of the way in which those needs were met by Prof. Ritter:

Our first Professor of Music was principally successful in giving an exterior organization and discipline to that depart-

ment. His successor, without being deficient in this respect, has infused into it a new soul. His standard is the highest, and he has the faculty of rousing the ambition and stimulating the energies of all who work under him, both teachers and pupils, in a remarkable degree. The elevation of the aims of the Music Department, and the superiority of the results actually produced under his administration, are noticed by all. In addition to his qualities as an instructor and director of the art, he has a range of learning as to its literature and history, and a zeal for turning this learning to account, which make him a peculiarly desirable officer for such an institution as our own. The two series of "Historical Recitals," which he recently gave in the college chapel, from the great schools and masters of music in Europe, formed an entertainment entirely unique (so far as I know) in this country, and valuable not merely for passing gratification, but as a means of positive instruction not otherwise obtainable by the student of music.

With all the causes for encouragement, the President could not forget the dangers that remained, and at this same meeting of the Trustees, in June, 1869, he remonstrated more urgently than ever against the admission of non-collegiate students. This was pre-eminently his work for Vassar College—to insist upon its collegiate character—and his plea is repeated and emphasized in all his discussions before the Board. This was the trust which he had accepted as a sacred commission, to keep the College true to its noble ideal, and no one knew better than he what ceaseless vigilance was necessary, or was quicker to detect the slightest downward tendency. He had reported a gain in the number of students, but added :

This gain was secured by the admission of precisely that number of young ladies who were not up to the required grade in their studies, and who were allowed to review or complete

elementary branches under the instruction of our teachers. My opinion is that the loss of the College in reputation, in internal order and scholarly spirit, and in the waste of teaching force required for the care of so many immature, undisciplined, and backward minds was greater than the pecuniary gain. I trust it will not be thought necessary to repeat the experiment.

The ratio of students pursuing regular to those pursuing irregular or special courses has continued to change steadily in favor of the former. The advantages resulting from this change are important in many ways. The professors and teachers, dealing to so much greater extent with carefully graded classes of equal culture and homogeneous pursuits, are able to economize their time and strength, and so to concentrate their force on definite points as to secure far better results. The students experience the benefit in an improved quality of instruction and a more vigorous development of class spirit.

It is more and more clear to me that the privilege of taking irregular courses should be firmly limited to those who in the judgment of the Faculty will be benefited by it, and that all others should as soon as possible be brought into line with the regular movements of our educational system. The time may come when the higher education of women may share to advantage in the endeavors now making in so many directions, and in so enlightened a spirit, to give to that of men a wider scope and greater freedom of individual adaptation. But the first thing to be done is to *reduce it to order*, and this, I submit, is the *present* mission of Vassar College.

Many years after this, in 1876, when the perilous times were thought to be past, his watchfulness took the alarm. The number of students had been somewhat diminished, and the ratio of "preparatories" to the whole number had been slowly increasing. Dismayed at the possibility that it was not even then too late for the College to fail of its high purpose, he made one more appeal to the trustees to aid him in upholding the collegiate standard. He had given the statistics

of attendance for several years, and from these he draws the most portentous inferences :

These comparisons would seem to show not only that our aggregate number of students is falling off, but (a far more serious fact) that the character of the institution is changing—that, under the influence of some new and steadily acting cause or causes, the upward progress of the institution towards an unqualified college grade has been arrested, and retrograde movement has commenced. What is the end to be? We have now about an equal number of collegiates and preparatories. Let the change continue in the same direction and at the same rate, and in seven years more than three fourths of our students would be preparatories. Let it continue in the same *direction*, and we may be sure it would proceed at an accelerated rate; and within seven years the character and function of Vassar would be settled as that of a great preparatory school of secondary grade, fitting students for the colleges pure and simple. Already many kind friends are predicting that this is to be our destiny; and even some of our devoted alumnæ declare that they scruple to advise young women seeking a true collegiate education to prefer Vassar to Smith, to Sage, or to Michigan, so long as her halls are so crowded with immature students and half the strength of her professors must be given to mere elementary instruction. The representations are greatly exaggerated, but the trouble is, they tend to realize themselves. Our ambitious students will not accept their education of an institution of equivocal standing.

I certainly think the danger is real, and that it should be met by a decisive policy. It should be settled, first, clearly in this Board that Vassar College is not to be allowed to lose its position in the forefront of the movement for Woman's Higher Education; that none of the institutions which have entered later on the course are to be permitted to outstrip her in the race; that she exists for the sake of her advanced position; that her accomplished professors; her costly collections in science and art, her fine and growing library, and all her large educational resources are not meant for children, but for young women who are prepared to appreciate and to use them; and that the pre-

paratory department is no integral part of the institution, but an accidental appendage, to be continued only so long as it subserves the College, and never to interfere with its interests.

Next, all this should be made clear to the public. All doubt should be dissipated. The preparatory department cannot be spared; but the separation between it and the College should be distinct and broad. The standard of admission to the College should be the recognized collegiate standard; and its diploma should be made to mean as much as that of any institution in the land that offers its advantages to young women. The College students should be made to feel that, in the disposing of its accommodations, they will be first considered, and that, in all matters bearing upon the effective prosecution of advanced studies, provisions shall be made here at least equal to the best elsewhere.

I do not know that I can justify this policy on grounds of immediate economy. It probably means fewer students or enlarged accommodations. But if the position of Vassar among the colleges is in question, can we hesitate? Do we not owe it to the Founder and his great idea to take the risk? It is not certain that an investment of faith may not yield as large results financially as one of business sagacity. Great institutions of learning have never been sustained without great gifts, and ours is clearly not to be an exception. The prospect does not dismay me. Let this Board be true first to its most sacred trust—that of maintaining the high character of the College, not rashly, but bravely, and by accepting for this purpose responsibilities which are inevitable,—and friends will not be wanting. Are there not sitting within these walls those who, with means (thank God) not scanty, have too profound a love for the College, too much of the blood and spirit of the Founder, to permit it to lack for anything necessary to make it a complete success? I believe it; and I believe that when the time comes, when one such inspiring example is given here, one stirring deed kindred to that of the original foundation, it will call out an army of enthusiastic helpers from other parts of the land. Such an act would be hailed everywhere as a second founding of Vassar, and would place the future of the College beyond peradventure.

These discouragements, happily, were but temporary, the following year "restoring the normal numerical ratio between the collegiates and preparatories." From this time there was no room to doubt the full success of the institution, or to question the fulfillment of its mission as a COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

VASSAR COLLEGE—THE FIRST DECADE.

IN the spring of 1865 the Trustees of Vassar College had adopted the plan of interior organization presented by the President, and thus launched the College into actual existence. The first decade of its active history was completed, therefore, in 1875. In February of that year an opportunity occurred to summarize the results of the ten years spent in moulding the institution. The completion of the large and beautiful Museum, and its opening for the reception of the art-collections and of the rapidly growing cabinets, furnished the occasion for a Social Reunion, to which the friends of Woman's Higher Education were summoned. The growth of the material resources of the College thus afforded an opportunity to review the progress made in more important directions. It was "an occasion of vital significance," said one who was present, marking the full triumph of the cause which, in all these years of busy silence, had with quiet and resolute courage been fighting its battles—a cause in which Vassar College now held the "unchallenged leadership." The interest with which the struggle had been watched was a surprise to those most earnestly engaged in it, when the responses which came to the invitation from hundreds in the land told of the sympathy and confidence which were now ready to greet the enterprise. From representative men and women in all

parts of the country, from the highest official and educational circles, came one voice of fervent congratulation. It was easy now to predict a future of brightness and blessing, and the friendly prophecies were multiplied by those who gathered to see what had already been accomplished. Such was the tone of the addresses which were made. Good wishes and commendations were the natural utterance of the hour. To those who spoke as representatives of the College a little quiet elation might be forgiven. To one who has worked in silence upon the shapeless clay, gradually evoking form and grace, the hour of unveiling must be an exultant one. It was with no common joy that those who had patiently fashioned this structure could point to the living monument and show a completed work.

The results which had actually been attained are set forth in the words spoken by Dr. Raymond that evening. Referring to the ten years now drawing to a close, he said:

The period has been marked by great progress in public sentiment in regard to the truths announced by Mr. Vassar as underlying the act which consecrated his possessions to this object. The natural right of woman to intellectual culture and development; her right to share in all useful and proper employments for which by proper training she can be fitted; the policy of throwing open the avenues to such employment to women, whenever and wherever they are found qualified therefor and inclined thereto; and, above all, the indispensable need of ample endowments to secure to colleges for young women the elevated character, the stability and permanency of our best colleges for young men: these have ceased in many minds to be doubtful propositions, or at best mere sentimental possibilities, and have deepened into moral convictions tending to action. The idea of collegiate education for women has, in one form or another, become familiar to the public mind. Some respectable colleges

organized and officered for young men, notably the State University of Michigan and our own Cornell, have thrown open their doors for the admission of women, assuming this new and grave responsibility with more or less adequate provision for its discharge. In Massachusetts, the mother of schools, the foundations have been laid by private liberality for two new colleges for women, one at Wellesley (near Boston) and the other at Northampton; and in many of the academies and secondary schools facilities are beginning to be afforded to girls, as well as to boys, for that special disciplinary preparation on which alone the college can successfully build. And in all directions—in the discussions of the press, of educational associations, and of well-informed private circles—evidences are multiplying that the clear common-sense of the people has caught the signs of the time, and that the question is no longer whether women shall have opportunities for a collegiate education, but what are the best forms of organizing and conducting it, and how shall the endowments be obtained that are necessary to make it a reality.

Coincidentally with these educational tendencies, the period has been marked with a wide-spread agitation of new problems, all bearing upon the scope of woman's responsibility in church and state, and all looking to the probable enlargement of her sphere and the more perfect utilization of her energies; not only in the home and the social circle of which she has long been the acknowledged ornament and queen, but also in science and letters, in industrial and esthetic art, in the missionary field, in moral and philanthropic enterprise, and even in professional life. These questions are still far from being settled, and the agitation of them has been attended by sharp antagonisms, extreme opinions on opposite sides, rancorous and unprofitable disputations, by all the manifestations of ultraism and partyism which invariably accompany the progress of ideas whose discussion is free. However they may ultimately be determined, the simultaneous discussion of these problems during these ten years is proof of the deepening interest felt by the civilized and Christian world in the readjustment of woman's relations to the life of humanity; all enforce the importance of giving her the soundest intellectual and moral training, that

she may the more wisely judge for herself and the more effectually discharge the duties which Providence shall devolve upon her, whatever they may be.

In the discussion of these questions, educational, social, religious, political, Vassar College takes no sides. The institution was not founded, and is not administered, in the interest of any doctrine or class of doctrines. Its business is education, in the broadest sense, and exclusively that. Its doors are open to all, without regard to sect or party; and here thought is free, in respect to those varieties of opinion in which the good may differ. The only thing that we ask of our pupils is that there should be thought, honest and earnest; and the aim of our training is, not to inculcate a particular creed or system of belief, but to furnish the youthful mind with the well-established and undisputed results of past inquiry, to inform it clearly in respect to the great questions in philosophy and science which now divide the thinking world, and so to develop and discipline its faculties that it shall be able in due time to form its own opinions, and to understand and explain the grounds on which those opinions rest. In this respect, here, as in every true college, the microcosm of college reflects faithfully the macrocosm without. Minds meet in free and earnest, sometimes in sharp, encounter; nor do we fear the result for any, so long as the discussions are animated by sincerity, candor, and mutual respect. Those who are in error are in a fair way to be enlightened; and those who hold the truth, hold it none the less firmly for being compelled to defend it, none the less securely for learning some of the sophistries by which it is assailed.

The growth of the College during these years has not been so much in the number of its students (which soon after its opening became quite equal to its capacity) as in other respects. Its progress has been seen in the gradual development and maturing of its organization and internal polity, and in the steady elevation of its educational standard. With certainly no greater amount of native talent in the whole body of students, with fewer instances among them of exceptional maturity and force of character, the general advance made in the facility and finish of the performances in the class-room, in the literary societies, and in the general management of their affairs, is very notice-

able. The improvement in the methods of instruction in the several departments has been commensurate with the gradual augmentation of the facilities, and such as marks the progress of every live institution of learning.

After a review of the growth of the Library, the Art Gallery, and the collections illustrative of Natural History, which were to be accommodated in the new Museum, whose completion was the occasion of the gathering, he proceeds :

The question of co-education is not a practical one for us. The limitations of our charter determine us to the system of a separate education for women. We do not feel called upon to assail the other method. We are more than willing that its friends should develop and illustrate its advantages, if it have any—we *rejoice* in the trial of every experiment that promises to throw light upon the problems of woman's higher education. But whatever may be its dangers, whatever hazard may attend the gathering into the same academical community of large numbers of young men and women, or whatever difficulty there may be in adjusting a common curriculum to the claims of both a masculine and a feminine culture, Vassar is free from such embarrassments. She has fairly tried the experiment of the capacity of women *under conditions especially adapted to their wants*, for the most thorough, systematic, and comprehensive education. Under such conditions, at least, she has furnished a practical refutation of ancient prejudices on this subject. . . . For rosy health and vigor she challenges the production of four hundred young women thrown together under any other system of training, or in any other line of life, who will surpass or equal her students. And if any still labor under the impression that earnest study and high intellectual culture are destructive of feminine grace and refinement, let a visit to Vassar dispel the illusion. No parts of the system here adopted have yielded more thoroughly satisfactory results than the provisions made for health and for social and moral culture. The success attained in these respects is believed to be attributable to the systematic

care which has been extended over those invaluable interests, and to the presence and tireless efficiency of responsible officers charged with their protection. . . .

How, then, shall we sum up the results of the first ten years in the experience of the College?

1. It has survived the perils of infancy, and disappointed the predictions of unfriendly skeptics and timid friends.

2. It has been true to the objects to which its Founder consecrated it, using all its resources for the single purpose of elevating the standard of women's education, and steadfastly refusing all entangling alliances with other interests, however alluring and however worthy.

3. Its ability of self-support has ceased to be a problem. To have placed that matter beyond reasonable doubt is no slight ground for congratulation. For the necessary expenses of the establishment, whether as compared with those of colleges for young men or with those of ordinary female seminaries of the highest class, are enormous. The necessity of maintaining a full corps of college professors, with the salaries belonging to that grade of instructors, and the cost of a domestic establishment as thoroughly appointed and officered as the theory of our institution requires, will explain the fact. The actual expenditures from year to year for the support of instruction and the family life have fallen little short of one hundred thousand dollars. . . . These expenses, however, have always been met, and there is no reason to doubt that, with an average amount of business prosperity in the community generally, Vassar College will be abundantly able to take care of itself. Ought we then to be satisfied? With such a generous measure of the public confidence, with so much success in the past and such elements of a steady and healthy growth in the future, what more ought her friends to desire for her? I can speak only for one. With a heart full of gratitude for this cheering beginning, I still must look and hope for greater things. . . .

Let me not be misunderstood. For herself, Vassar has nothing to ask, absolutely nothing. It would be the simplest thing in the world, by judiciously popularizing her courses of study (which may heaven forefend!) to coin money out of the investments here made. Even without such debasement, as I have

said, her ability to maintain herself is established. But is self-support a satisfying end for a true college? It has never been so regarded. The true conception of a college, as I understand it, is not merely that of an emporium for the sale of knowledge to those only who are able to defray its necessary cost, but that of a fountain as well, pouring it forth freely for all who thirst, and, if they lack money, "without money and without price." I would ask for Vassar College not one cent. But I would entreat men and women of wealth and liberality to remember the poor girls, scattered over the land, with ardent longings for the advantages here afforded, but without means to defray the necessary expense. If only a second Matthew Vassar could arise, or if men and women enough could be found in the entire community to duplicate his gift, it would add one hundred and fifty to the number of our students—one hundred and fifty of the very class who would most highly prize, most faithfully and successfully improve the opportunity, and yield the largest returns of productive labor for science and letters, for education, religion, and humanity.

If I were permitted to-night to sound the key-note of our second decade, it would be this: *Additional endowments*—not for the support of professors and teachers, not for the enlargement of library and cabinets, not for additional buildings or the adornment of the grounds; but to open a way for poor girls to the fountains of knowledge and the means of a higher culture.

Among the perils which Vassar College had safely passed was one to which allusion is made in this address. When its president affirmed its independence of all entanglements in the questions of the day relating to Woman's disputed sphere, he declared the policy which he had himself guided. Those most deeply interested in the welfare of the College knew what it owed to the conservative wisdom which had guarded it from this danger. It was an escape realized by one of its alumnæ, who exclaimed, "What a mercy that Vassar was never swamped on any *isms*!" None were

better able than its own students to appreciate the safety of their Alma Mater; and none are more ready to bear witness to the singleness of aim which was its great security, and which never lost sight of the fact that "the mission of Vassar College was not to *reform society*, but to educate women." It was a fact to which some learned to become reconciled who came to its halls with a different idea. Perhaps none felt this conservative influence more strongly than those students who, coming from the most radical centers, were met by questions of grander moment than those which they had been prepared to urge. Some who had been most clamorous in demanding, "What can Vassar do to extend and exalt our womanly sphere?" were soon ready to ask, "How can she fit us worthily to occupy what is already ours?" The valor that was eager to battle for unfettered powers found a nobler field in the earnest study by which those powers must be developed. The most ardent zeal for woman's *rights* was sobered by the lesson of her *responsibilities* that awaited every student of Vassar. It is the testimony of all who listened to Dr. Raymond's teachings that he never forgot the high and sacred purpose to which he was committed—so to mould and elevate those under his influence that they should be prepared to fill any sphere and to meet any issues that life might bring them, that they should be truly *educated*, "thoroughly furnished" in mind and heart "unto all good works."

The feeling which is general among the more thoughtful alumnæ of the College is corroborated by the testimony of those chiefly responsible in its management. The two following letters from members of the Board bear witness to the unswerving

policy of the President. The first is addressed to Mrs. Raymond :

THE RIDGE, February, 1880.

MY DEAR MADAM: I am glad to know that a memorial of your late husband, in literary form, is to be prepared, for his was a life of purity and usefulness, the prominent incidents of which ought to have a permanent record.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Raymond was formed at the organization of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College, in February, 1861. I was then impressed with his earnestness and wisdom. This impression was continually deepened during our service together in the Board for eighteen years.

From the very beginning of Dr. Raymond's connection with Vassar College, first as a corporator and afterwards its first President, his loyalty to the central idea of the Founder—the *elevation of women*—was most conspicuous. In every form, whenever occasion called for expression, he was always among the foremost in according to woman her equal right to confidence, honor, and emolument.

In his whole College life, Dr. Raymond was always woman's champion and friend when her commendation or defense seemed to require his attention ; and in the very last moments of his official life, he showed his sense of justice in speaking in defense of her intelligence, her capacity for action, and the delicate but ever-enduring power and influence of her conscience and fidelity to principle.

Modest in the extreme, yet firm, and always displaying a courage equal to his convictions, Dr. Raymond labored patiently with a broadly liberal and catholic spirit in carrying out the desires of the Founder that the College should be unsectarian, but thoroughly Christian in its character and influence. To his sweet, brave, and gene-

rous spirit, and his wisely directed and untiring industry, may be attributed that success which has crowned the *First College for Women*.

The sentiment of reverence for the sex for whose welfare Dr. Raymond labored so long and so successfully was doubtless inspired by his home associations with one who shared his life-joys and sorrows, and the labors, the anxieties, and the successes which attended the organization and career of Vassar College.

Faithfully your friend,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

FROM WM. ALLEN BUTLER, LL.D.

My acquaintance with Doctor Raymond began in the autumn of 1874 at Vassar College, where I found him engaged in the work of the examinations preliminary to the opening of the college year. In a brief interview, I received from him a general view of the methods of the institution, given with the clearness and completeness which marked his utterances on that subject, and I was much impressed with his mastery of the system under his charge. My subsequent acquaintance and friendship with him only served to deepen this impression, and to enhance my admiration of the way in which he discharged the peculiar and responsible trust to which he devoted his life. He had his work thoroughly in hand, and it was shaped and executed according to convictions and purposes so firmly settled in his own mind that their expression in action seemed easy and natural. I have no copy at hand of the minute adopted by the Board of Trustees,* on the occasion of his death, to which you refer. It was prepared by me at the time of its adoption, while the sense of the great loss we had sustained

* The minute referred to is found on page 712.

was fresh and strong ; but my effort was to give, in a few simple words, an estimate of his character and labors which should be absolutely true and just, borrowing nothing from the excited feeling of the moment or the partiality of personal friendship, and I think every word there recorded is as true to-day as it was when first penned. I am more than ever satisfied that the success of the College is very largely due to the tenacity and singleness of purpose with which Doctor Raymond pursued and wrought out, according to his own convictions, the plan of the Founder. I could enlarge upon this, but it is not needful ; when he rested from his labors, his works followed him, and they have in them the perpetuity which belongs to all faithful and elevated service in the cause of education, blessing those who have been the recipients of his instruction and counsels, and keeping alive his own precious memory and example.

Most sincerely,

WM. ALLEN BUTLER.

In the unfaltering pursuit of his purpose, Dr. Raymond was sustained by the cordial sympathy and co-operation of all his associates in the Board of Trustees. Among those to whom he turned most frequently for counsel was one to whom he repeatedly acknowledges a debt of "sympathetic and effective help." No one knew more of the intricacies of his path than his friend, President Anderson of the University of Rochester, his former chief in the faculty of that institution, and his later colleague in the Vassar Board of Trustees, on whose experience in solving educational problems he especially relied. Their views were in harmony with regard to the educational movements of the day, and side by side they had struck valiant blows for

the cause. There had been instituted, in 1863, by the Regents of the University of the State "an annual convention of the instructors in the institutions subject to their visitation," to be held at Albany under the name of the University Convocation. Here Dr. Anderson and Dr. Raymond had met as representatives of the colleges over which they presided, and had united in urging reforms in the cause dear to both. At this Convocation, in the summer of 1879, Dr. Anderson was called to speak the words which commemorate the labors of his colleague. Although no notes of this address were preserved, Dr. Anderson has most kindly consented to reproduce its statements, which furnish a view of the complexities of the work at Vassar College :

It is eminently proper that this Convocation shall put on record its estimate of the attainments, character, and labors of the distinguished educators who have been connected with it.

The death of Dr. John H. Raymond, President of Vassar College, has produced the most sincere and earnest sorrow not only in the minds of his former associates, but among educated and thoughtful persons throughout our land. Dr. Raymond was called away in the full vigor of his intellect, when many years of successful administration might reasonably have been expected from him.

He was an eminently successful teacher during his entire public life. While a Professor in Madison University, in the University of Rochester, and Principal of the Polytechnic Institute in the city of Brooklyn, he made those varied attainments and acquired the administrative experience which prepared him for his last and broadest field of action in the new institution at Poughkeepsie. All his antecedent activity was adapted to discipline his mind and character for the crowning labor of his life.

I will not attempt, in the few moments allotted to me, to analyze the rich and manifold life of our deceased colleague and friend. There are a few points, however, that struck the mind of every thoughtful observer. To some of these I beg leave to call your attention.

His moral character, naturally harmonious and well proportioned, was rendered singularly pure and elevated by the life-long belief and practice of the great truths of the Christian revelation. These truths he held in connection with an equally firm belief in those revelations of the Divine existence and character found in the human mind, and in the constitution and course of nature. All these modes of revelation he viewed as alike authoritative, and he co-ordinated them into a broad and intelligently conceived system of moral and religious truth, equally removed from the narrowness of credulity on the one hand, and of skepticism on the other.

His intellectual capacities were of a high order, and they had been assiduously enriched and invigorated by exact and various learning, especially in the departments of General Literature, Philosophy, and Formal Logic. He was familiar with the Arts of Design, and by conscientious study and intelligent travel had become an appreciative connoisseur and an able critic.

We have known few men who illustrated more completely than he the characteristics of the elegant and accomplished scholar. His bearing in society was dignified and courteous, approaching the type best known as that of the "gentleman of the old school." In his relations to his colleagues he was always gentle and considerate, and while ready to weigh the opinions of others, manifested a conscientious adhesion to theoretical convictions and practical decisions which he believed to be sound and just. His manner in discussion was so gentle and unobtrusive that those who met him casually could not easily understand the unyield-

ing sternness of his adhesion to what he believed to be his duty, even in the face of the most powerful opposition. He was deliberate in forming his conclusions; but when they were once formed, he showed great tenacity of purpose in their execution. When in middle life he was charged with executive functions, he developed an administrative capacity which few of his friends believed him to possess. This was shown during his residence in Brooklyn, but in a much higher degree after he assumed the Presidency at Vassar College.

The difficulties which he met with in this situation were very great. The college was about to make a comparatively new departure in education. The old and time-honored curriculum was to be tried on a new class of pupils under new conditions. The end in view was to furnish a course of study for young ladies which, if not in all respects identical with that given to young men, should be in the fullest sense of the term its equivalent.

The modifications to be made in the old course of study and discipline, necessary to produce the most elevating and healthy effect upon the mind and character of young women, were not easy to determine. Those only who were on terms of intimacy with Dr. Raymond were aware of the perplexity and trouble it gave him to settle upon the educational policy of the institution, amid the mass of confused and conflicting opinions which were put before him. The most extravagant expectations were indulged in. The number of persons, male and female, throughout the Union who felt called upon to give advice, and to predict the failure of the institution unless that advice was followed in every particular, was fearful to contemplate. Some wished the main force of the institution devoted to the development of feminine athletes. Other parties required the young ladies to be manufactured into nuns, philosophers, or prim and formal school-mistresses.

These letters of advice, many of them written in a delicate and feminine hand, and proportionately imperative in tone, would furnish a thesaurus of dogmatic and contradictory precepts for the future educator. To compare all these with the teachings of experience, and to meet the reasonable expectations of that vast body of thoughtful and intelligent women whose confidence was necessary to the success of the experiment, was no ordinary task. The venerable founder of the Institution was living, who, though a man of great sagacity and the kindest and most considerate of friends, was entirely without experience in questions connected with the internal organization of the College. The Faculty was composed of persons whose habits and antecedents were widely divergent. It was largely made up of ladies unaccustomed to the duties and responsibilities of chairs in an institution organized on a plan requiring so much thoroughness and breadth of attainment. The discipline was of necessity divided between the President and Lady Principal, by rules which required of each much tact and soundness of judgment in their practical application.

The Trustees also were to a great degree unfamiliar with the special requirements of a great school for young ladies and the special difficulties and dangers which it involved. Expenditure was to be adjusted to an income which could not be exactly known. The conflicting claims of different departments of instruction were to be reconciled, and the capacities of untried teachers were to be ascertained, and employed to the best advantage. The degree of freedom of action to be allowed to young ladies, a large proportion of whom had passed the ordinary term of school-life, was to be settled.

The course of Dr. Raymond in the midst of these difficulties was eminently cautious, considerate, and wise. He was conservative in practice though hospitable to all new movements of thought. He was so willing to yield on minor

points, to the opinions of others, that it encouraged attempts to control his action regarding questions upon which his convictions were settled and his course immoveably fixed. In short, he possessed that rare combination of qualities of mind, character, and attainment which constitutes *administrative capacity*.

He was beyond all question the foremost among those men who in our country have devoted themselves to the work of extending and elevating female education. He was a pioneer in a course upon which many have now entered who will profit by his experience and be inspired by his example.

The history of female education can never be written without taking into account Dr. Raymond's labor and thought in the organization of Vassar College.

Many friends of the college were led to express something like despondency for the future of the institution when he was taken away. But it is a poor compliment to the work of our deceased friend to suppose that it was so wanting in solidity and thoroughness that none but himself could build on the foundations which he laid. The crucial test of the labors of all pioneers in education is found in the facility with which they can be entered upon and continued by their successors, without producing confusion or disorganization. He labored and thought, that others might successfully "enter into his labors." The real power of great educators is adequately estimated only by the enduring impression which they leave behind them, and the facility with which new men can carry out and perfect the ideas which they have organized, and build upon foundations which they have laid.

"The stamp of the mind [*forma mentis*] is eternal," said the great Roman historian. When the mental and moral characteristics of a great man have been incarnated in an institution of learning, it forms one of the most enduring

of monuments. Such a monument our friend has left in the institution which he so loved, and for which he so earnestly and successfully labored.

As early as 1867 we find a reference to Dr. Raymond's interest in the discussions of the Convocation. He had desired to secure the sympathy of other educators in the State in the new enterprise, and to correct some popular misapprehensions with regard to it. However conservative he might be with respect to woman's relation to society, he was eminently progressive in his view of her right to a thorough and advanced education. Those who opposed this view found him a fearless foeman. His introduction of the subject in the Convocation of 1867 was preliminary to a much fuller discussion the following year, when he was invited to present a paper on "Liberal Education for Women."

He writes to his wife:

"IN CONVOCATION," ALBANY, Aug. 6, 1867.

Here I am, so far on my way to the dear spot where my earthly treasures are gathered. I have already pitched into old-fogyism on the subject of "Female" (!) Education, and compelled them to postpone the subject for another year. The rank and file of the meeting are with me, and the old fossils of the Regency are beginning to open their eyes. They hear the whistle and the roar, and begin to suspect that the cars are coming. Whether they clear the track in time is a question for *them*.

ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, ALBANY, Aug. 5, 1868.

Well, dear wife, my anxieties are happily over. I read my paper at the Convocation meeting this forenoon at ten.

I awoke and rose at five to finish pruning the irrepressibly exuberant thing, and when it was finally done concluded it was not worth the reading. After all my attempts to compress, it would run over the hour to which I was restricted. For the first time I felt depressed and despondent. You can think where I went for inspiriting—not wholly in vain; still, when I began to read, it was with anything but sanguine hopes of success. I soon found, however, that I had struck the chord, and warmed up. The hour ended; I was still twenty minutes from the end; but they wouldn't let me stop. By vote of the Convocation, the next business in order was postponed, and I was requested to finish.

A lively discussion followed for another hour and a half, and the general impression seemed to be that it was *the* subject of the meeting thus far. I have at least accomplished the object I had in view, in awaking an interest in the question and setting minds and tongues in motion. The debate was particularly lively on the part of some of the "Ladies' Seminary" and "Institute" men, who did not relish the application, however courteously made, of sound principles of education to their shallow and superficial methods, and who found the biggest kind of a foot in their nice little plan for getting a legislative recognition next winter of their courses as the proper liberal education "for ladies."

There is abundant proof that he was true to his theories of thoroughness in education in dealing with his own students. No plea would win his consent to a sacrifice of those "sound principles" for which he contended. To one for whom he had felt a warm personal friendship, and who sought his permission to make fatal retrenchments in the college Course, taking the studies of the two last years in one, he writes:

VASSAR COLLEGE, June 30, 1868.

MY DEAR ———: Attribute it to my sincere affection and esteem for you that I respectfully but positively decline attempting to answer the question you propound. I cannot consent to be in any way a party to plans which I honestly believe would endanger your health and seriously injure your education. If you can tell me how to compress two years into one, or to force any kind of growth to twice its natural rate without weakness as the inevitable result, you will make it possible for me to enter upon the consideration of such a question. With my present convictions, I could not so tamper with the unfolding and training of such an intellect as yours without a loss of self-respect and a sense of positive wickedness which I know you would not ask me to endure.

If it is impossible for you to continue at College more than another year, take my earnest advice, and let that make no difference whatever in the prosecution of the regular, systematic course of college study. Abandon without hesitation the idea of graduating. The College Degree is of no value except as the evidence, or rather as the recognition, of a certain amount of intellectual culture. That amount of culture I do not believe you can really and healthfully obtain in less than two years; and if we would consent to confer the Degree on you on easier conditions than on your classmates, I do not believe that on reflection you would be willing to accept it. You would believe no name to be "a good name" for you to wear that did not represent a reality.

If, however, my views do not convince you, and you are resolved to try an experiment which I believe will be fatal to the best training of your mind, there is one course. We shall require of you, as conditional to a Degree, no more, no less, than we require of your class-

mates. You may elect either of the two regular courses, and in that course any three of the studies laid down as simultaneous for the Junior and Senior years. To graduate at the close of next year, you must master *six* simultaneously. If you can do this *as we do the work here*, and pass the examinations, we cannot refuse you your Degree.

"Alma Mater" has fixed her standard, and, if she is to accomplish her high mission, she must adhere to it. You, I know, are the last one to ask her to lower it for you.

My dear ——, the thought of losing you from our class before it has fully accomplished its great work is painful beyond expression. But this at least we will have to say, that so far as your education was allowed to proceed at Vassar College, it was an *honest* education, solid and thorough and true. In the strength of which purpose I can subscribe myself

Yours sincerely and faithfully,

J. H. RAYMOND.

With whatever sincerity the officers of Vassar College labored for a noble end, they were subject to constant misunderstanding, and to much hasty criticism. With all the fairness and forbearance of Dr. Raymond's nature, he was keenly sensitive to unjust charges, and could repel such attacks with vigorous weapons.

The following extracts from an article, written by him in reply to one in *Godey's Lady's Book* for April, 1870, entitled "The Two Educations," will show something of the spirit in which Vassar was frequently assailed and occasionally defended:

. . . And, first, it is to be regretted that the writer, when he felt it to be his duty to sit down to an elaborate and unfriendly

criticism of the Vassar system, should not have felt equally bound to ascertain just what it now is, instead of going back to the catalogue of 1867, and expending his censure on so much that belongs wholly to the past.

There is another oversight, for which it is harder to find a charitable excuse; for the fact which it ignores lay open before the writer on the very page he professes to dissect. I refer to the privilege of *electing studies*, so liberally allowed at Vassar. One would suppose from his representations that all the students of each regular course were compelled to pursue all the studies laid down in the course. Thus, speaking of chemistry, he says: "It appears only once, and then merely *as one of seven studies*," leaving it to be inferred that the students of chemistry give to it only one seventh of their time while pursuing it. "On the other hand," he says, "astronomy is pursued through two years, as if *all the fair students* were intending to follow the sea." The simple fact is that *no* fair student of Vassar is required (or, under ordinary circumstances, allowed) to take more than three full studies at any one time, and these, in the advanced years, are just the three which she herself selects as best adapted to her wants. "Each student elects three of the studies laid down for each semester, subject to the approval of the faculty." *

The specific complaints made are: too much of Greek and astronomy, too little of chemistry. But Greek is *purely optional* throughout. None study it but those who have gone to Vassar to enjoy the special advantages it affords for doing so. . . .

The same is true of astronomy. No one need study it at all. But if any desire to, either for the purpose of "following the sea" or for some more womanly reason, she will find ample opportunities at Vassar. And, pray, let me ask, to what use would our friend have the College put the magnificent observatory reared by Mr. Vassar for women, or the gifts of the accomplished lady who directs it, if not to just this—to afford young women who have this desire the means of fully gratifying it? . . .

As to chemistry, the facts are these. First, there is a brief

* Catalogue of 1867-8, page 18.

course in the sophomore year introductory to mineralogy and geology; next, those who take it up as a regular study devote to it one third of every day during half of their senior year, when their powers of acquisition are most mature and vigorous; then, those who choose may continue it *through the entire senior year*; while to the "special" student there is absolutely no limit—she may, if her circumstances warrant, give it her whole time. One must be difficult to suit who cannot find amidst this variety an arrangement "adapted to her needs." At the same time no student is compelled to study even chemistry, "queen science" though it be—and the royalty of its claims will not be disputed at Vassar—if it be not queen science to her; that is, if it holds no valuable relation to her own objects in life.

In a word, the principle on which Vassar College has arranged her course is that of opening to her daughters as wide a variety of valuable acquirements as her means permit; and, after having first by proper elementary discipline prepared them to be benefited by the privilege, allowing and aiding them to make a wise selection—a selection varying in the *number* of studies according to the time each has to spend, never so many as to compel superficiality or hazard health, and varying in *character* according to their respective needs. Can a better principle be proposed?

But our censor does not confine himself to details. He strikes at the foundation, which he declares to be "in many respects an eminently false one. The whole system is based on a serious error. . . . It is based, not on a consideration of the real needs of the students, but on the semi-obsolete systems which have existed in certain ancient universities—Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale—and which those universities are themselves now discarding as unsuited to the wants of our time." Nor are we left in doubt as to what the sin of this ancient system is. It is the great amount of "Greek, Latin, and the abstract mathematics" which it requires, to the exclusion of studies better "calculated to benefit the student," whatever those may be—*our critic does not inform us.**

* I emphasize this fact, as it is characteristic of the school to which, I fear, our critic belongs. They are industrious in pulling down; their capacity to rebuild we must take on trust. Nothing can surpass

The managers of Vassar College are not blind to what is going on about them. In common with most intelligent people of the period, they have become pretty well informed as to the faults of the colleges, and the defects of the college system. Some of them are recognized leaders in the party of educational progress, and know, I suspect, better than their critic can inform them, what is the state of the controversy between the old and the new education, and the precise extent to which Yale and Harvard have "discarded" the former and accepted the latter. At the same time they are practical men. While welcoming the wisdom of the present, they do not think it necessary to cut themselves off from the wisdom of the past. While pruning the excesses of the received system, they do not propose to pull it up by the roots; nor will they deem him a competent adviser who so counsels. They do not forget that the "certain ancient universities," of which theorists speak so flippantly, are still the great schools of the world, full to-day of vigorous and productive vitality, and that they are educating the dominant intellect of this generation as they have educated that of all former generations since modern civilization began. Above all, they believe that *just at the point at which this attack is made* the old system is invulnerable, resting not only on a sound principle, but on the only sound principle, and that a true and solid "higher education" is simply impossible on any other.

But let us first ascertain exactly how far Vassar has gone in this particular sin, not of teaching Greek, Latin, and the abstract mathematics—for "they [it seems] are not utterly useless"—but of teaching them compulsorily and to such an extent as "renders the course little better than a false education *throughout*." Greek may be thrown entirely out of the account, for, as we have seen, none is required. Latin is a required study *through the first year*, mathematics *to the middle of the second*; beyond that both are elective. Full courses there are for those who want them; but, as for the amount of Latin and mathematics

the air of easy authority with which he topples over the fabrics that other men have reared, and orders the ground to be cleared of the débris. But when we look for what he proposes to substitute, we must be content with very empty generalities. . . .

required, it is hardly too much to say that not a respectable academy in the land would own to teaching less, and it is all over in the first third of the course.

But why require so much? Why pay even this deference to an effete system? Why waste any time in College on the cultivation of mere "verbal memory and the talent for computing, two of the lowest faculties of the mind"? Why not put the students at once, and keep them constantly, at "the inductive sciences, which belong to faculties of a higher order"? . . .

There are two ways, then, even of teaching the inductive sciences, both true and both useful, but useful for very different purposes, and to different classes of students. The first is popular and compendious, imparting the mere results of science to those who have not opportunity or taste for more. It is an education for elementary schools, of immense value to the community at large, and it has heretofore been regarded as specially adapted to "the *female* mind." The other is scientific and comparatively severe, going to principles, accompanied with demonstrations, and training the learner in the methods by which scientific results are obtained. This is distinctively the higher or liberal education. It is the kind for which colleges are established and sustained, and by which an educated class (in the special sense) is created in a community. Without such a class, and the culture that produces it, not only must literature, philosophy, and all intellectual professions languish and die, but popular education itself could not be sustained, and the advancement of science would be an impossibility; and the nation that "discarded" it would sink into contempt, and disappear from among the cultivated peoples of the earth.

Now, it so happens that for the successful prosecution of *this* kind of education, a certain amount of preparatory discipline is found to be necessary. The necessity lies in the nature of the mind on the one hand, and in the nature of science on the other. . . .

It happens also to be the fact that no other means of disciplinary preparation have yet been discovered so effective as just those two studies of Latin and the abstract mathematics. There has been a deal of theorizing about the possibility of finding a substitute—the inductive sciences themselves, it is con-

tended, might be made to serve a good purpose—but the thing **has** not been done; nor does any one think it at all likely to be done **who** knows, as practical educators know, on the one hand, the admirable **and** infinitely diversified gymnastic afforded by those studies to all **the** mental powers, and, on the other, their special relations to the whole **science** and philosophy, to all the languages and literatures, of modern **Christian** Europe. . . . And more than this, it is a point about **which**, to the full **extent** required for the justification of the Vassar course, **there** is no **difference** of opinion among the most distinguished advocates alike **of** the old and the new education.*

The simple **reason**, then, why Vassar College holds her regular students to Latin **and** mathematics for a while at the beginning of their course is that **they may be** better fitted to do the work she has for them to do before they **reach the end**; that they may bring to chemistry and the other inductive sciences, as well as to literature and history, morals and metaphysics, and to the study of the modern languages, minds intoned and invigorated by a healthful drill, and equipped with

* Pages might be filled with testimonies drawn exclusively from the great advocates of educational reform. John S. Mill, for instance, will hardly be regarded as a man behind the age, and what does he say, speaking of the classical languages? "To these I would preserve the position in it [*i. e.*, in the curriculum of liberal education] *which they at present occupy.*" Remember, too, he is speaking of the *English* curriculum; and he devotes just one fourth of his famous "Inaugural Address" to justifying this position. As to mathematics, hear Comte, the very prophet of the new education. "Mathematical analysis is the true and rational basis of the entire system of positive knowledge. . . . By this study alone we obtain a just idea of what a science really is, and learn precisely the method always followed by the human mind in its positive researches. . . . All scientific education which does not commence with this study is, therefore, and of necessity, *defective at its foundation.*"

And yet our critic speaks of these studies as merely "cultivating verbal memory and the talent of computing, two of the lowest faculties of the human mind." The view is so superficial that it is difficult to believe it seriously entertained by one who writes, in general, so intelligently on the subject.

just those instruments of thought for which they will have daily need, in whatever fields of knowledge they elect to toil. And as this is not a matter of theory but of experience, the proofs of which are wrought out day by day under their very eyes, it is not at all probable that the managers of Vassar College will change either their views or their policy.

And now, in conclusion, let me tell our friend what is the *real* sin of Vassar, for he has missed it altogether. The "serious error," if such there be, "on which its system is based," is simply this—that WOMAN *should not be excluded from the benefits of this HIGHER CULTURE*. If woman is to have a liberal education at all, she must get it on the same conditions with others; there can be no doubt about that. But ought she to have it at all? That is the only question. Has she strength of brain enough to receive it? Has she sufficient moral earnestness and energy of purpose to carry her through? Will thorough training do for her what it does for a man? Will it not destroy feminine grace and delicacy? Will it not break down her physical health? Will it give clearness, breadth, force, and fertility to her mind; dignity, weight, refinement, and symmetry to her character? Has God or the coming age any work for her to do in the family, in society, in the church, in science and letters, in any of the intellectual professions or arts, which calls for such training? Is there any demand for it in the community? In this fair, broad land of ours, teeming with souls and industries, are there any young women who have the desire, the capacity, and the leisure for study, and for whom the means should be provided? These are grave questions. We do not assume to answer them dogmatically; time will determine. If the answer be in the negative, then must Vassar College be pronounced a mistake—not the mistake, however, of its managers, but of its generous Founder and his princely gift. *Vassar College is a school for liberal education, or it is a stupendous solecism*. For any other purpose, its costly collections, its library of ancient and modern literature, that "staff of learned professors which leaves so little to be desired"—the whole thing is a blunder and a waste. The sin of the *Trustees and Faculty* is that they believe it to be neither, and that, sharing in the confidence of their noble friend, the founder, and thoroughly convinced that God

and the age are calling for the experiment, they proceed to make it without anxiety as to the result. . . .

Whether any were moved to turn from the error of their ways by this presentation of truth is not recorded. But no disparagements could hinder the good work which, in sight of believers and unbelievers, went steadily forward to the close of the first decade. Even before that period the College had achieved its place, and we are glad to be able to adduce here the generous testimony of one who was in close relation with the beginnings of the enterprise, and actively useful in laying its foundations. The following letter from Dr. M. P. Jewett refers to Dr. Raymond's "Vienna Pamphlet" already cited :

MILWAUKEE, July 10, 1873.

MY DEAR DOCTOR : . . . I cannot forbear expressing the profound interest with which I have read, once and again, your admirable exposition of the aims, etc., of Vassar College. It will attract the attention of all, on both continents, who are interested in the education of young women. It is a masterly vindication of your present course of instruction. I easily follow you in every step of the gradations by which you have reached the high ground on which you now stand, and I heartily concur in the conclusions to which you have come. I can also conceive, though imperfectly, the embarrassments, perplexities, and vexations you have encountered in reaching the goal.

And now, after years of toil and battle, having achieved a triumph not less honorable to you than fruitful of beneficent results to women, I devoutly hope you may for a long time enjoy the reward of victory. You can have no greater earthly happiness than to see successive classes going forth with your benediction to fill the high places of feminine power and usefulness in all parts of our country.

As for myself, I feel happy in the humble part I was permitted to bear in laying the hidden foundations and building the rough scaffolding of the grand temple. I never could have overcome the obstacles you have vanquished in rearing the superstructure. Being advised of these from year to year, I have long been persuaded that it was best for myself, as well as for the College, that I left in 1864. And I have felt a true sympathy for you in all your struggles, and a great joy in all your successes.

Hitherto, business affairs have prevented me from visiting the East; another year I hope to have that pleasure. I want to see dear old Poughkeepsie, the College, the grounds, the internal working of the institution—more than I can tell.

Trusting to your indulgence for my freedom in speaking,

I am, as ever, very faithfully yours,

M. P. JEWETT.

But as Dr. Raymond had urged, amid the trophies which Vassar had brought to crown the commemorative day closing her first decade, her mission was but begun. The "key-note" for the future which he struck at that time echoed his own most earnest feeling. It was the burden of his desire that the blessing which the College held for its students should be free to many to whom it had hitherto been denied, and he lost no opportunity to press the claims of this class, and to urge the endowment of scholarships for their benefit. In the few letters written during the three remaining years of his life, he constantly gives expression to his strong feeling on this subject.

To his Eldest DAUGHTER.

COLLEGE HOME, Dec. 24, 1876.

MY DARLING CHILD, AND CHILDREN ALL: I write from a lonely house. All are gone but Grandpa and me, and we

propose to take an early start to-morrow to join the rest for a Christmas dinner in Brooklyn. But I cannot go till I snatch one moment for a Merry Christmas to my dear ones in the West. If I could only catch a ride in Santa Claus' reindeer sleigh, and pop down the chimney into the midst of you! I should like to see little D.'s eyes open, and to hear R. laugh and shout when the stockings are opened. But the merry old fellow is so full of business, and his sleigh so full of knickknacks, that he has no room for passengers and can't be bothered with them. So I must e'en stay at home, and try to imagine what a jubilee you are having.

We are coming to the close of the year, both the home-family and the college-family, with abundant cause for thankfulness. Health and harmony, plenty to do and a fair success in the doing of it, render the session thus far a prosperous one, and the prospects are good that it will continue to be such.

The College dispersed for the holidays Thursday morning. I started off with the crowd for a little trip to Albany, whither I went to attend a Convention of New York college presidents and professors, called by the Board of Regents to consider some measures for strengthening the college interest in this State. Like most suggestions originating with that collection of old fossils, the "measures" were of the most innocuous and inconsequent character. We had a good time, nevertheless, we college men, some twenty or twenty-five in number—at least I had, in airing my ideas in respect to the condition of that interest, the need of more radical "measures," and a generally more heroic treatment in order to cure the evils, and especially the want of a new and vital element (live men, practical educators, representatives from the colleges themselves) in the administration of the interest. I have been spoiling for a fight on that theme for about ten years, and I saw my chance. I told them that I represented the "female brethren," so they must expect me to speak my

mind, and I spoke right out in meeting. It was kindly received, and led, I hope, to a good result. After indorsing the propositions of the Regents, the college men present had a meeting by themselves, and determined to organize a sort of annual convention of colleges (embracing two delegates from each college in the State) to look after our common interests; appointed a committee to draw up a circular to the colleges inviting them to send delegates to a preliminary meeting next spring, and adjourned. If the thing goes as I think it will, it shall not be my fault if our old-fogy Conscript Fathers don't get waked up to some sort of activity.

Well, here I am fighting my battles over again, like a superannuated old soldier as I am. Dr. Anderson was there, and made as usual a rousing speech. We came down in the cars together, the next morning,—he on his way to New York,—and had much pleasant chat.

I am expecting to go on this week to the Annual Reunion of our Boston Alumnæ, and next week attend that of the New York Alumnæ. I am more and more satisfied that this alumnæ feeling is the hope of the College for the future, and everything possible must be done to keep it alive and to make it fruitful. Like the rest of the world, I want money—money—money. But not for myself. I want to see these advantages open to every poor girl in the land who has brains and a heart, and who desires to cultivate and train them for the service of God and humanity. When I think of the millions given to make the highest culture free for men, and absolutely nothing to open the fountains of knowledge to women, my blood boils, and I am ready to cry: "How long O Lord!" But women must do it, and, first, by feeling the need. When they *cry, for hunger and thirst*, provision will be made, not before.

Once more, a Merry Christmas to all, and a perpetual blessing from the ever-full heart of

Your loving FATHER.

In his highest hopes for the College he was sure of the sympathy of one who had loyally and lovingly served it, and to whom the two following letters are addressed. A peculiar bond united those who had shared its earliest labors and struggles. With all the diversity of character and views which marked the first faculty of Vassar College, they were one in loving devotion to a cause whose success was a matter of common anxiety. Without the united support of the noble men and women who were his fellow-workers in the faculty, the president could hardly have sustained his great burden. Among all the friendships that cheered his different fields of labor, none bore a stronger test than that which strengthened the hearts allied in this faithful service. As they watched and worked together, they also rejoiced together in the hours of social relaxation which came amid their cares. Such were the hours of that happy birthday which the congenial coterie of friends from among the faculty and teachers, welcomed to the sacred family places, observed as a common festival. The recurring day was remembered long after the band was broken by death and removal, and never failed to recall to one member of that circle the years when they had "worked side by side for a noble interest."

TO DR. ALIDA C. AVERY.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Sept. 10, 1876.

MY BELOVED PHYSICIAN: . . . Your faithful birthday letter of 1875 rested in my breast pocket ("nearest my heart") till that of 1876 found it there, in worn and faded envelope; and thence I draw them both forth to-day, the interiors as fresh and bright and genial and welcome as the

day they came to hand. And the ridiculous thing about it is that they are waiting all this time in expectation of being *forthwith* answered! And answered they have been, a hundred times—in the spirit. (Is it not the spirit that quickeneth? the “letter” profiteth not.) Is there not some spiritual telegraphy that has made you often conscious that my thoughts were with you, and my longings *toward* you, for some nearer, freer, and fuller converse than this by pen and paper? There ought to be, for pen and ink and paper have ceased, for me, to be fit mediums for friendly intercourse, not merely from their limitations, which are serious enough, but from positive associations odious and disagreeable. To me, who have numberless *business* letters to write daily, they have become the badges of a weary servitude, and I wait in vain for the days when I am not so-overwhelmed with the letters that must be written, that I can begin those that I want to write. But, be assured, none of these disagreeable associations attach themselves to letters *received*, and of the many proofs of affection with which you have honored me, by gift and deed, none have ever gone more directly to the spot, or done me greater good, than these cordial missives which you dash off with such rapid ease that it would be wicked in you not to rain them on thirsty souls like my own with an ungrudging liberality, “hoping for nothing again.” . . .

I have been away once this summer and managed to get two or three weeks of real rest and refreshment, on which I am sure you would have bestowed your cordial approval. First, I went to Martha's Vineyard by invitation of a Baptist association, which holds a sort of grove-meeting there summers—my stent being a speech on “Woman's Work for Christ,” which, much to Maria Mitchell's delectation, the Boston reporters said “produced a profound impression.” But there was too much excitement there for real enjoyment, and I was glad to get away to Clark's

Island, a true Saint's Rest in Plymouth Bay. Here I feasted and fattened on sea-air and sea-diet, with yachting and rowing *ad libitum*, and a daily dash of salt water, not to speak of the good company and the absolute exemption from business or the fear (almost the thought) of it.

After a week there, I came away to meet Mrs. Raymond in Boston, en route for Lynn, where we were Miss Mitchell's guests for four days. Daily drives along the picturesque coast, and among the aristocratic summer cottages, to Swampscott, to Saugus, to Nahant, a sail down Boston Harbor to Nantasket, a day and night at that charming watering-place, some fine surf-bathing, with a drive to Whittier's new and beautiful home in Danvers (though we unfortunately missed the poet), all together made out a most enjoyable programme. We brought the astronomer home with us for a final observation on the transit of Saturn, and when she had gone (last Monday) settled down to work again.

I have two important vacancies to fill. Another "French Instructor" goes, and, alas, another of the veterans, whom I can ill spare. Miss Ellen Lord is made "Professor of Greek and Latin" at Wellesley, and goes. I think she may be happier there, not only because she occupies a wider and more independent sphere, but because she is in cordial sympathy with Mr. Durant's religious views and aims in the management of his institution, and I hope her most sanguine expectations may be realized. But oh! this sundering of *old* ties is hard, very hard—and some of us are beginning to feel lonely here among so many new people. Why did you go? You were, and are, a part of the *original Vassar*, and I cannot yet make it seem right that you should be in this world and yet not here. It would have refreshed you mightily to see the great gathering of Alumnæ at last commencement, and especially to witness their demonstrations of enthusiastic affection for Alma Mater and their

vigorous, business-like proceedings for *doing* something in her behalf. We have not labored in vain; the seed sown with trembling and anxiety, and not without tears at times, has not been lost,—coming years will reap the harvest. But the time of anxiety for Vassar, in my opinion, is not past. A new crisis is before us. Multiplied competition is going to reduce (for a while) the number of our *collegiate* students; and to save us from being swamped with preparatories, *endowments must be had*. Will they come? oh! will they come? But I must stop. Dear Doctor, try me once more. Write, and see if I do not answer you.

To the Same.

VASSAR COLLEGE, March 8, 1877.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND EVER-BELOVED DOCTOR: Your letter reached me, prompt and punctual, on the 7th with its bright face and free superscription and generally healthy look so suggestive of the writer; and its contents—well, of those I am at present too full for utterance. But I am determined not to carry this in my breast-pocket till my next birth-day. . . .

Sixty-three! my grand climacteric! And I reach it hale and hearty—that is, for me; really in better health than when thirteen years ago I accepted my present position, feeling that if I could get from five to ten years more of work out of me, it was all I could reasonably hope. *Ten years* was my most distant goal, and I never expected to reach it. But here I am, with as fair a prospect, so far as I can see, of another like extension to my days and labors. It is no affectation, my dear friend, to say that to you more than any other human being I feel that I owe this improvement in my bodily condition, not merely to your judicious professional treatment when I was in your hands an invalid, but to the invaluable hygienic ideas you gave me and your example of decision and sound common-sense in the use of them.

And that is but a small part of my debt to you. Have you not suffered with me, fought by my side, taken and struck hard blows in support of me, and never faltered or flinched in the hour of trial? Were you not, so to speak, my companion in arms, "partner of my toils, my feelings, and my [ill] fame"? And now that the field is won, and the sky clear, and everything sweet and lovely, it seems that you ought to be here to share it with us. But I will not regret that you have gone, nor wish you back. The war is not ended. There are other fields to be fought, other laurels to be won; rather let me say, other truths to be vindicated, and other foes of Truth and Right to be faced and smitten and put to flight. And if God has given you courage and capacity, why should they be withheld? His cause needs you, His friends need you, and you will find no place where you will be so contented to be as where you are doing most to make the world what it ought to be.

There is nothing of new or strange in our College life. You know that the number of our students has fallen off to about 320. Hard times and new opportunities for girls elsewhere explain the fact. There is nothing discouraging in it. It will compel harder work here to find means (by endowments or otherwise) to help the hundreds that ought to be educated, but cannot pay money for it. I have not given up my hope of scholarships. There is money somewhere. The springs are to be opened and the channels dug—that is all—and it will be done in God's good time.

We are mourning the loss of another efficient teacher, who is called to be Professor of Mathematics in Wilson College, Pa. This is the third experience of the kind we have had this year, and we are threatened with a fourth. It is a little trying to be deprived in this way of the services of our teachers, just as they have become thoroughly trained, but we may find some consolation in the thought that Vassar is thus educating not only her students to be teachers in the

schools and academies of the country, but her teachers to be principals and college professors. . . .

It is late; and if my Doctor were here, she would scold and send me to bed. So lest she should hear of it, adieu! and God bless you.

His appeal for scholarships was repeated with increasing earnestness in his annual reports to the Board. In his sixth report (1871), he says :

About twenty students have received assistance from Mr. Vassar's Auxiliary Fund, two of them to the amount of \$200, the rest only to the amount of \$100. The high character of these beneficiaries, the success with which they have prosecuted their work, and the promise of great usefulness which they give without exception, are such as to impress me with a profound sense of the value of this part of our Founder's philanthropic plan, and to create an earnest desire for the augmentation of means for gratuitous instruction in the College. The country is full of young women who earnestly long for such advantages, and have every qualification for turning them to good account, but who lack means and friends able to make the necessary outlay. To many the limitations imposed by Mr. Vassar's benefaction are fatal; it is as impossible for them to raise \$300 or even \$200 a year as \$400. Indeed, the very class for whom a complete and thorough education is most necessary, those who are dependent upon their own resources, and who are fitting themselves for usefulness as teachers, are of all others most likely to find themselves in this condition. It would be sad if the prediction should even in part be realized that Vassar is destined to become a place where rich men's daughters may get a first-class education at a low rate, while those very young women—the daughters of clergymen and teachers, and others devoted to lives of professional labor—on whom the country must depend to supply its demands for thoroughly educated female teachers, are shut out through poverty.

Generous provisions are made for young men of this class who are struggling towards honorable and useful professions. Little

or nothing has thus far been done to assist young women in the same direction. Is it too much to hope that there are men and women of wealth in the community who would, if properly approached, respond to an appeal of this kind? And is it too soon to begin to inquire what practical measures can be taken at Vassar, by the endowment of professorships or of scholarships wholly or partially free, to bring the rates of tuition here within the reach of those of limited means, and so to complete the great work of benevolence which the Founder has begun?

In the tenth annual report (1875) he urges the same plea :

The twenty-four students aided by the Vassar Auxilliary Fund have all proved worthy of the encouragement thus afforded, and among them are some of the brightest minds and finest characters we have educated. Besides these, a considerable number, who otherwise would have been obliged to leave their studies, have received aid from private sources. Contributions to the amount of several hundred dollars, to my personal knowledge, have been obtained for this purpose through the private exertions of members of the Faculty.

For reasons stated in the report of the Standing Committee on Scholarships, no formal measures have been taken for soliciting scholarships this year. But the subject is not sleeping. Evidences reach me from various quarters that not a few are beginning very seriously to weigh the claims of this among other objects of enlightened philanthropy. I trust the time is not distant when it will be generally acknowledged that our daughters should share equally with our sons in opportunities for the highest intellectual training they are capable of receiving; and that a much more liberal proportion of the gifts which large-hearted men and women are constantly making to the cause of education should flow into this channel. There are colleges in our country which announce that no young man with capacity and a desire for education shall be refused admission to their classes, or allowed to leave them, for want of means to defray the expense. Why should not Vassar throw open equally wide her doors; and, while furnishing her advantages on

the most liberal terms to those who are able to pay for them, offer them *freely* to those who are not?—not offering a “charity education” to any, but uniting the money of the wealthy with the brains and brainwork of talented youth in an alliance honorable to both and beneficent to all mankind? The time will surely come; I believe it to be near at hand.

His faith was not disappointed, although the seed which he sowed in ceaseless efforts was slow in ripening to the longed-for harvest. He knew where to touch ready sympathies when he turned for aid to those who had themselves gathered the fruits which he longed to have multiplied a thousand-fold. Besides the sums raised by the *Alumnæ* as a body, there were some among the students who responded to his plea in private gifts, and thus opened to others the fountains from which they were themselves drinking. He had corresponded with one of this number, whose generous part in such benefactions had greatly cheered him, and who writes to a college friend after his death of their common bereavement:

Surely we old girls are not selfish in measuring the loss to our college home, and passing in silence by the nearer ties that have been broken; they are sacred. We belong to that larger family circle to whom he was master and friend—we all felt sure of that. I am glad to think that I have kept some letters which he wrote me, filled with that broad earnest spirit of love for the College interests, or, I should say, by that untiring eagerness to help our worthy students—they and the College interests must always be one.

Since the clasp is broken, we must all hold tight together, and indeed I think that the college will find the old students never more ready to help than now when the days look dark ahead, because the old master is at rest.

This was the expression of a feeling which many shared, and which bore the fruit that he would have most desired. At the close of the second College year after the death of Dr. Raymond, the completion of a fund for two scholarships was announced by the alum-næ, one the "Hannah Lyman" and the other the "Raymond" scholarship. At the same time a third scholarship was founded by the Rev. Dr. Magoon, of the Board of Trustees, in memory of his lamented wife.

The sacredness with which he regarded the claims of this cause is seen in the following tribute to the beauty and worth of such "memorial scholarships," as witnesses of the love borne by the living for their dead:

What memorial could be selected more fitting! What marble pile so enduring, or (to the mind's eye) so beautiful! No stone, or heap of stones, standing inert and silent against the sky, doing no work, bearing no fruit, refreshing no life, its only value the form impressed upon it from without, and which every hour is wasting and hurrying to decay,—but a Horeb rather, a smitten rock, from which (as from a heart made sweeter and better by the chastening rod) shall flow a perpetual fountain of beneficence, a stream not merely bearing blessings to the needy, but feeding the growth of a Christian soul, reappearing and forever renewing, and multiplying itself in the fruitful activities of a consecrated life.

Surely, to live continually on earth in such a ministry is not unworthy the desire of even a spirit in glory. Might it not add a thrill of satisfaction even to the joys of heaven, to be conscious of ever watering the roots of one such plant of righteousness, and in the progress of time of having helped multitudes of the struggling children of God to a richer, nobler, and more useful life!

CHAPTER XV.

VASSAR COLLEGE—CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM the beginning of his work at Vassar College, Dr. Raymond had little time for family or friendly correspondence, and we can only follow him in the occasional glimpses which hurried letters afford. There was a most natural explanation of his apparent neglect of old and tried friends. The days of "summer rest" were numbered almost as soon as begun, his entire vacations being consumed in filling the vacancies which were always waiting in his list of instructors. Many of his letters are recitals of journeyings and "interviews," with the analyses of character and qualifications which show his fastidious care in filling every office. Nothing could be more trying than the conflict with these questions of choice which were continually presented. He sometimes came to an extremity of indecision, as when, after a long catalogue of competing claims, with all their various intrications, he exclaims, "But how can I compare these people! It is so perplexing to carry all these points in the mind at once. I get very tired trying to balance and reckon them, and quite discouraged of any satisfactory results except by the slow, dear process of actual trial."

A single extract gives a hint at one principle upon which these selections were made :

Well, you see I have made a pretty strong case in favor of —. And the case is a strong one, better, on

the whole, than I expected; the best, probably, that will offer. Yet I find myself hesitating. There is something that I miss—something that I want so much. With plenty of *talent*, I see no gleam of *genius*. Ought I to ask it? With indubitable proofs of a good substantial *education*, I catch no traces of *culture*, in the higher sense, not merely of knowledge of the best intellectual work, but of living, loving sympathy therewith. Can we do without it? If she were ten or fifteen years younger, with such elements as she manifestly possesses, I should expect much from the influences of the College. But at forty-five we are pretty much as we shall be. That her college work would be done conscientiously, intelligently, satisfactorily, I have hardly a doubt. But it seems that every new member of our corps should add a new element to the higher life of the College, should reinforce the struggling principles of progress and improvement.

TO MISS LYMAN.

ROCHESTER, July 30, 1866.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW-WORKER: With desire have I desired to write you at several points in the hot and dusty race I have been running the past three weeks, but there was always so much else that must be done that I was compelled to forego the luxury. Well, I am on my last stage of traveling, at least. To-morrow I hope to get away to Angelica, and although I have before me there the comfortable little job of constitution-making, I shall at least feel for a while that I am out of the hunt, that I am not chased to death by an inexorable pack. But alas! I forget that mails arrive even at Angelica, and that the faithful Schou has orders not to let them go empty. . . .

I pass a multitude of vexatious disappointments in New York. The next important stoppage was at Hartford, where I hoped for much and accomplished nothing, except in the way of visiting and *Dodge-ing*. I stayed at John Hooker's "Saints' Rest" (so called by those who have shared its genial Christian hospitalities); on "Nook Farm," the charming wooded retreat just out of Hartford, where Mrs. Stowe and her two sisters, Mrs. Hooker and Mrs. Perkins, are nestled with their families in three lovely cottage homes. We did the best we could, with the thermometer above 90, to be happy and mutually entertaining, driving to the picturesque points about the city, talking faint politics (we were all of a mind), reading Shakespeare ("think of that, Master Brooke," and call me a miracle of good-nature), or panting under the hot forest shades which embosom the cottages. It was here that "Gail Hamilton" was first named to me as a possible acquisition for our English Department. You must not be surprised if, in that stifling atmosphere, anything suggestive of a *gale* should have a pleasant sound. It seems that Miss Dodge was a teacher in the Hartford High School, and also at Mr. Curtis's, before she commenced her "career" as author, and she has left behind her a most enviable reputation, particularly in this "English Department," and in the very respects which especially interest us. Mrs. Stowe was the first who named her to me; but I inquired of several educational gentlemen who knew her, and of some of her pupils (now married and exceedingly intelligent people), and the testimony was uniform and very flattering: as a teacher of composition and literature fascinating and inspiring, personally pure, true, good, kind, modest, and interesting in manner, a sincere and earnest Christian. The sharp "strong-mindedness" of her Gail Hamilton style they seemed to regard as in a great measure, like the name

itself, a character *de plume*, assumed by a freak of genius, etc. . . .

Although she was not destined to a mission at Vassar, Miss Dodge afterwards rendered the College an important service in recommending a most valuable teacher. A bit of spice from her pen is always welcome :

HAMILTON, MASS., Sept. 13, 1876.

MR. RAYMOND.

DEAR SIR: Miss C. has advised me that she has referred you to me, among others, regarding her standing as a teacher. I have a very high opinion of Miss C. as a teacher, and a very high opinion of myself as a judge of what a good teacher is ! . . . She has had a long experience, and all her experience has been brilliantly successful. She has a bright, quick, original mind; she is thorough and sincere, lady-like and direct, of generous nature, without a particle of jealousy or suspicion. She enlists at once the affection and the enthusiasm of her pupils. She is stimulating and agreeable—gentle and energetic. I have so much faith in her that if she should go to Vassar and fail, I should not lay the fault in the least to her, but should say it was all owing to the vicious methods of Vassar ! Though I must say, also, that, from the reports of Miss Mitchell and Miss Mary Spalding, I have a very high opinion of Vassar—begging your pardon.

I fear that I shall harm Miss C. by my eulogy, but I can't tell a lie, Pa, in this centennial year, not even to save the good name of a friend.

The good name of Vassar is not confined to the report of a single pupil or professor. I mention those, however, because I have not the slightest faith in the public reputation of any school.

Very respectfully,

MARY A. DODGE.

When Miss Lyman had promised to come and "help" Dr. Raymond at Vassar, she had given the pledge of an entire consecration. Whatever support he could gain from a boundless sympathy, an all-consuming zeal and consummate self-surrender, in the cause to which both were committed, he ever owed to her. The debt was recognized by those who watched him most anxiously in his own household, and who rejoiced in the thoughtfulness which found constant opportunity to divide his cares.

He was indebted to that thoughtfulness for the occasional days of absence and recreation in which his strength was renewed. He was only able to make requital in the rare times when his faithful helper was fain to confess that she, too, was mortal, and when the wonderful vitality for which she claimed a limitless endurance yielded at last to exhaustion. There was little room for selfishness in lives absorbed in a common sacrifice. In this "partnership of noble deeds" the only rivalry was one of good-will and devotion. Notes from him to his "Lady Principal" during vacation, and other correspondence, will show their generous relation of mutual helpfulness, and the kind of labors which so often made his "vacations" anything but free from his constant cares and responsibilities.

SPRINGFIELD, NOV. 14, 1866.

MY DEAR "L. P.": I am glad to hear that you are getting on so smoothly at Vassar, though I cannot (do my best) suppress the apprehension that under the smooth surface of your representation lurks the reality of many a weary care and unconfessed heart-ache, and that this delicious season of rest for me is purchased

dearly by those who bear my burdens for me. This one comfort I have, that, through my absence, you are in part relieved of one great care for the time, and, if I return really recruited, your kindness will accept that as a reward. God grant it, for your sake and for the sake of that which I think is dearer to us both than our own gratification. Never did the College seem so precious to me as to-day; how clearly do I see the things to be done, so many and so great, and how can I acquiesce in the failure of strength at this crisis! I do not feel dissatisfied with the summer's work. Though far from perfect, of course, and not exactly what I wished, it will do for a beginning. But it is only a beginning, only the planting of my fulcrum and the fixing of my lever. I do want to try the working of it—how can I be denied?

I am glad I went to South Hadley. It was as I expected, and a noble representative institution. But how different a work is ours! how much more comprehensive and difficult! how much more numerous and diverse the elements to be mastered and moulded into a harmonious unity, and brought into subjection to the spirit and faith of Christ! O Master, who is sufficient for these things? Who but Thee, who art able to subdue all things to Thyself!

I am thankful for all the help that you receive from Mrs. Banister's suggestions, and hope that you can soon have her with you again. With her counsels, and with the increased experience of Miss Morse and your other faithful helpers, I hope you will soon be able to throw off part of your care. Don't fail to remember me to all the good friends, to Miss Mitchell, "the bright, unwavering star," and to R. R. P. (*id est*, the radiant "Resident Physician"). And so, farewell. Obey the doctor, be merciful to yourself and to all the sinners around you,

visit the widow and fatherless at "P. H.",* and as ever
be true to

Your friend and brother,

J. H. R.

VASSAR COLLEGE,
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, Dec. 5, 1866. }

Well, my dear friend, you see "the whirligig of time" brings us revenges. It is but a week or two since you were crowing over the slight impression occasioned by my absence from the College, and now I have the supreme satisfaction of assuring you that you are missed just as little. You might stay till next week and, for aught I can see, things would run along just as smoothly as though you were here. There's comfort for you; and I advise you to take the comfort of it, as I did. Do you know how I scold (and wish I could shake) myself for being so stupidly blind, until the last two or three days, to the extent to which you were wearing yourself out by your unmerciful self-taxation? "Unavoidable," say you. No doubt it seems so; but why did you allow me to continue in that miserable hallucination? and do you claim a monopoly in friendly considerateness and decision? Claim it or not, I am afraid you have had it thus far; but get you rested and strong once more, and see if I let you steal a march upon me so again.

Our Faculty meeting yesterday afternoon carried light weight, and made the faster time. Languages, Astronomy, and the Principal Ladyship all away, the rest of

* The "local habitation," which owed its familiar name to the four-year-old member of the family. The busy little eye had taken in the conspicuous initials which, in those pristine days, left no doubt of the way to the president's house, just in time for a reply to some admiring questioner: "Why, don't you know where I live? I live in P.H." From that time "P. H." became the watchword for all restful and friendly joys to those who sought peace within its walls.

us had a cosy chat over matters and things, and passed everything *nem. con.* The most important topic was the approaching holidays and the pressure which already begins to announce itself for individual extensions of the same. All agreed that we must be stiffer on that point.

Do let me hear that you are in a state of utter oblivion as to College and College matters. There is no College. It was a myth, a dreary nightmare of the past, but it is gone now. When you come back you will find us all dancing—no, that would never do—singing with glee, and will have nothing to do but join in the burden. *Burden?* bah! what an ill-omened word! Well, never mind, see to it that you roll all your burdens off and leave them behind you. For, believe me, all is going right. He who sent us hither does not forget and will not forsake us, and we shall yet praise Him who is the health of our countenance and our God.

BROOKLYN, March 19, 1866.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER: I reached here safely at 11.45 Saturday evening, and found them all up and waiting for me. It was delightful to see Uncle Ward and Aunt Fanny looking so well and hearty. You may be sure it was a happy meeting so far as I was concerned, for I have lived so much with them that I seem to be of them and they to be a part of mine, and it revived so much of the slumbering past—such a full tide of memories, joyful and sad, came rushing over me that you will not be surprised to learn that we watched far into the “wee hours,” and that it was long after my head touched the pillow before the billows of excitement had subsided.

Yesterday was a full day—three long and powerful sermons from Mr. Beecher, two in his own pulpit, direct, searching, impressive presentations of gospel truth to

the hearts and consciences of saints and sinners, and the third in Uncle Tasker's parlor, whither he had come to enlighten his old "compagnon" on the President's policy of reconstruction. It was grand, very grand, a thousand-fold more satisfying to my own mind than anything he has ever said in public, and dwarfing out of sight the petty peddlings of the politicians on the subject, from the President down. "Am I convinced?" No, at least I dare not admit it to myself while still feeling the sweep of that wonderful current of thought and eloquence, and unable as yet to discriminate between its effects and that of his facts and logic.

It was one o'clock again before we got to bed, and all feel this morning the reaction of the strain.

Last evening we had a full circle gathered around our dear old Sabbath altar—Uncle Ward and Aunt Fanny with their boys; all Uncle Robert's folks down to little A., who is the present occupant of the throne of infant sovereignty in this empire of hearts; every one of Aunt Susan's; while mother and I stood for the ancient "152," which I wish had been more largely represented.

We shall leave New York (D. V.) in the ten-o'clock train to-morrow, hoping to see you about two. Kiss the dear children one and all. Tell Miss Lyman she does not know how it clears one's intellect and braces up one's heart to get out of that whirl and to take an outside view of things. I have no perplexities left. My course is as clear as a revelation, and it seems very, very strange that I should ever for a moment have questioned what was to be done. But I feel all the while that I am stealing her refreshment, and shall not be contented after my return until I persuade her to take her turn.

Your loving father,

J. H. R.

TO MISS H. W. LYMAN

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, July 21, 1867.

I think I wrote you from Angelica of my change of purpose in relation to the Rochester Commencement. After a second sweet country-Sabbath, my thoughts began to turn again eastward and workward. The vacant professorship especially rolled itself back upon me, and I found I should no longer be easy there. So, on Monday night, I took the Erie cars and was on my way to New York.

Tuesday night saw me in a comfortable state-room on a "Sound" steamer, on my way to New Haven,* where I was received cordially by Prof. Porter, introduced to the Dons, and placed at once *en rapport*. Wednesday was Alumni Day, and I spent the forenoon in Alumni Hall, hearing reports on various subjects of interest to the college, and speeches from representatives of the Yale clubs now forming great centers in different sections of the country; the afternoon, in listening to a finished address from Dr. Adams of New York; and the evening to a good sound political harangue from Mr. Ferry, U. S. Senator-elect, on "the duty of a republic to be just." I also found time to run around the grounds and buildings, and to chat with a good many people. . . . I saw your friend Prof. Whitney, also Profs. Thatcher, Fisher, Gilman, and old Dr. Bacon, and others, and had pleasant talks with all. All were full of inquiries about Vassar. Three or four were named for our open professorship, and I saw and talked with two. But every professor, I think, mentioned one man as being just the

* [Whither he was going, in the hope of finding a professor as well as of getting, at the Commencement Exercises of that great seat of learning, some helpful hints for his own young enterprise at Vassar.]

thing we wanted, and probably to be had,—Mr. Eugene Schuyler of New York,—a lawyer by profession, a scholar by choice and practice, a great modern linguist (he translated a novel from the Russian, whose publication you have seen noticed in the papers lately), and one whose tastes would all incline him to such a position in such an institution. In the course of Commencement exercises on Thursday, Prof. Porter came to me on the stage to say that he learned that Mr. Schuyler had come on, and he promised to find him and introduce me.

The Commencement exercises commenced at 9½ A.M. and continued till 5½ P.M. (!) with an interval of two hours, or so, at noon for dinner. The pieces were all very good, with a wonderful sameness of sentiment, style, and delivery, and as there were twenty-two of them, with a dozen pieces of music averaging from ten to fifteen minutes each, we might be pardoned for beginning to suspect that there might be too much of a good thing, and for meditating a pilgrimage of honor and homage to the tomb of the Roman Sage (whoever he may be) who invented the maxim, *Ne quid nimis*. When the literary Decalogue is written, let that be the first three and the last commandment. (And methinks I hear Dr. Bishop say, Amen.)

The ceremony of conferring degrees, for which I had sat through the whole, the temple to this formidable portico, was so singularly *unceremonious*, and, in the comparison, so ludicrously small, that, if I could have obeyed the impulse, I should have thrown myself back and laughed, "sans intermission, an hour by the dial." About one hundred and twenty young men, in successive squads ("awkward squads") of ten each, some with hats and some without, came down the middle aisle, stumbled up the steps on to the stage, and over the toes and shins of its occupants to the front of the pulpit ;

listened to the venerable president as (handing to one of a squad the sheep-skins for all) he read to each the self-same Latin form, in tones so low that, though sitting within twenty feet, I could not catch a distinct word after the ever-repeated initial formula, "*Pro auctoritate mihi commissa*;" then stumbled over another set of shins and toes and down another flight of steps into a side aisle, by which they disappeared and were forever lost in the common herd, mingling their special verdure with the universal mottled mass. Meanwhile the spectators in the gallery, as those who had no interest in what was going on and were glad they had not, were rejoicing in their release from the long confinement and making the best (that is, the liveliest) use of their emancipation, both with legs and tongues. Everybody was glad when, the last squad having come and gone, the President raised his voice to request "Order during prayer," and closed the performance with a short prayer and the benediction. For myself, considering what I had come for and what I had got, I felt like the Irishman who had been allowed to work his passage on the canal by leading the horse, and who concluded at the end of the route, "But for the name of the thing, faix! he might as well travel afut."

In the evening, at President Woolsey's levee, Professor Porter sought me out to say that he had found Schuyler, and ascertained that, to his own great delight, he had just obtained the consulship at Moscow, and that nothing could keep him this side the Atlantic. But, since seeing me, Prof. Porter had thought of another man who perhaps was even better suited to our wants, and he described him temptingly. He was a brother of Major Robert, Professor of Practical Engineering at West Point, whither he had gone a few days before, expecting about this time to accept an appointment offered him at Granville College, Ohio. If I could secure him, he thought I

would get a prize. It was a race against time, and I won it by a hand's breadth. I reached West Point the next P.M., and found my man, talked with him till midnight, began again in the morning and talked till noon; brought him and his brother up to the College the next day; answered all his questions; took him to see Dr Bishop, and parted with him with the understanding that, if we wanted him (within a week), he would come. . . . I take to him, and feel it in my bones that he will be the man, and that before the week is ended we shall have a Professor of Languages.

ANGELICA, August 18, 1867.

Here I am for another peaceful Sabbath. I had promised to preach for the people here, in fulfillment of an old engagement. But my good brother Bliss, with sister M. A., happened along in time for me to press him into that service, and to-day has been a true Sabbath. The sermon was a quiet, thoughtful unfolding of the thought (1 John 3: 2) that "the essential blessedness of the heavenly state consists in assimilation in character to Christ, through intimate acquaintance and immediate intercourse with Him." Can it, will it ever be? Is it a reality, this blessed hope of ours, and not a bright phantom of illusory desire? a sober fact, so soon to be grasped in actual experience? How hard to believe—how infinitely harder not to believe it! Who can repress a sigh for the speedy dissolution of this "earthly house"? If there be nothing beyond, surely the sooner it is resolved to elemental dust the better; and if we have another, and such another, "eternal in the heavens," with such capacities and such companionships!

But I do not feel quite ready for my departure yet. The conviction strengthens within me that I must see

this College business through—through at least this first period of uncertainty and doubt and embryonic confusion, until it has won a determinate and recognized place among the institutions of Christian culture, and commenced the career which wiser and firmer hands shall guide to blessed results. Tunc, Domine, dimittas!

NEW YORK, August 24.

Your note followed me here to Babel, where I am stewing among the newspapers. It was hard to lose the end of that pleasant visit with brother Bliss, and the blackberries, which had just reached their perfection. But as you say (and wisely was it said), "No self-indulgence when College interests are at stake."

I have finished the work with Dr. Bishop and Prof. Backus, and they have gone home. And now I must see what can be done for a Music Professor, and shall "fight it out on that line" if it takes the rest of the vacation. It is a little trying to find that it is still necessary to propitiate the Almighty Dollar. Is it possible then to serve God and Mammon both at once? But that is a hard speech, and let me take it right back. Something must be sacrificed, no doubt, to material necessities. But I cannot help longing for a little more freedom in working for some of the higher ends.

The letter to Miss G. left by mail the day I received it. It will be hard to let her go, but is Vassar College so low that it cannot afford to wish well to its teachers and to advise them honestly? We ought not to want to keep her unless we are prepared to make it for her advantage, ought we?

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 2, 1867.

"Oh! this College, this College! this ponderous load, this inexorable tyrant, this "old man of the sea"! shall

I ever escape its grasp? Shall I ever roll off the burden? Nothing is ever settled, "never ending, still beginning;" the Sisyphean task undoes itself as fast as it is accomplished, and, whoever is free, I must go back to begin it over, I must carry the perpetual weight of responsibility and care. And at every point I am so unequal to its demands! Did I mistake—how could I so utterly mistake the Master's will as to suppose myself called to this place? Or did He send me here, as He has sent a thousand more faithful servants to a gibbet, a stake, a fiery furnace, to chasten and to test me? One consolation remains—my strength is fast wasting, and I shall soon know the whole."

Such, my dear friend, was the agreeable tenor of my meditations on Friday night, as I lay in a close hot room at the Morgan House, stung by mosquitoes, with a burden of too much supper on my stomach and a burden of too much care on my brain. I had been canvassing New York for a week in search of a Musical Professor; I had stirred up all Teutondom; had satisfied myself that there was nothing American that would do; had four or five Germans in me, whom I was trying to digest for the Committee on Faculty (no one of the lot digestible); had only two schemes that seemed to promise well, neither of which I feared would be appropriated, and the general result appeared to my night-visions as a prospect of "chaos come again" at the opening of next term.

You will be pleased to know that the morning scattered a large portion of the demons, and that the rest have since followed suit. When I got back home (yes, *home*, and a dear home I find it); when I saw what had been done since I left for our greater comfort; when the images of the loved and the true started up around me in corridor and chapel and library and "P. H.," and as I wandered over the grounds; when I met Dr. B. and

Mrs. B. and Farrar and Schou, and became aware how much healthier the tone of the management is becoming; when I went up to Prof. ——'s room, so cheerful and tasteful and pleasant, and found him at work so intelligently, in preparation for his duties, and had more congenial and inspiring talk with him in an hour than with others in two years, and heard more *music* (oh! Bach and Beethoven, and Handel and Haydn!) in one evening than the College has heard since it opened, do you wonder that my lungs began to crow? that I laughed at the blue-devils? that my heart clapped its hands, and my whole soul sang praises to God?

To-day (Sunday) I have rested: physically by both a morning and afternoon service of profound sleep, and spiritually by sweet meditations on the faithfulness and goodness of Him we serve, as I sat and listened to Prof. Robert "discoursing most eloquent music." To-morrow I take the early train for New York. Nothing is accomplished yet; but I go hopeful. I am trying for a good thing, or what seems so to me, and I am willing that God shall decide.

During the year previous to the date of this letter, had occurred a most notable event in the history of the College—the death of its venerable and beloved Founder. Mr. Vassar had always retained his place on the Board of Trustees, and every year at their annual meeting addressed them on the subject so near to his heart. Dr. Raymond's own description of the striking scene will be of interest:

The last occasion on which Mr. Vassar met his associates of the Board was as memorable as the first. It was on the 23d of June, 1868. Seven years had intervened; the first four had been years of unintermitted and exhausting care, as he watched the development of his plans, personally superintending the

erection of the magnificent college edifice, the laying out of its grounds, the collection and arrangement of its scientific cabinet, its library, and all its varied appointments for mental and physical training, and participating with intense interest in the long and anxious discussions by which its internal organization was slowly matured, and its numerous offices of trust were suitably filled. The last three, the years which followed the successful opening of the college, were a period of serene and solid satisfaction during which, as he himself testified, the expenditure of his fortune was yielding him more genuine enjoyment than he had ever experienced in its acquisition.

The day of which we speak was singularly beautiful, even in that most beautiful of the months. Mr. Vassar had, for some weeks, been suffering from a functional derangement of the heart, which, without materially affecting his general health, had considerably reduced his strength. But that morning he rose feeling more vigorous than usual, dressed himself, according to his custom, with scrupulous care, and drove to the College at the hour appointed for the annual meeting of the Board. It was the day preceding Commencement, and the College was full of the cheerful bustle of preparation. Parents and friends were gathering and making arrangements to take the students home, and the light of the coming vacation was reflected in many a happy face. Among them all, none shone with a fuller joy than that of the venerable man who moved from group to group, the observed of all observers, with a kindly look and salutation for all, and a certain radiance of beauty which many noticed and spoke of afterward as not of earthly origin.

At 11 A.M. the Board convened, and, immediately after the organization of the meeting, Mr. Vassar proceeded to read his customary address. As his tone was somewhat feeble, and he read sitting, the members of the Board gathered closer around him and listened in profound silence. Suddenly, when he had almost finished, his voice faltered and ceased, the paper dropped from his hand upon the table by which he sat, his head fell back upon the chair—and so he was gone! Without a struggle or sign of pain, his spirit had passed away; and after the lapse of a few moments, during which the machinery of life seemed gently running down, his body rested in its last repose.

When, an hour later, the trustees reassembled to listen to the closing paragraph of the address, it was found to have an almost prophetic interest :

"And now, gentlemen, on closing these remarks, I would humbly and solemnly implore the Divine Goodness to continue His smiles and favor on your institution, and to bestow on all hearts connected therewith His love and blessing, having peculiarly protected us by His providence through all our college trials for three consecutive years, without a single death in our Board, or serious illness or death of one of the pupils within the college walls. Wishing you, gentlemen, a continuance of health and happiness, I bid you a cordial and final farewell. Thanking you kindly for your official attentions and services, and not expecting, from my advanced years and increasing infirmities, to meet with you officially again, I implore the Divine Goodness to guide and direct you aright in all your councils."

Had Mr. Vassar read these words himself, they might have been received as comparatively conventional and commonplace; but, in the light of the solemn event which had just occurred, they were felt to possess a peculiar and solemn significance. If he had been permitted to choose the circumstances of his death, he could hardly have desired a change. He had struck the finishing blow in what he called "the last great work of his life;" and he had done it with characteristic deliberation and care. During the preceding winter he had revised and carefully rewritten his will, and made a disposition of his worldly estate which he intended should be final; and in the annual address, which he believed would be his last, he had taken great pains to incorporate all that he wished to say in regard to the future management of the college. He had been permitted to say it all personally, and under circumstances which would invest his parting counsels with a sacred interest; and only that portion of his written communication was reserved for another voice to utter, which depended for its true interpretation and profoundest effect on the silence of his own. His work then was done, completely and well done; and there,—on the field of philanthropic effort to which he had consecrated his well-earned means and his latest energies, the monuments of his enlightened liberality standing on every side around him, amidst his chosen

fellow-laborers and with the implements of his generous toil in his hands,—there, just as the last stroke was struck, his life and his labor ceased together. “He was not, for God took him”—and who can hesitate to recognize, in the remarkable circumstances of his death, a seal of the divine approbation and acceptance?

TO A DAUGHTER.

COLLEGE HOME, Oct. 17, 1869.

We have never commenced a year in the College with such an appearance of healthy interest in religious things as this year. The improvement is quite noticeable, and I do not know how to account for it. The proportion of professing Christians (between one third and one fourth) is rather less than usual. But the attendance at all the religious meetings was from the very first much more general, and the readiness of the Christians to take part in the meetings is very encouraging. The meetings are all interesting. The monthly concert, by the Society of Religious Inquiry, drew together a large proportion of the students in the chapel, and the exercises, without any foreign aid, were delightful. I hope these are har-bringers of good. Would it not be pleasant if the Lord should send us an old-fashioned “outpouring of the Spirit,” and many of these dear girls should be brought to know and love the Saviour! I have taken to the pen again, in my preparations for the pulpit, and you will be charmed to know that I have stopped short of forty minutes in every sermon. The old students and teachers enjoy it all the more for the memory of what they have suffered heretofore.

In other respects, the College never before opened so satisfactorily. The number of students is the largest we have ever received, and of a higher average of excellence. We have sifted out the chaff more mercilessly. About thirty failed to meet the examination tests and

were sent away, and this may have something to do with the general vigor with which the students as a body are beginning to work. Our young professors and new teachers are taking hold with a will—yes, with a *will*, that's the word. They know what they want, and mean to bring things up to a higher standard in more than one respect. They are very independent too, and we shall have some live and perhaps sharp discussions. But I like it. It augurs well for the progress of the College.

During the year 1870 Miss Lyman's health had been perceptibly failing, and although she resumed her duties in the fall of that year, it soon became evident that she would be unable to continue them. She gradually withdrew from the college family and from her cares among them, until at last obliged to admit, although unwillingly, that her work was done. Her closing days are described by Dr. Raymond in letters to Brooklyn friends:

VASSAR COLLEGE, Feb. 4, 1871.

A fuller week it seems to me I never had. First of all, Miss Lyman gave out and gave up last Sunday, her birthday. It was the last day, I think, that she has been out of her bed. She had been expecting till the last moment to meet her Bible-class, but then sent for me and resigned it to my hands, saying that it was the last thing she had permitted herself to give up, and that she felt her work on earth was ended.

On Sunday morning she had our family into her parlor, according to her old custom, after the service, to show us her birthday presents, mostly of flowers, and seemed quite happy and bright. She sat in her grand new sick-chair, beside the table covered with the pretty things, and talked for more than half an hour with all her old animation, and

was almost rebellious when the doctor came in and sent us away. But that night came the great change. "Tokens were sent that the Master had called for her, and that she must prepare to cross the river." Since then she has failed rapidly, and has several times seemed on the point of departure. She suffers no pain, but has distressing paroxysms of prostration and faintness, and an exhausting (though not violent) cough. Her mind is clear and calm and trustful. She only prays for patience to wait and endure until the struggle is ended. Her sister Mrs. S. is with her. She has disposed of all her earthly affairs, and dismissed them finally from her mind. Dr. Avery is devoted in her attentions, though hardly restored to her own health, and is an unspeakable comfort to Miss Lyman. Miss L. is too weak for much conversation, but, as she finds strength, sends for one and another to say what she has on her mind. Of course there are many things which occur to her to say to me, and I try to be at hand to respond to every call. She never seemed so noble or so lovable.

The past week has also been the last of our first semester. For the first time we had formal Examinatory Committees, appointed by the Trustees, and, though most of them stayed away, I had to give attention to those who came. Worst of all, I have had classes to arrange, and every student to provide for, for the next term, involving several Faculty meetings and an infinite amount of detail. Every night I have been pegging away till ten or eleven. Our last Faculty meeting adjourned last evening at half-past ten, and the last papers were not drawn off till after midnight. I could hardly have got through if Prof. Orton had not taken my "Communicants' Meeting" (preparatory lecture) last evening, and to-day I exchanged with one of the city pastors. But I am nicely through, and everything is ready to start our big machine to-morrow without a day's delay on the work of a new term. I feel well repaid for

my labor, and a little proud, though probably there will be blunders enough developed to-morrow to chasten that. Miss Lyman used to help me a great deal in this work, but she hardly realizes now that it is going on. The routine of the College she has ceased to think of, though her mind is still busy in regard to the great principles of its organization and administration.

There is indeed a shadow upon the house; how soon the angel who casts it will enter, we know not. But it is not gloom, and things go on quietly and natural as ever. Our suffering friend has not the uplift and comfort which we could wish for her. The physical prostration and distress are too great to allow of much thought, and the "weakness and emptiness," she says, "are in the heart too." Not that there is the least apparent wavering of faith. She knows in whom she has believed. Nor any reluctance and unreadiness to depart; indeed her chief complaint of herself is that she is so unwilling to stay. "Oh," said she to me yesterday, "I have been and am so rebellious against this prolonging of life. . . . I know what it means. God means to keep me here until I am willing to stay. . . . I am afraid we do wrong in our representations of death, as though it were an easy and bright thing. The minister paints it in such glowing colors, and the boys and girls sing about it in their beautiful hymns, and we all come to believe that 'dying is but going home.' The truth is, I suspect, that except in very rare instances *dying is very hard work*, and we need much grace to do it."

Miss Lyman's death, so widely and deeply mourned, occurred February 24. At the funeral services, held in Montreal, Dr. Raymond was requested to add a few words to the tributes of affection and respect from her

pastor and others. It was difficult for him to speak at all, far more to give adequate expression to his views and feelings, but he felt that it would be a privilege at least to express to the citizens of Montreal, and especially to the personal friends of Miss Lyman so largely gathered there, the sense of indebtedness, sincerely felt by himself and his associates, for the loan of so much of wisdom, grace, and efficiency to the interest which he stood there to represent.

"Our gain" (said he), "I am well aware, was your loss, and we have nothing to return but our thanks. Indeed I should hardly know how to meet many here, who mourned her removal from your midst six years ago as an irreparable bereavement to themselves and their children, were I not sure that they know as well as I that she was influenced in her decision to change the field of her labors by motives far above all personal or local considerations. She had had similar invitations before; had, indeed, so frequently considered the question with the same result that, when the proposition came from Vassar, she had the answer ready. She would have at once dismissed it, with a smile, but for one expression in the letter containing it, which touched a chord of peculiar sensitiveness in her bosom, and compelled a more careful and serious consideration: "Whether in this field the MASTER has work for *you* to do." And when after a full investigation of the facts, and having sought counsel of those in whose advices she was accustomed to confide, she became satisfied that it was a call of *Christian duty*, she decided at once to go, nor for a moment after swerved from her purpose.

"It was no easy task to which she was called—to aid in the organization and direction of a college for women, whose aims were, perhaps, higher and its resources ampler than those of any similar institution in the world. To that task she brought no ordinary qualifications. Her natural gifts, amounting almost to a genius, for her profession, had been enriched by an education of no ordinary range. Her early training in a college town in New England, her extensive acquaintance with teachers, professors, and Christian ministers, her familiarity with the

many interesting questions which have of late been agitated respecting the education of women, and her life-long experience in the actual management of the young, all made her counsel invaluable in the molding of the great enterprise to which she had been called. The direction of the whole domestic life of the College, and the immediate material supervision of the personal interests, the social department, and the spiritual welfare of its pupils, devolved upon her; and I need not say that the care of a family of more than three hundred and fifty young ladies, and with them more than thirty resident teachers, to one especially whose standard was so high, was no sinecure."

Dr. R. spoke at some length of her responsible and varied duties as Lady Principal of Vassar College, and of her distinguished ability and success in their discharge, remarking that

"in the performance of her difficult work she never spared herself. Well has it been said by her pastor and friend that hers was a life of toil and suffering. . . . But she bore all cheerfully; even when the burden of a wasting disease was added, and long after many would have felt themselves exempted from further responsibility, to the last moment of possible exertion she labored on in devotion to the Master she served, to the cause she so much loved, and to the precious interests of her charge. . . .

"Summoned from my study to witness her last moments, I came into her room just as the latest breath was leaving her lips, and I could almost fancy that I caught the rustle of the wings as her emancipated spirit leaped from its prison-house of clay to immortal life on high. Wonderful was the change which passed upon the face as we stood and watched the expression of weariness and pain passing away, and the features settling to a perfect repose. 'Even so He giveth His beloved sleep.' "

CHAPTER XVI.

COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

THERE are none who can better understand the impulse which Dr. Raymond gave to the cause of a higher education, and the wisdom with which he directed that impulse, than those who came under his guidance as students, and who learned from him lessons which gave a new significance to life. One who had known him in this relation replies to a friend who had asked, "what was the secret of his influence?"—

I wish I could as easily express my sense of the secret of President Raymond's influence as I can my conviction of its power and enduringness. But it is not easy to say why we loved and honored him,—only, it was impossible to do otherwise. When I recall those College days, I think less of anything he said to us or did for us than of himself.

In dealing with us, he seemed ever to take it for granted that our aims were high, that our lives were consecrated; and to be so regarded is for every thoughtful soul a lift upward.

It seems to me that the best influence is generally so subtle as to defy analysis. The power of a life hidden with Christ in God cannot be set down in words. As I try to think what it was which made me love Dr. Raymond, what were the traits of character in him which impressed me most, again and again come up the words *strength* and *sweetness*. He seemed to live near to God; and often when he spoke to us, it was as if he had but just come from communion with Him. I think of him, too, as being wonderfully just, wonderfully patient, in a position where it must have been peculiarly difficult to be just and patient.

K. A. S.

There were many others who found it difficult to separate what he did for those whom he taught from what he *was*. The good that he wrought upon them is incidentally defined in a sermon recently preached at Vassar College by Rev. Lyman Abbott of New York. In illustration of a thought which he was seeking to develop, Dr. Abbott said :

We are not merely to be disciples or pupils of Christ, we are to be followers or imitators of him. It has always been characteristic of great instructors that they have done more than teach their disciples—they have impressed their own character upon those who were under their influence. It was this power of impressing himself upon his pupils that made Arnold of Rugby great; it was this power of impressing themselves upon their scholars that gave to President Hopkins of Williams College, Dr. Lyman Beecher of Lane Seminary, Dr. Finney of Oberlin, and others whom it would be easy to name, a national reputation. Nay, I need not go outside these walls and our own memories for an illustration to serve my purpose. The free atmosphere of Vassar College, as fraught with inquiry and investigation; the characteristic tendency of its pupils to learn and judge for themselves; its breadth, its catholicity, its Christian liberality, and its large charity, are all monuments bearing witness to the power of him whose child in a certain sense the College was; who did more than stand at the head of its administration; who did more than teach a portion of its classes; who impressed himself upon the institution in all its departments, and the pupils in all its classes, and left it as a monument to his memory when he went forth from this sphere to a larger, higher, nobler work beyond the vale.

Dr. Abbott had before recognized the spirit of his teachings, and embodied his view of it in a sketch of Dr. Raymond, from which an extract is taken :

Some small men cast large shadows; some large men cast small shadows. Dr. Raymond was greater than his reputation.

He was unambitious of fame. He was a teacher, an administrator, and a pioneer, and he found his reward in his pupils, his college, and the silent influence of his work in the community. His character was essentially that of an instructor. "I wonder," said a friend to him in a quiet conference in his parlor one day last spring, "that you do not weary of going over and over again the same dry and dusty path, the alphabet of mental and moral science." "That," replied Dr. Raymond, with quiet significance, "is because you are not a teacher. An investigator finds his enjoyment in exploring new fields; a teacher in developing new minds." His interest was in his pupils; his reward was in their affection. When, last Commencement Day, the valedictorian, speaking for her class, bade him good-by, the tears came unbidden to his eyes. "These farewells," said he afterwards to us, "are too much for me. For I know they meant it, every word." To him character was everything, and the instrument nothing. The library at Vassar has no doors to its book-cases, and the room itself is scarcely ever closed. "It must use up the books fast," we said to him, "to have them so free for use," "So the Board sometimes think," he replied; "but the books are made for the young ladies, not the young ladies for the books. The more they are used the better." And in Vassar they are in constant use. Dr. Raymond lived not for Vassar College; both he and the College lived for Vassar collegians and alumnae.

In his religious faith he was a Christian liberal. He believed in liberty of mind and conscience more than in any special creed or dogma. He had an intense faith in the vital spiritual truths of the Christian religion, and small regard for the accretions and accidents of a later human philosophy. He was more desirous to make the young ladies think for themselves than to induce them to think as he did. He gathered about him a faculty representing widely differing phases of theological opinion. But his co-laborers were all agreed in the two articles of Christ's creed: love to God and love to man; and on that platform he and they worked harmoniously together. There are two ways in which young people may be trained to regard skepticism: to fear and flee from it; to be interested in and investigate it. Dr. Raymond had no faith in the piety that is rooted in ignorance, and under his influence Vassar College has fearlessly taught its

pupils that Christianity has nothing to fear from doubt, that nothing is to be accepted as true that will not bear investigation.

As an administrator he had the rare art of governing without seeming to do so. It is comparatively easy to govern; Dr. Raymond moulded. He rarely issued a command; but rarely was a request disregarded by either his co-laborers in the faculty or by his pupils. He could stand resolutely for a principle, or for his own authority in administration if need be; as was once or twice proved in special exigencies. But generally he had no need to do so. He pervaded the college rather than ruled it; he was felt rather than obeyed.

The true "secret" of his empire over the hearts and wills of those who listened to him is divined by one who as a teacher at Vassar College had seen its power:

Though no man living could hold more strongly to the propriety and necessity of absolute obedience to rightful authority, yet he was untiring in his efforts to win those whom he was set to govern to a complete and hearty accord with the eternal principles on which all rightful authority rests. This may perhaps be said to have been the key-note of his administration. He desired—yes, he yearned—to teach his students that Law is not a tyrant, but a friend. He seemed not to exact obedience to his own authority so much as to a higher authority, whose claims upon himself he deeply recognized. For this law he was jealous with exceeding jealousy, while offenses against his personal dignity were passed by as lightly as the circumstances of the case would at all permit. His calm, judicial bearing indicated most clearly his deep respect for the law which it was his to expound.

No small aspect of any question, even though it might be the aspect upon which the world was running away, could ever beguile him from his habit of cool and thorough investigation. His profound conviction that every human soul has a hunger and an aptitude for truth made it possible for him to be very patient, to hold the present subject to the future, to believe in those large results in which Time is an important factor. Therein was shown preëminently the breadth of his nature. He could, in the face of all discouragement, trust Wisdom to win her way

by her own loveliness, and to come at last to be a dear and perpetual guest in the heart which had freely chosen her. It was his delight to show how lovely she is, and to induce these young creatures to sit humbly at her feet. And his desire for them was by no means limited to intellectual culture, even of the largest. If only he might persuade them that all lines of knowledge and thought lead up to the perfect central orb—the “Wisdom uncreate”—then, indeed, he could trust that his heart's desire for them would, sooner or later, be accomplished.

He sometimes used the word “Other-worldliness,” and you felt, as he uttered it, that in it he summed up his idea of the spirit in which life should be conducted.

The lessons which many owed to him have been again and again acknowledged. Not a few hearts echo the words of an early graduate of the College, who was one of the first to mourn his loss:

Oh, if we alumnæ, scattered all over the country as we are, could only look upon his face once more! We can even take no action as a body, but you must all feel that a thousand hearts are with you in the fellowship of grief. President Raymond was always to me, as he must have been to all who came under his influence, an ideal; and though he has gone from us, he must ever live in the lives of those who have known his example. I can truly say that to his teaching I owe most of my appreciation of what life means.

The loving gratitude and remembrance of his students have been so warmly and so widely expressed that a special place is given in this memorial to their words of personal reminiscence. From the many tributes which have come from them, those are chosen which most fully recall the times when his power to move them was strongly felt. Such were the occasions of his chapel-talks, which became noted for their effect in revolutionizing public opinion in the college community. They were all the more impressive from occurring at wide

in ervals, and only when the current of popular feeling needed to be turned with a strong hand. The memory of every student of Vassar must hold some picture of the excited company that came out of the chapel at such times, laughing and crying, fairly convicted and converted by his words; and most of these crises became known to tradition as well as memory. One of the alumnae writes:

We always felt it to be the great misfortune of the students that the pressure of care on the shoulders of the President made his familiar intercourse with them so nearly impossible; and yet I have been surprised at the strong expressions of feeling at his loss which I have heard from those who were "preparatories" during his last year at the College.

The first few months of my college life showed me much in him that appealed in a quiet way to my admiration; but my first approximate idea of the force of his character came from one of his chapel-talks. This was, I think, a common experience. Some girl used to say, "No one knows the President till she has heard him thunder and lighten a little." It is hard to give one who did not hear them an idea of the effectiveness of these talks. When they were of the nature of reproofs, the general principle underlying the case was so clearly set forth, and, at the same time, sympathy with the offenders and an appreciation of the whole situation were so apparent, that no student with any claim to fair-mindedness could help seeing the reasonableness of the President's position. When they were needed, there could be words that burned like fire; but the seriousness of the talk was often relieved by a little humor.

G. H. L.

A more extended account of some of these appeals is given by a former student, who still remains at the College as a most valued teacher:

Perhaps the best proof of the impressiveness of President Raymond's chapel-talks is the fact, paradoxical as it may appear,

that those who most felt their influence find difficulty in recalling their exact form of expression. They were so admirably adapted to the hearers' needs that they were assimilated almost directly, became merged in the thought and feeling of each individual. At least, I recognize this peculiarity in their relation to myself as the reason why I can give little more than the *motif* of some most logical and exquisitely planned addresses which worked powerfully upon the sentiment and action of our College world.

Such a one is associated in my mind with the year 1871. It was directed against that mistaken spirit of narrow utilitarianism which has in all ages been the bane of woman's education. Naturally, the earlier years of the College brought to her classrooms many students who were still influenced by the old belief that woman's declining years began early in the twenties, that no educational advantages could compensate her for withdrawal from society at the so-called "marriageable age." Consequently there was a wide-spread desire to make every attainment, however imperfect or superficial, a means of rapid advancement in the College course, to "skip" classes whenever such action seemed feasible, by means of the most daring and irregular of special courses. At a time when the Faculty had been inundated by an unusual number of such plans, urged by individuals with an importunity often tantamount to impertinence, President Raymond detained us one evening after prayers by a most impressive plea for truthfulness and thoroughness in our Collegiate work. He began, as he invariably did, by liberal concessions to the special needs of those who were petitioning to "make up three semesters of Greek during the summer vacation, so as to graduate with the class of 187-," or to "take four and a half studies the first semester of the Junior year, since I have studied Physics in the High School course and have a strong taste for Natural History, so that Geology will not be difficult for me." Such concessions were never his least effective arguments; the most hard-headed special pleader inevitably winced under the delicate edge of the implied satire. Then came a clear, striking exposition of the purposes of the College curriculum, the necessity of its symmetry, the close interdependence of its parts, the fallacy of that policy which would work it out in a slovenly or hasty or one-sided fashion. And as

he warmed to his subject, he rose into eloquence in extolling the glory of genuine education, and denouncing the meanness which would seek to purchase its shadow without just claim to its substance. He admonished us fervently of our high calling as among the first women to seek its blessings, and warned us of the degree to which we must imperil the success of Matthew Vassar's experiment if we allowed ourselves to countenance the superficial methods of the young ladies' finishing school within our College halls.

The effect of his words was marvelous, combating, as they did, the vanity and the self-interest of those at whom they were particularly aimed. Many even of those who had not felt themselves the object of his reproof were stirred to a nobler and more scholarly ambition by his exhortation, and this effect was not the exception but the rule.

He was singularly fortunate in dealing with the minor morals of our conduct. For instance, he was a firm believer in muscular Christianity, and frequently called our attention to the observance of that College rule requiring regular out-of-door exercise. On one occasion he playfully ridiculed us for the drooping, listless gait with which many students performed their daily sixty minutes' walk, saying, "Young ladies, I see you sauntering through these grounds like prisoners weighed down by chain and ball. I would rather have you bound forth to meet your exercise, rejoicing in the blessings of God's free air and bracing wind." The hint was obeyed in the same merry spirit which characterized its expression. Two days later, when a jovial group of girls rushed out of a side entrance with such vigor as nearly to overthrow Dr. Raymond's entering figure, they laughingly justified themselves, "Oh, well, we were only bounding forth to meet our exercise as he directed us to do." No doubt he ascribed the overflow of spirits to its proper cause. No matter was so trivial that he could not dignify it by his judicious handling; no reproof so severe that his kindly sympathy could not somewhat soften its harshness. Not seldom a humorous allusion or inference closed his most serious talks, and let us down easily to the level of every-day thought. After the lapse of ten years, I well remember such a one which pointed an earnest appeal for loyalty to College regulations. "But,"

said the Doctor, "what if, after all, there should be one among you who found these reasons insufficient to command her obedience, who must confess herself out of harmony with our laws, unwilling to bring herself into conformity with them? You ask me, What should we do then? Has the College any ultimatum for such cases? Do you remember how Uncle Toby dealt with the exasperating little fly? He did not crush it. Far otherwise. But he took it gently between his thumb and finger, carried it to the window and said, 'Go, little fly; the world is wide enough for me and for thee.'"

Fortunately for myself, I usually heard these remarks from the stand-point of the law-abider; but I knew that they made an equally strong, if different, impression upon the law-breaker.

It was a mooted question with us whether the President was quick at seeing our jokes. One of the Senior classes was rather inclined to maintain the negative. Their Mental Philosophy class celebrated his birthday by sending him a huge bouquet of roses, in roguish allusion to his constant public mention of the rose's fragrance as the archetype of pleasant sensation; but he did not "see the point." But there could be no difference of opinion about his ability to make jokes. The atmosphere of our College society was always rather electric; and at one time and another we have been convulsed by general excitements, whose force was quite out of proportion to their cause. It was natural for us to take a great interest in the memorable election of 1876. The ardent sympathies of fathers, mothers, and instructors were communicated to many of our students, the uncertain and conflicting reports received during the day after election aroused them still more, the spirit of fun helped the matter along, and evening prayers called a very eager, nervous company into our chapel. After the devotional exercises were over, the President took off his spectacles with an air which we knew how to interpret. "Young ladies," he began, "I recognize the anxiety which has possessed you to-day; I appreciate and share its intensity. The present bids fair indeed to be a grave crisis in the development of our national life. There are many reasons why we all should have found the suspense of this day hard to bear. But I wish now to calm you with the statement that further agitation is needless; for the matter is already decided."

Quick as thought, an expectant rustle ran along the seats. It was settled at last, then, and Dr. Raymond would tell us whether the victory was for Hayes or Tilden! "I said, young ladies," blandly continued he, "that the matter was settled. I repeat the statement. The last vote has long since been cast; and now nothing remains to be done that will materially affect the issue of the contest. The numerical results of the election have not yet reached us, and it may be long before they do. In the mean time I recommend you to exercise patience, and as much fortitude—quiet fortitude—as you can command."

I have always wondered if the vengeance invoked by the victims of this peculiarly trying hoax may not have exercised some occult influence over those wavering proceedings of the Electoral Commission which falsified the good Doctor's announcement.

Dr. Raymond's admirable qualities were not exhibited in public admonition alone. Many of his old students can bear warm testimony to the candor, the gentleness, and the patience with which he met them in private interviews. I can add my tribute to what has been said in praise of his justice; and quite as powerful an element was his clear perception of the student's point of view. His own nature was so broad in its tastes and likings that he seldom lacked sympathetic appreciation of any impulse or action which was not radically immoral. Thus it was the easier for him, as it was the more effective with the offender, to point out the hasty judgment, the faulty logic, the misdirected feeling, which lay at the base of any transgression. This policy was never that of arbitrary will; he aimed at controlling the college-world by fostering a healthy, intelligent public sentiment; and while nothing could have been more abhorrent to his taste, nor more quickly have aroused his opposition than the communistic spirit which sometimes displays itself in every college, his choice was always to rule by virtue of a cheerful loyalty on the part of his students.

H. C. H.

The power which he had of investing with dignity the most trivial subject—anything which could con-

tribute to the formation of character—is illustrated in the recollections of another:

I well remember some of his chapel-talks, though it is hard to give any idea of their substance, much less of their fervor. At one time he was annoyed by a habit the girls had of scribbling upon any available surface. The walls, every scrap of paper, the fences, even the stones, were the prey of our vandalism. At last he could endure it no longer, and one night he freed his mind. First he drew an irresistible picture of the state of the walls, fences, etc. Then his own words kindled the fire of his indignation and he inveighed against any willful destruction. I can hear now his ringing words, "No pure, high soul will deliberately spot or even blot any stainless object in God's world—whether it be a clean reputation or a white sheet of paper. Beware lest the hand that needlessly destroys the one may blacken also the other." I do not believe that any girl who heard him ever used a pencil idly again. He had a way of driving truths home.

One of his attacks was directed against a prevailing habit of sauntering. He made an appeal for *purpose* in the trifles as well as the great things of life; and he claimed that if a strong motive once took possession of the soul, it would certainly show itself in even so simple a matter as the gait. "Don't shuffle, physically or mentally. It costs more than it comes to. You cannot afford to be slipshod."

I am sorry that I cannot recall the flower-talk. I remember its occurrence, but cannot seem to find the right end by which to unsnarl my tangled recollection of it. I met him once in the garden in my freshman year, when he could scarcely have known me by sight, and he gave me a rose from a cluster he had in his hand. I shall never forget the strange mingling in his manner of stately courtesy toward me and of tenderness toward the flower. It was always beautiful to see him touch a flower.

One Philaethean day the society felt poor, and so appropriated comparatively little money for flowers. But those which were purchased, and the few which were given, were peculiarly beautiful,—rarely so,—and were exquisitely arranged. I came upon him standing over a tall vase in the parlor. It contained

a single branch of three roses. He said, "I've been thinking how wisely the economical party have defended their so-called parsimony. I believe I have never enjoyed the flowers as much as to-day. A crowd of flowers is as objectionable as a crowd of people. Don't you suppose the personality of those roses would rebel at being put beside that calla lily? and yet both are perfect." I can see him now as after Sunday service in chapel he would stop, on his way from the platform, to bury his face in the pyramid of flowers which Dr. Avery or Professor Braislin had arranged. I think their fragrance was *his* benediction. It seems to me that he always used to pause to notice them.

His enthusiasm for music was, as you say, unbounded. One of my pleasantest talks with him was about Beethoven. I had played, as my maiden effort in a concert at the College, Beethoven's Opus 31, No. 3. It was a favorite sonata of your father, and he waited after the concert to tell me so. I remember that he did not try to flatter me by praising my execution of the work. That was wretched enough. I never had any physical ability for music, but my soul was in it, and he said something about my "understanding" of Beethoven which went straight to the right spot. We stood and chatted for a moment in the chapel, and then he asked me into his parlors, and for fifteen minutes he talked about the power and beauty and wonder of Beethoven's music, until I really felt that language could say no more. I don't believe the Great Master ever had a more sincere or powerful eulogy.

Did I write you of the Sunday-evening sings in which he used to delight? I can recall now some of the hymns which he always selected.

"They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place."

And especially Faber's

"God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways."

During the winter of 1876 (my Senior year) came the great revival of religion at "Vassar." I shall never forget his interest

and his wisdom in that. Early in its history, he called a dozen of us into his office, and talked it all over with us—asked us about what we were doing, warned us against over-anxiety, and assured us that he believed the whole thing to be the work of the Lord, and that it had come as a growth from within, outward—not *vice versa*. He prayed with us before we left his room. I remember that none of us rose from our knees with dry eyes. The revival was a great delight to him, and I believe he loved our class especially for the cordial part they took in it. I remember meeting him in the garden one wintry day, and he stopped me to say, "Miss —, I want to tell you that the monthly reports have just come in, and we have never had a better rank than in this month. That does not look as if religious excitement was interfering with the work of the College, does it?"

Even the members of the lower classes who did not know him at all felt his power. One day a girl came into my room fairly crying with disappointment over a decision of President Raymond which had just been sent her. It related to her course of study. In the midst of her sobs she exclaimed, "I can't help it. I think this is pretty hard; but it must be right, for President Raymond is the *justest* man I ever knew." That was the universal testimony.

I suppose you have his famous sermon on *Friendship*. We were always glad to have him preach it. It would have been welcomed every year. I hope it may go into the volume you are preparing. Hardly a thoughtful Vassar girl whose principles of life were not influenced by that sermon.

There was another sermon which we liked very much. It was on the text, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have a conscience void of offense towards God and man." Those two, and our Baccalaureate sermon (on "Prove all things") I shall never forget.

H. E. H.

His students all knew his love for flowers and his intense enjoyment of music. There are many to whom he will ever be associated with all beautiful sights and sounds, and some will never see sunset light upon

mountain or river without a thought of him and of the evening hour which preceded the chapel service, when he was so often seen in the college grounds reveling in the treasures of the garden, or drinking in the beauty of the distant mountain view. A single word from him often unlocked new stores of meaning and enjoyment to those who met him in these walks. They are recalled in the following letter:

It was my misfortune when a student at the College to know very little of your father in his social relations. Until after I had passed from under his kindly care as a student, circumstances did not give me the opportunities that others so much enjoyed of knowing him as a friend. But I always felt him such, for the pleasant smile and friendly greeting were always ready for me whenever I chanced to meet him in the walks he was so fond of taking in the few leisure moments that came to him. One of the pleasantest memory-pictures that I have of him is as I used to see him in the garden when the long summer days had come. You know how beautiful those summer sunsets and twilights were, and how much he enjoyed pointing out the varied tints of cloud and sky, and the beauties of the flowers in their evergreen-bound home at the north of the College.

I have me before a slip of paper containing a line of his handwriting that I have been cherishing during these seven years since it was written. It was when I was quite a stranger, and in answer to a formal request from me concerning a certain course of study which he did not at first think it wise for me to pursue. It is now only a faded pencilling of these words: "Granted, with my best approval and blessing." But it may be interesting to others than myself as showing the personal and kindly interest he took in the work of every student under his care.

There is a sentence of one of his sermons, or it may be from one of his chapel-talks, that has always lingered in my memory: "Remember that the truest condition of real success is to *be* what you appear to be." This perfect sense of justice has made a deeper impression upon me than any other attribute of his

character, and we can find no better illustrations of this than in these same chapel-talks.

F. M. C

Another testimony is given to the sympathy with which he entered into the individual interests of the students whenever they required his personal direction :

That first time I was called into the mysterious precincts of the President's room rises vividly before me, for such impressions are not readily effaced. It was seldom we were summoned to a personal interview for the assigning of studies ; but requests were made in writing, and mine had been made in all due form. My course of study before entering college had been desultory, leaving me in some branches far behind and in others ahead of the class I planned to enter, and I proposed undertaking more work than was usually allowed ; so President Raymond wished to talk with me about the best course to pursue, and I answered the summons with fear and trembling. I never dreaded a call into his presence after that. He greeted me with his grave, kindly smile, and in a few moments, by his tact and unaffected courtesy, made the awkward country-girl forget her constraint and soon learned from her the story of her hopes, anxieties, and ambitions. He did not offer one word to dampen enthusiasm, however foolish, but rather directed it, and his interest and sympathy were shown many times afterwards.

One other visit to that room I remember especially. It was to pass a private examination in Psychology, and the same thorough work was exacted as in the class-room ; but there was an unwonted touch of the humorous in the Socratic method of questioning. In social intercourse with the students, this same humor had fuller play, and there was no one in the College who had a keener appreciation of a witty remark or could tell a story better. Perhaps the contrast with his usual grave earnestness when acting as teacher or preacher made this love of fun only the more marked.

But it was from the pulpit that he made his influence most strongly felt over our lives. A common remark among Seniors was that the President's sermons had grown more and more im-

pressive from the time they entered College, implying that the change had been in him, while the fact was that they had been growing to a fuller appreciation of the vigor and beauty of the language used and the value of the lessons enforced. One particular discourse, on "Choosing a Definite Aim in Life," was the direct means of causing some of us to determine what should be our life-work, and forming a plan which has been our controlling purpose ever since that quiet Sunday morning. L. B.

The ready humor which many remember was one of his most effective weapons. He often made use of it in introducing some unwelcome announcement to his college audience, winning them by the smiles or laughter with which they could not fail to greet it to commit themselves to a cheerful view of the subject. He was the medium of their requests to the Faculty, and while he conveyed to them the decrees of that imperial body, his wit and tact were often of the greatest service in taking the edge off a disappointment. The same qualities came in play in his interviews with the various committees who were sent to urge important suits, sometimes appealing to him from the decisions of the Faculty. These were usually delegates from class or society meetings, where the affairs of church and state were discussed with a warmth appropriate to matters of such moment.

The committees returned, the petition perhaps ungranted, but the righteous anger with which faculty, president, and college had been threatened, strangely evaporated. They seldom failed of cordial acquiescence in the verdict, won by his fairness and by his genuine sympathy with the feeling which prompted the request, while he had known how to divert it into a different channel.

Some account of such instances was asked from one who replies:

I was away from the College while those meetings to which you refer were held. When I went back again, President Raymond had reduced all things to "order serviceable," and so I am afraid I cannot supply the information you would like about them. . . . I remember one little scene which seems to me perfectly to express one of the characteristics most appreciated by all the girls. Some mischief-maker was sent for and told that she must go to the President. As she went out of my room, after I had been questioning her about the probabilities of "her case," she said, "I would just as lief go as not—he is perfectly *just*." I am sure other people must have written you of this thing—it was the feeling I had most strongly toward him—a certainty that I should be dealt with *fairly*. It used to come out very strongly in recitation. Mental Philosophy was a befogging thing, you know, and I often admired the nice discrimination with which he distinguished between the stammering expression of a really grasped idea and that which came from lack of thought or study.

Of course, though, my pleasantest and most grateful thoughts of him are as my father's friend. I think the trying thing, inseparable from so large a place as Vassar, is the feeling of lost identity, and the fact of sometimes being with him as myself and not "a student" gave me an entirely different idea of him. I shall never forget the day when he and Dr. Lathrop took your sister M. and me down to Poughkeepsie. Your father kept us all full of real fun. I remember his taking up a plate of nuts and raisins that one of the ladies at the church gave him and saying in an aside, "Plate-O thou raisin-est well," and this was only one of a constant succession of jests and puns. I feel sorry for every girl who tells me she is going to the College when I realize that she will never know Dr. Raymond, whom I, and so many others, found the best teacher and preacher and helper and friend our school-life ever knew.

B. W. B.

The impressions of those who knew him in the classroom as well as in his more public ministrations, are

related by another who has exchanged the duties of pupil for those of a teacher at the College :

Perhaps one of the most trying times in the experience of a new girl at Vassar is the chapel service of the first night after her admission to the College. The excitement of the examinations is over, her friends are gone, and she is left to take the first step of her new life alone. I think there can be very few students at Vassar who do not remember the chill feeling of insignificance and weariness that crept over them as they took their places silently and timidly on the benches. And there are none, I am sure, who can fail to remember the feelings with which they looked at Dr. Raymond as he stood at the desk. In that hour ambition seemed pitifully inadequate ; all attraction fell away from long-cherished plans, and settled purposes seemed ropes of sand. Many of us dropped our heads and cried heartily from pure loneliness and home-sickness, others stiffened ourselves with a defiant endurance even more miserable ; but one and all instinctively waited for the President's voice. We were tired and miserable ; we saw a calm, controlled man whose very tone quieted the tumult of feeling in the unhappy hearts before him. We heard the words of a prayer which made us forget ourselves in a serene trust in an Infinite Father. There was no lack of sympathy for our troubles and worries, but we were made to feel that all minor relations ought to be merged in the one supreme care of discharging our responsibility as self-respecting human beings. This was a lesson we often heard from Dr. Raymond, but it could never come again with the same power as on that first night when it soothed us into self-control and strengthened us for work. From that time we were under the spell of his peculiar influence—an influence which made him, however active as administrator or professor, through all and above all *the President*. Some of us never knew him personally ; but his opinions we could not fail to know, and these guided and restrained us with the virile force of the man himself. To this first chapel most of us look back as to the beginning of a series of impressions less vivid and less definite only because we learned to expect them.

Dr. Raymond's chapel-talks supplied the medium through

which he influenced the body of students in all matters of public opinion and discipline. The formation of a healthy and just public opinion was one of his chief cares, and he always endeavored to make us govern ourselves as far as possible. How often has he addressed his little republic and urged upon "its careful consideration" measures in regard to which every one of us knew that he had but to lift his hand and the die would be cast. We never noticed that our knowledge of this fact interfered in the least with the cheerful alacrity of our committees.

Dr. Raymond was very much interested in all efforts for the improvement and adorning of the college buildings and grounds. We remember the indignation with which he defended the flower-garden from the depredation of some of the students, the mingling of pathos and humor in his description of the mental condition of people who profaned beauty and marred purity. One night as we waited for the well-known bow which dismissed us from the chapel, the President said, "I wish to speak to you of the propriety of trampling upon part of the College policy." A short pause pointed this revolutionary speech; then he went on, "Young ladies, I would recommend to your attention the new paths." Every girl looked at her neighbor and thought of the hour she had paced up and down the lake path in monotonous ease rather than try the loose earth of the walks which had been but a few days ploughed up. A hearty laugh from the students showed that they had understood the Doctor's rebuke and taken it in good part. For five minutes he talked to them in his most graceful and humorous style; he treated them to a little bantering philosophy on variety as the spice of life, and the next day found the new walks anything but paths of peace.

The students always looked upon the President as the fountain of all authority and knowledge. Even in the minor affairs of every-day routine they weighed his slightest word and considered it final.

At Vassar, as at all colleges doubtless, there come times when the students grow a little restive under the restraints of discipline and attempt to step over prescribed limits in social and intellectual life. It is then that ambitious girls divulge the most preposterous plans for their own rapid development, and that

delicate ones ask for double and triple work. Such times as these were always a peculiar care to Dr. Raymond, and he often felt that they demanded very energetic treatment. Then he opened the storehouse of his satire and disapprobation. Just after the students had handed in their election of studies on one particular June, it was discovered that there had been an unusually large number of extraordinary and unreasonable requests preferred. The President satisfied himself that most of the petitioners were more anxious to gain a step in class rank than to make use of wider advantages, and that, even in cases when a legitimate ambition was the motive, the method was a mistaken one. Selecting two or three typical cases, the President met the students in chapel. He described in detail the requests he had received in his office, analyzed their real substance, showed their necessary implications supposing them granted, and appealed to the right feelings of the girls themselves, to gain their withdrawal—instead of forcing their refusal by the Faculty.

In the last year of Dr. Raymond's life came one of the most marked instances of his influence in these chapel-talks. There had been a peculiar spirit of insubordination among the students, and all the ordinary means had failed to meet it. Its most marked manifestation was an open and pronounced disregard for authority and admonition. The President made one appeal to the students for righteous self-government, but it was of no avail. A second time he detained them in the chapel, and was greeted by a little murmur of impatience and dissatisfaction. Few of those who were in that audience will ever forget the expression of his face as he looked slowly over the benches and the gallery as if to assure himself that he had made no mistake; then dropping his hand sharply on the desk, he said, "For ten years I have talked to you from this desk, my children; to-night, for the first time, I am treated with disrespect. I never expected to see this night, and I certainly never wished to see it." For a minute he seemed almost overcome by his emotion, but speedily recovering himself, he threw all his power of feeling into a ringing vindication of College law. A flood of righteous indignation descended upon the offenders, and the right of the College to demand strict obedience was proudly vindicated. "Remember, young ladies, the doors are

as wide open to tell you 'go' as they ever were to receive you. While I am here the College law shall be obeyed, and those who resist it shall answer for the fault to me." The effect of this address can hardly be understood by people not accustomed to college audiences. The students fairly quailed, and left the chapel silent and frightened.

Dr. Raymond's strong personal influence over the students has been alluded to. Few of us ever attempted to analyze it, though we all had daily illustrations of it. His sympathetic voice and admirable delivery doubtless had much to do with his control over his hearers. One instance of this kind comes to mind now. Each year he was in the habit of giving a series of metaphysical sermons, intended primarily for the Senior class. These sermons were very carefully prepared, and always delivered with great enthusiasm. On this occasion the class was a little inclined to skeptical views, and had shown signs of a tendency to forsake old landmarks and throw aside as useless old restraints. The subject of the sermon was Conscience, and the Doctor was vehemently defending it upon rational grounds. Looking around with an air of intense conviction and some indignation, he exclaimed, "Conscience is no extract from a statute-book"—an impressive pause—then triumphantly, "Conscience, young ladies, is a 'categorical imperative!'" One of the preparatories said that she shook all over while the President waited, and she never was so relieved in her life as when she found out what conscience really was, though she hadn't the least idea what a categorical imperative might be.

Dr. Raymond's attitude as a teacher of metaphysics impressed students as being judicial, critical, and courageous. The subject studied was usually the Scottish philosophy, but the work of the class-room was as little limited as time would permit. The first lesson the students were taught was that no authority ought to be unquestioned; the second, that the benefit to be obtained from a semester's work in philosophy was entirely dependent upon the mental vigor which the student brought to bear upon its problems; and the third, that honest and independent methods ought to be followed out, whatever their apparent conclusions.

Consequently Dr. Raymond allowed a great deal of blunder-

ing in his class. A student often started with a palpable misunderstanding of the topic of the author, but she was listened to patiently in the hope that she would be able to clear up her own difficulties by stating them distinctly to herself. If she did not succeed in this, the President would come to her and help with pointed questions and definite issues. Verbatim recitations were never permitted except in the few instances where a student had proved her inability to do anything better. A stupid recitation was always received with forbearance, but alas for the bright girl who had not properly prepared her lesson, and who attempted to make "a rush" on general principles! Her performance was sometimes endured for five or six minutes; then she was stopped, while the President, in half a dozen quiet sentences, picked her display to pieces, and presented the shreds to the class for a warning. The attempt was seldom repeated.

The Doctor was a great stickler for exactness of expression in recitation, and chose his own words with the greatest care. The girls often dreaded to recite on abstruse points, for they said it was like one of Dr. Hinkel's translations, "a mental exercise." On such occasions the President would pass from one student to another down an entire section of the class, apprehension before him and sorrow behind, asking, "Would you suggest any changes in this description, Miss ——?" One day the search for "an exact designation" for a certain process of mind had been continued until it reached the student of all others in the class most inclined to hair-splitting. She evidently felt the responsibility of her position, and the class settled back in comfort while she and the Doctor should have it out. She spared neither vocabulary nor facts, and that definition was a model of metaphysical completeness and incomprehensibility; but the President was still unsatisfied, so the facts were again carefully reviewed, and this time translated into the most monstrous terms of the "School" nomenclature. The Doctor listened gravely, then said, "Well, Miss ——, how would '*thinking*' do?" The twinkle in his eyes pointed the joke and gave the class an excuse for a hearty laugh.

President Raymond's manner of lecturing to his class was generally very quiet and perfectly conventional; but all of us can remember times when he threw this manner off, and we

caught glimpses of what we could not help believing was the real man under the professor. Then we felt the power of his stern condemnation of disingenuous reasoning, and of his generous enthusiasm for devotion to truth. It was in his own class-room that students saw most plainly the courage and candor which were such important factors in Dr. Raymond's policy and character. To that class-room many of us look back as to the place where we learned practically that good impulses must be supplemented by intelligent convictions, and that the evolution of principle must keep pace with that of character.

M. A. J.

The occasions were rare which called forth a severe public rebuke. But they were burned in the memory of those present. A student writes: "I wish that you might learn something of his talk at the time of the Gypsy Encampment. I once heard a vivid and entertaining description of the whole affair from Miss ——. She was one of the chief culprits; but she spoke as if that difficulty and the president's wise treatment of it were the secrets of whatever success she might achieve in life." A clue to this talk from the inner side is found in a note from Dr. Raymond to the Lady Principal, and may be quoted to illustrate the caution with which his reproofs were administered. He never drew an inference from doubtful facts, or pronounced a verdict till possessed of all possible evidence :

MY DEAR "L. P.": I learn that a number of our students have visited the gypsy encampment to have their fortunes told, going to the fence, waving their handkerchiefs to draw them out, paying money, etc. I find myself stirred with a profound indignation, not so much at the wickedness of the thing as its intense stupidity and vulgarity. And I feel like going to chapel to-morrow morning and giving them a talk. I only fear going too far, and don't know that I have all the facts I ought to have. What I have came direct enough. But an immediate

check must be given. What do you think? Shall I "explode," or wait till you have inquired farther?

J. H. R.

"This was one of the most scorching traditions of the College," said one who had heard of it from others; "I wish I could give any idea of one of his bursts of righteous indignation and the effect it had upon us," she continued. "It seemed a fiery current that swept everything before it, withering and consuming every unworthy thing." It was the same power of concentrated passion which has been noticed by others, which like "waves of torrent fire" was poured forth not so much upon the sinner as the sin.

Other letters refer to the qualities which appealed to the hearts of the students:

I think it would be very hard to give a stranger any adequate idea of President Raymond's chapel-talks; their very perfection puts it out of our power. But there was one other way in which he always moved me quite as much. I think I first learned the real grandeur of the Bible from Dr. Raymond. It was an inspiration, night after night, to hear him read from it. I shall never forget, as long as I live, the grand way in which he used to read the defense of Paul before King Agrippa, and I know that there are many besides me who will not forget it. It always seemed to stir his blood, and I am sure it always stirred ours. There was a simple, heroic dignity about it that used to thrill me through and through.

It was in such ways, I think, that most of us learned to know Dr. Raymond. Few of us had any personal relations with him, very few of us knew him well. I believe it is only the strongest, truest character that, so aloof from us all, could yet have had such a hold upon us all. We listened to him day after day, in the class-room and in the chapel, and we all loved him, and we every one of us bear his stamp. I have not a more sacred feeling than my reverence for him, and that is true of every graduate whom I ever heard speak of him.

I have two letters from him which I have kept for a long while, and which I think show his great "justice" and "patience" in College life. I send you the whole of the *Miscellany* incident just as I have kept it ever since. The first letter, as you see, was terribly severe, and I remember very well now how I sat up pretty nearly all night thinking about it and answering it; and how happy the second one made me when it came. Perhaps because I love all those memories, it means more to me than it can to anybody else; but in those very qualities that you speak of, the justice with which he heard all I had to say, the patience with which he sat down to "talk the matter over" and help me out, and in his affectionate tempering of a too harsh rebuke, it has always seemed to me very beautiful. E. E. P.

The correspondence which is spoken of related to an article which had appeared in the *Vassar Miscellany*, the College magazine. An eminent lecturer who had addressed the College had been severely criticised in its columns, and the president invokes the aid of the "editorial prerogative" to "prevent the recurrence of such indiscretions." He accords to the students all due freedom in expressing through their own organ their honest estimate of such efforts, accepting the editor's theory with regard to the right of criticism. But the clearness with which he defines the province of "the impersonal critic,—bound according to the current notion to be oracular and judicial at whatever cost," but "forgetting to inquire whether the relations of the parties warrant the assumption of judicial functions,"—and the delicacy with which he sets forth those relations, are most suggestive to those responsible for the tone of such magazines.

The characteristic expression of his views on this subject must be omitted to allow room for other personal recollections :

May 16, 1880.

I was young and very immature even for my age when I entered Vassar, but from the first my admiration of your father was enthusiastic. How I wish I could recall the kindly, fatherly words from the chapel-desk which cured my home-sickness! I can only tell you that in that first unsettled year at College, when a man with a nature less grand and a heart less large than his might have failed to gain a hold upon his students, your father laid the foundation of that personal influence which he ever afterward exercised over us all to such a remarkable degree.

I think it was during my Sophomore year (1867) that we had an address from a then prominent lyceum-lecturer, which aroused riotous discussion on the "Woman Question," a subject which most of us sadly misunderstood at that time. Do you remember the sermon preached by your father on Thanksgiving Day of that year, in which, in his calm, forcible way, he overcame the influence of that lecture? I have always said that that Thanksgiving-day talk ought to have been printed in letters of gold. It must have set many restless unwomanly ambitions at rest besides my own. Many of us learned then from those few words what might have required many bitter mistakes to teach us; that is, that the highest education and development are needed for the workers in the quiet, humble walks of life. The sermon was more than a revelation—it was an education to me.

Another (Sunday) sermon which impressed me very vividly was that on the "Sin of Judging." Your father delivered it a second time, by request, and it was afterward printed.

Among my first delightful recollections of my enjoyments at College are the Shakesperean readings which made Thanksgiving days such real red-letter days to us. I do not believe there could be finer interpretations of Shakespeare without the aid of any accessories than your father used to give us. Do you remember how distinctly each character stood before us? How deliciously funny he used to be in the comedies! Was there ever such a "Bottom?" His drollery in that character never lost the delicate charm that belongs to the "Midsummer-Night's Dream." There have been other just as funny "Bottoms," but they were not Titania's lovers. I speak of this because the delicate sense of humor which your father possessed is such a rare gift.

Surely all who knew him must have recognized his sympathy with an appreciation of all beautiful things. In music I especially felt his congeniality. An expression of commendation from him was always dear to me, for I felt that he was a discriminating critic. Do you remember his telling us of the "vials of wrath which he had to keep corked up" during a concert where he sat near some noisy people? I never hear people talk during music now that I do not think of Dr. Raymond's "vials of wrath." I remember his deep love of Beethoven, and a performance of any of the symphonies (notably the fifth and seventh) at once brings up certain Thursday evenings when I used to sit in the outer courts (though not quite in outer darkness), for I could listen enrapt to the music which came through the closed doors of the President's parlor. You must remember those Thursay evenings and your father as the moving spirit. I think that no reminiscence of my Vassar life has the power to move me as this has. I used to have a good many musical chats with your father. If I could only remember them in detail!

It must have been a great privilege (which I never enjoyed) to accompany him in his walks. He must have got very near to Nature's heart. I am sure that she never kept her secrets from him. His love of nature showed itself constantly in simile and metaphor in all his talks with us. In short, his interpretation of the beautiful was an elementary education in any of the arts.

His influence as a teacher was felt in every department of the College, such was the breadth of his culture.

But above all, to me, he stands out as the perfect incarnation of justice. His judgment (which involves every faculty of the mind) seemed never to err.

M C. T.

Another writes :

My feeling toward President Raymond was always reverent. So much so that it almost seems presumptuous in me to speak of him at all. As I have grown older I have felt more and more how much Vassar owes her success to the wisdom of her first President. Other men of as ripe scholarship might have been found to fill the difficult position, other men of as great ability

in this or that direction. But where could have been found another with that rare combination of qualities summed up in the word wisdom? As we look back on the course of the College in those early years, when it would have been so easy to wreck the infant enterprise, and see how its growth toward a higher standard of scholarship and a more liberal tone of sentiment was quietly fostered, while all fantastic enthusiasm which could have produced a reaction and hindered its true advancement and success was as quietly repulsed, we feel that a truly wise, comprehensive, and far-seeing mind guided its counsels. I can never think of President Raymond without a feeling of reverent gratitude for the tone which his life and work gave to the College.

My memory of his chapel-talks goes back very far and is very vivid. But it is more an impression of the earnestness and clearness of the speaker and the influence on the students than a recollection of the talks themselves. The appeal was always first to the understanding of the students, then to their moral dignity. The matter was placed before us so fully and clearly that we could not but see the strength and justice of the position he took; then came the appeal which assumed that, seeing the right, we must inevitably choose it. The first of these talks I remember was in June, 1866, at the close of the first College year. There was no class prepared for graduation, but the Philaethan Society was to give an entertainment. President Raymond was at that time president of the society. The College offered to give a collation in connection with the entertainment. But among some of the members there arose a spirit of opposition to the arrangement which the authorities wished to make. They thought the independent position of the society was compromised when Dr. Raymond, in his position as president of the society, tried to influence its action and bring its arrangements into harmony with those of the College. A stormy meeting lasting several hours was held. The wordy war ran high, the president listening in patience till patience ceased to be a virtue. Then he flung parliamentary rules aside and made us a speech which carried all before it, and showed us how small was that spirit which could consider the interests of any body of the students different from the interests of all. Finishing, he made an apology for transgressing the neutrality of his position as chair-

man, which was greeted by hearty applause, and followed by a unanimous vote in harmony with his wishes.

Has any one spoken to you of the beauty of his Bible-readings? The chapel services were always full of interest when he conducted them. Much that had grown dead through often hearing became living again as he read it like a new story with all the wonder and beauty just opened to us. I never shall forget his reading of the parable of the Prodigal Son. All other persons that I have heard read it have seen only the father's love and mercy for the returning sinner. In emphasizing this, they pass over the not unjust complaint of the elder son. But he gave the answer, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine," with a depth of reproving tenderness in which seemed concentrated the trust and affection won by years of faithful service. The sermon on Friendship I remember distinctly. It was written in 1868, at a time when an epidemic of violent intimacies was prevailing in the College. Its high and noble standard has been practically embodied in the lives of those who have listened to its teachings, for nowhere can be found more beautiful friendships than among those who lived and studied together in our dear Alma Mater. I very much hope the sermon will be published; and there are two others I should much like to see again, one on "The exceeding sinfulness of sin," the other on the Bible, considering in what sense it was revelation.

E. R. C.

Much regret is felt that there is not room to include in this volume those sermons which are especially remembered and prized, and which have borne fruit in the lives of so many. Those familiarly known in College as the "Judge not" and the "Friendship" sermon were most marked in their immediate practical effect. The latter was first preached during the absence of the Lady Principal from the College, and Dr. Raymond's allusion to it in a brief note written to her at the time will show his sympathy with the needs of those under his care, and his fairness in tracing such youthful

errors to a natural cause instead of blindly condemning them :

VASSAR COLLEGE, March 13, 1868.

MY DEAR "LADY PRINCIPAL:" . . . Yesterday I preached a sermon on "True Friendship." . . . The more I think of it the more it seems to me that the unhealthy developments which have caused us anxiety of late are the natural results of the artificial life to which these young people are here shut up—the outcropping of youthful impulses under stimulants whose nature they do not understand—and that the true correction is more ample instruction. It is a confirmation of the soundness of your views for months past, and when you are again at your post, I shall feel more than ever the importance of your doing this much-needed work.

The discourse which has been remembered as a Thanksgiving-day talk was afterwards remodeled and preached as a Baccalaureate sermon on the Mission of Educated Women. There is no other which can better illustrate the character of the doctrine taught at Vassar College; and the passages quoted from it may answer some grave doubts which are still expressed with regard to the tendencies of a higher education for women. Those who fear such dangers, and would guard the young women of the present day from the errors of "strong-mindedness," may possibly see a way of escape in the influences of the education here set forth. It may be found in the *Appendix*.

The reminiscences which have been given in this chapter will testify how faithfully his high ideal of womanly culture was held up to the students of Vassar College. But their remembrance cannot offer more grateful tributes to the lost president and friend than those which were paid to him while yet among them. The place which he held in their hearts was yearly

proved in the words addressed to him in the hour of parting. The beauty of his teachings had imbued the young lives which he guided, and was breathed back to him in these valedictory utterances. The passages in which he is individually addressed are taken from some of the Valedictories which most deeply moved him :

The class of '75 joins all students in times past, all those who shall come after, all those here to-day, in its acknowledgment to you, our President, of the nobility which identified you with an unpopular reform, of the bravery with which you have kept the charge, of the faith in us which has sustained you and persuaded others. Truer to our interests than we to our own, you have steadily raised our standard, you have firmly held us thereto; at the end of our course, we realize that the good of all results in that of each, that by faithfulness to this general good you have advanced the intellectual growth, the moral welfare of our College.

The words said of Lord Chatham rise to our lips, "Something finer about the man than anything he ever said," till we remember those words which have ended each day, which have begun each week; and even then, the prayers spoken in our behalf seem to us no finer than the prayer of an earnest life. We shall miss these words, our President. When the day's lessons were ended, when we were weary of work, they have brought us into harmony with the ways and thoughts not ours; when the lessons of life are ended, when we wish for utter rest, they will return to us again. When each soul stands alone, making those decisions which are to influence her life and that of others, may they ring in our ears!

As long as we think of the things which are lovely and true and of good report, as long as we keep our faith in God, as long as we work for humanity, as long as human life is a growth into reality, your memory will grow real. It will come to us also at the times of social enjoyment, and on the day of the nation's thanksgiving. To you we stand with others, one out of many classes; to us, you stand alone, one out of many men.

May there be something in our lives finer than anything we can say, wherewith to prove the fruits of your influence !

With gratitude to the hour which first gathered us in this chapel and connected our lives with yours, we bid you an earnest farewell.

The following extract is taken from the Valedictory address of 1874 :

My classmates, if those weak words of mine could be thought to contain all the gratitude that we render to those who have made the blessings of the past thrice blessed to us, I might well seal my lips and trust that reverent silence would be an eloquent interpreter.

But to-day your full hearts will respond sweetly to the faintest touch. I should wrong myself and you if this last hour did not hold a thankful farewell to the best friend of our College days.

For four years, sir, you have been the wise monitor of our lives. Your patience has borne with our waywardness, your judgment guided our untrained energies, your counsel directed our purposes. Your impartial candor has made many a rough way smooth ; we have often thanked you for justice more complete than we could render to ourselves. None can know as well as we how bravely you have met the manifold trials of your position. The strong shield and support of our Alma Mater, your voice and pen have been ever ready to repel the attacks of her enemies, and your thought and care untiringly spent to raise her above danger from such attacks. Thus we have learned to value you as the right man in the right place, the fit instrument of a great design.

As you have stood to us in a relation filled by none before you, so your place in our affection and our esteem is all your own. But we praise you also as the judicious champion of Universal Education, and honor you for the self-forgetful zeal which devotes life and strength to the great cause. Truly, our tribute can be but a tithe of that which grateful women shall one day bring to him who, faithfully and well, fulfilled the duties of first President of Vassar College.

The following note accompanies a copy of the last words of affectionate praise to which he ever listened from the voice of his college daughters. It must always be a joy to remember how deeply they touched his heart, and to feel that the last moments which he spent in the place which had known his ministrations were made glad by the loving recognition of those for whom he had labored :

August 15, 1880.

In accordance with your request, I send the accompanying extract. As I re-read it now, after the lapse of two years, I am more deeply conscious than ever before how feebly it expresses the love and reverence in which we held our President. We all honored him. We all felt the dignity and beauty of his daily life, and realized what a power it was to mould us for good. Until our Senior year, it was mainly through his chapel-talks that most of us learned to know him. They were always freighted with an earnest purpose, were informal, and therefore the more effective. As I think now of those familiar talks and recall their effect upon the students, I see with increasing admiration how completely Dr. Raymond understood the way to reach what was best in us. He believed that in popular sentiment lay the only remedy for popular evils, and so skillfully did he touch upon our errors that he invariably caused us to become our own strongest accusers. The kindly humor which would sometimes tinge his most earnest reproofs never failed to prevent that rebellious feeling which a rebuke so often arouses. During that year which was his last and our last, we enjoyed the closer relationship of the class-room. Although he was there, for the first time, our teacher in name, we feel that he had taught us always through the bright example of his pure and noble life.

From the Valedictory of 1878 :

"The circle of our unsaid farewells has narrowed till it holds but one. Would there were no occasion for that one to be

spoken! Since we must say that sad, last word to you, our President, may it be eloquent with our love and gratitude. The generous dedication of your life to an object doubtful of success, but of whose right to succeed you had a firm conviction, swells the number of those whose highest aim is to discover and spread abroad the seeds of truth. This alone would command our reverence; but we cherish a deeper, closer feeling, which is a consequence not of your devotion to the general cause of intellectual advancement, but of the interest which you have manifested in *our* welfare. And as we, your daughters, now bid you farewell, we feel that one of the tenderest and most hallowed memories of our lives will be that of the beloved President who has been at once advisor, instructor, friend."

In the fall succeeding that bright Commencement-time, the following words were read by many tearful eyes in the opening pages of the *Vassar Miscellany*:

IN MEMORIAM.

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!
Yes; in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live.
Prompt, unwearied as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad!
Still like a trumpet dost rouse
Those who, with half-open eyes,
Tread the borderland dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth."

Were it possible for the students of Vassar College to say all that their love and gratitude for President Raymond would dictate, they must relate the long story of the growth of their Alma Mater. Its details would illustrate, as nothing else could, the peculiar virtues and the special gifts of his character. It is not fulsome eulogy to say that a manifest decree of Providence made him the first executor of our Founder's plan. What but that rare compound of patience and energy for which he was pre-eminent, which was admitted to be his most admirable characteristic, could have performed the arduous tasks set before the first president of the first woman's college? To-day Vassar College is not a colossal experiment, but an accomplished fact; we are proud of her large share in making the phrase "The Higher Education of Woman"—once the by-word of an incredulous world—the watchword of earnest thousands. But fourteen years ago it required moral courage of a high order to link one's name with her unpopular cause. In assuming her leadership, Dr. Raymond doubtless seemed to many to stake his well-won reputation on the issue of a complex and doubtful problem. Nothing less than his cheerful, resolute perseverance could have met and vanquished the endless difficulties of organization, the thousand discouragements arising from the exceptional nature of his work. Nothing but his tact, his acuteness in distinguishing the essential from the non-essential, could have guarded the infancy of the College against the dangers which menaced it from popular prejudice, from willful detraction, and even from the conflicting views of its best friends. As he labored, he learned; when the first trying days of experiment had passed, none were more ready than he to conduct the College on a broader and more enlightened plan than that which the Founder had sketched. Here rose into prominence another of his best traits—the liberality, the judicial candor of his mind. He could assimilate good from every experience—even from his own mistakes. To the day of his death we could be proud to realize that our President was a *growing* man; happy in knowing that our Alma Mater felt the expansion of his views as a steady upward impulse.

But it is in relation to the internal life of our College that we most fondly recall Dr. Raymond—"the father among his chil-

dren," he loved to call himself. Here appeared all the virtues which marked his public life, softened by a spirit of truly fatherly tenderness. Engrossed as he was by the manifold labors of his office, the size of our ever-varying family allowed him comparatively few opportunities for general social intercourse. Those older students whose work received his special care learned to feel for him the warmest personal attachment. They could fully appreciate that geniality, those broad, kindly sympathies, that perennial freshness of nature which President Raymond manifested towards the whole college community in his position of chaplain and chief disciplinary officer. What words can do justice to the memory of his "chapel-talks"! How patiently and gently he put himself on the level of those whom he sought to influence; how skillfully he appealed to their best impulses; how adroitly he manipulated the springs of human nature; how scathingly he could rebuke the obdurate! "I have always," he used to say, "found most success in governing young people through teaching them to make their own deductions from the general principles of right action." How many students have gone out from his presence counting their error indeed a disguised blessing, since it had brought them within the scope of such wise, inspiring admonition!

When, at the close of our college year, he met us all for the last time at evening worship, the soft gloom of the June twilight had shaded our little chapel before he spoke his few words of affectionate farewell. Into each heart his earnest words called a foreboding of change and loss. Yet which of us all could at that moment have believed that the first great change would be the silence of that kind, familiar voice, the banishing of that beloved face which had come to seem the fixed light of our college home? Six weeks later, when the news of our bereavement flashed over the wires, we could look back and see that we had been warned. Sometimes within the past twelve-month the elastic step had been a little languid; the resolute will had failed to hide the tokens of intense physical weariness. Perhaps we should be glad that our affection blinded our judgment. Now that he has left us, memory does not mar the picture of his beautiful life by one shade of weakness or decay. In those last June days some of us took a final farewell of our Alma

Mater. For such it may well be that "Vassar College without President Raymond seems almost an impossibility." In their thought the old-time haunts are still animated by his venerated presence. But how is it with those of us who had the harder lot of coming back to the home whence he had gone, who found the familiar halls desolate in the shadow of a great loss? We have known the full sadness of taking up the work which his beloved hand has forever laid down, of missing at every turn our strong helper and counselor. Yet we too can feel that Vassar College has not lost, can never lose, President Raymond. The life which he spent in her behalf yet lives in her—a power and an inspiration. We remember the purity and singleness of his aims, the unwavering faith in the true and the beautiful which made his earthly career a constant preparation for the higher existence; we cannot doubt the heroism which was able at the last, cheerfully, unquestioningly, to leave the completion of his life-task to other hands. Shall we not then best honor him by rising above the sorrow for our earthly friend to the emulation of his nobility? And what thought can more confirm our faith in the grand future of Alma Mater than the knowledge that she has absorbed the vitality of this rare life? H. C. H.

CHAPTER XVII.

CLOSING DAYS.

THE last years of my father's life were spent, like all that had preceded them, in busy and exhausting labors. If he had never consciously chosen a watchword, it still shone out from his daily life in the *work* in which he delighted. The element of rest seemed almost eliminated from his experience, even the Sabbath bringing him the pastoral cares which rested so sacredly upon his heart. His preparation for the pulpit was usually made Saturday night, after he had vainly attempted to rescue time from the engrossments of the week, and the early morning light often found him writing upon the unfinished sermon. The vacations which brought rest to others were full of work for him, as the changes of each year left vacancies to be supplied in the College corps, which involved much thought, discussion, and correspondence, and he could not go far enough from home to escape the daily package of letters which faithfully followed him and ever brought new subjects for reflection. The spring of 1875, which closed so successfully the first decade of the College, found him with health greatly impaired, and grave fears were entertained by many of his friends. He would have been poorly prepared for the duties of another year without the summer of refreshment which was secured to him by the action of the Board of Trustees and by the generous gift of some of its

members. It was a gift of new life. He sought restoration once more in European travel, and was again greatly benefited.

But three years sufficed to exhaust the stores of strength which he laid up in those life-giving months. Although they were free from the special perplexities which he had known in the earlier and experimental years of the College, they brought a burden of daily care which few could measure, as he freely gave of brain and heart to the interests which were so precious to him. Yet never was his life more joyfully given to his work. The hours of depression were rare, and, while his bodily strength failed, his spirit was perpetually renewed.

I am permitted to cite here the impressions of one who had been associated with him in the daily duties of his office, written soon after his death to a long-absent friend:

The two points that have impressed me most in my constant intercourse with him have been his unfailing cheerfulness and his all-embracing charity—not merely kindly benevolence of feeling, but a great Christ-like love for every human being, a determination to believe the best of everybody, in spite of appearances, and an effort to search for honorable and praiseworthy motives as an explanation of conduct. Both these points have been especially prominent during the last year. He was so light-hearted, there was such a constant ebullition of happy, joyous feelings, that I find it impossible now to believe that his physical strength was, even then, yielding to the long and bravely borne burden of over-work and care. The success which crowned his great and arduous labors was so great and manifest that he could not help having intense satisfaction and happiness in it. One after another, obstacles were overcome. Each year he saw his ideal more fully met. He had in large measure the greatest happiness that can come to a human being, the evidence that through his instrumentality lives were

constantly growing nobler and purer. He was so permeated with the conviction that the work in which he was engaged was God's work, and that he was doing it consciously for Him, that when he heard His voice calling him to another sphere of labor, he turned easily, without any shock or hesitation, to obey the call. I cannot think of his life during his last years without feeling that he had, and that he *enjoyed*, the most rich and ample and satisfying return of all his labors.

This was the fruition which came to him amid his very latest duties. Never was it so sweet, or so evident to those about him, as in the last days of his public ministration. A year which had not been free from great anxieties had closed propitiously; the last burden was rolled from his heart, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the present and of the bright future which he saw before the College. "Never have I been so thoroughly *satisfied* with a Commencement," he said. He entered with joyous zest into all the duties, social and official, of the busy week. All the strength and sunshine of his nature seemed gathered up in that one last effort. Many who were present at that time remember the brightness which in looking back to it now seems a *radiance* of look and manner. He was everywhere present, exchanging greetings and congratulations with all. Every face that he met and every hand that was stretched out to him seemed to touch some special chord of memory or loving interest in his heart. He was particularly happy in the return of many of the earlier students and alumnæ, and each received a welcome and a blessing. Every member of the large class which graduated seemed to hold an individual place in his acquaintance and affection, as each one came to say farewell and lingered to hear his parting words.

The three days which followed Commencement were joyful days to those who cherish the last unshadowed memories of husband and father. All the brightness of his life seemed to culminate and shine forth in those cloudless hours. A wealth of love and delight and blessed companionship was poured out upon the children and grandchildren and young friends who surrounded him, as he gave himself up to their every wish in walks or drives or the readings which they begged for.

On the fourth day after Commencement, which was the Sabbath, he suffered from a severe headache, which seemed only the natural reaction of the week's excitement. From that time no hour was free from suffering. By the advice of friends he went on Monday to Saratoga, hoping for benefit from the waters, but upon arriving there was greatly prostrated; threatened, the physicians said, with an attack of malarial fever. His beloved friend, the College Superintendent, Mr. William Forby—alas! so soon to follow him to the better Country—had accompanied him on the journey and remained with him at Saratoga, giving him the most devoted sympathy and attention till the worst symptoms were relieved. Alternations of improvement and relapse awoke the apprehensions of his friends. His wife had joined him, and was daily hoping that he would gain strength for the journey home. But each day disappointed the hope, until his friend Mr. Matthew Vassar, who had become seriously alarmed, went himself to Saratoga to offer the affectionate and timely aid without which the journey could hardly have been accomplished. He engaged a special car, and every step of the painful way was made easy by his thoughtful care and his appeals to brakemen and conductors,

who avoided as far as possible the jarring and jolting of the train. It was a long and trying ride from the depot in Poughkeepsie to the College, and the rapidly wasting strength of the invalid was well-nigh exhausted. Arrived at last, Mr. Vassar lifted him from the carriage and bore him in his own arms up the long stairway to the rooms from which he would go out no more. His deep sigh of relief and the whispered "God bless you" were the only sign of the longings which were satisfied in the rest of home. Here loving hands ministered to him, and though many hearts were anxious, it was only with the fear of a long-continued illness. Among those who were summoned was his life-long friend and beloved brother, Dr. Bliss, who spent many hours by his bedside. A letter from him will tell the story of those days of silent watching and close the last chapter of this Life:

CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, }
CHESTER, PA., March 1, 1880. }

MY DEAR NIECE: In complying with your request that I should give some account of your father's last hours, allow me to say a word first about the stages by which I had seen him approach the end. I think it was in November of the preceding fall that, yielding to the urgent advice of physicians, he had consented to rest for three weeks only (they had recommended some months), a part of which time he and your mother spent with us. We were grieved, not to say shocked, at the manifest enfeeblement of his health. Still, although your aunt seemed already to foresee that her brother would not stay long on the earth, I did not entertain such a thought. I was indeed persuaded that the rest which he was taking was quite insufficient, but he almost promised that he would the next summer throw off altogether his burden for a year, or for six months at least. As we had seen him once or twice rally from similar depression of health upon a little relaxation, I easily believed that a long vacation after that year's labor—a vacation to be spent abroad

if possible—would assure him several years yet of his happy and most useful life.

I was encouraged in this hope by the lively interest which he still took in all topics of literature, theology, political and social science, and especially of education. The work at Vassar College was constantly on his heart. He had plans of authorship especially in regard to some of the text-books needed in his own course of instruction, which, although he spoke somewhat doubtfully about living to carry them out, I saw no reason why he should not accomplish.

Very precious to me is the remembrance of some of the particular conversations which we had during those days. The more precious, seeing that afterward, at the last, there was no opportunity of intercourse which it was so painful to miss. The impression that I retain of it all is just such as I would wish to have of my dearest friend, who was soon to be taken away from the earth. Nothing was said directly about death, but various intimations proved that it was present in his thought as a not distant probability; and there were the most definite expressions—in the face of all which lately has combined to try our faith in the Bible, in immortality, and even in God—of an unshaken and restful trust in the old truths of the Gospel. His hope was not made ashamed, because the love of God had in a long and varied experience been shed abroad in his heart.

I think of that visit as in the line—alas that it should have been at the termination!—of meetings which, after our delightful intimacy at Hamilton, were interrupted by wide remoteness of residence and by our common engrossment in labors and cares, but which, happily more frequent since my residence here, I had trusted should continue while I lived, my life's refreshment, inspiration, ornament, and joy. But life I might have known is for work, and its other ideals will become realities only in another sphere.

When in the fall of 1877 your father had returned home, we were cheered for a time with encouraging reports of his improved health. But in February following, and again in March, I had occasion to visit Vassar College, and then I found him suffering with rheumatic pains in the back which greatly crippled him and made the discharge of his ordinary duties very

difficult. The change since November in his appearance and capability of movement struck me as sadly ominous. Still, his control over the indications of pain was so effectual; so bright were the gleams, which broke through at times, of his old manner in the family and with his friends, considerate, genial, witty, and wise; and so deep was his interest in his work and everything of human concern, that it was easy in his presence to feel that the coming vacation would make all right. On one of those visits I noticed that in referring to the book on Ethics which he had had in mind to write, he spoke of it as that which he could have wished to prepare, and added, "But I shall not have time for that now." How he revived at approach of summer, went strongly through the preparations for Commencement and through the Commencement itself, you, who were favored in being with him during the few bright days which followed, can tell better than I, who never heard a clearly conscious word from him afterward.

Some time during the last of July of that year your sister N., who was with us, was called home on account of her father's illness. I myself became so anxious from the accounts of his state, although these were not strictly alarming, that I went to Vassar in the fore part of August and staid a couple of days. But I did not at that time see the beloved invalid. His physician preferred that no one should be admitted to his room except those who had the immediate charge of him, apprehending that the sight of visitors might affect him unfavorably. How often I have since wished that I could at least have looked on him then, heard one distinct utterance from his feeble lips, or felt even the conscious pressure of his hand! And I quite agree with what one of the old Vassar teachers wrote to you: "If the doctors had known your father completely, they would not have been afraid at any time to let you see him. His heart was not set upon living, and his will was so at one with God's will that nothing could really disturb him. How his cultivated soul shone out in those days! He was so thoroughly self-controlled, so balanced at the center, that physical pain could not dominate him." Hope still predominated in the reports of your father's condition when I left. Brief notes of your mother to us within the next few days tended, in spite of her evident desire to see

encouragement, to aggravate our anxiety; and on the morning of Monday, August 12th, I received from her a dispatch desiring me to return if possible to Poughkeepsie. I made all haste to reach there that afternoon. A word from your grandfather at the railroad station at once relieved me and confirmed my fears: "Alive, but almost gone."

The first sight of your father himself somewhat reassured me. He did not seem at that glance to be so near his end as I had expected; scarcely even beyond hope that he might yet live. He lay with his eyes closed, his hands extended on either side of him, breathing somewhat heavily, but apparently free from pain, and taking no notice of things external except when pointedly aroused. A little medicine or nourishment or stimulant would be given him every few minutes, which made it necessary to awake him. He did not then open his eyes or try to speak, but took quietly whatever was offered him, seemed to swallow without special difficulty, and fell again into slumber. I noticed that his color was not that of death, but face and hands showed blood freely circulating; the pulse was rapid though feeble, and somewhat unsteady. However, Dr. T., when he came, pointed out the steps of decline through the last twenty-four hours, which were plainly leading to a not distant end.

I learned that since his case became alarming he had said but little to indicate his thought or feelings about it. I concluded that he had sooner than others become aware of the seriousness of his malady, and had serenely resigned all into the hands of God, seeing the uselessness of trying longer to concern himself with the work here which lay so near his heart, or about the loved ones he was soon to leave in the care of a heavenly Father. The last sentence that he tried to speak was eminently characteristic of him. It was broken, and difficult to catch, but distinct in meaning: "How easy—how easy—how easy—to glide from the work here to the work—" *there*, he evidently wished to add, but even the gentle force required for that failed him.

After I had been with him an hour or so, I spoke to him, telling him my name, upon which he opened his eyes with a glance of dim but unmistakable recognition. When I asked if he had the Saviour's presence in the way through which he was passing, he made an effort to speak one short word which was cer-

tainly "Yes." Some of us kneeled down by his bed and a minute was spent in audible prayer for him and for those he was leaving behind. Those friends who watched him said he evidently caught the sound of prayer and glanced toward the quarter whence it came. But it is hardly probable that he could follow one continuous sentence. I sat fanning him, much of the time alone, until quite late in the evening, when the nurse took him in charge for the remainder of the night.

It would be of little use, I fear, for the purpose of your memoir, my dear niece, for me to endeavor to report the thoughts which crowded on my mind by that bedside, whence the Saviour in Heaven was summoning to Himself my most dear friend, that evening. Yet if I could express them, they would serve at least to intimate the sense which one who had known him well for more than forty years entertained of the worth of the dying man. Enough that my vivid recollection of all that time brought to view no trait of his character, no act done, no word spoken, which I could wish to change, obscure, or forget. To praise ordinary excellencies of character in him would be a wrong to his virtues.* As much as in the case of any man I ever knew, to say the least, it seemed to me that death needed only to release him from bodily infirmities to make him manifestly meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light." For our eternal companionship we do not want him other than he was, except that that very soul should be transferred to "the building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

While I sat fanning him late that evening, the windows being open, there came from the road in front of the College grounds the sound of song. It was as if some Sunday-school, or other such company of young people, returning from an excursion into the country, were singing one of their familiar hymns. The tones were much subdued by the distance, yet instantly your father's measured and audible breathing was suspended, once and again, in a manner which showed beyond question that the music had caught his ear and interested his attention. Who can tell what it may have suggested to his mind?

* "Integritatem atque abinentiam in tanto viro referre injuria virtutum fuerit." TACITUS, *Agric.* IX.

During the next day, the last day of his life, he showed but few signs of consciousness, though replying "Pretty well" to the physician's morning inquiry as to how he felt, and greeting with smile and kiss your sister M.'s arrival. It seemed probable that he would live until evening, and we could only wish that he might survive until the other children should come. One or two of the friends came up in the forenoon, but he did not see or hear them, so far as we knew. I received, however, from many little signs scarcely possible to be described, the unshakable impression that there came in, between his slumbers, intervals of feeble consciousness, in which he was aware that friends were about him and noticed what they said. It seemed as though the soul, no longer able to control the body actively as her instrument, yet clung to her mortal abode, and passively received some notices from without through the shattered frame.

At two in the morning, we were summoned to his bedside. Within less than ten minutes certainly after I entered the room, his brief and rather labored respirations seemed to cease. While we waited in uncertainty, there was a little heaving of the breast, a light sigh, and all was over. So peacefully had the spirit passed away.

I know it would be pleasant to many of your father's friends if I might be permitted to add to this account of his last hours that the domestic scene following upon his death was consistent with his character and worthy of his life. Grief pervaded the company gathered at the College during the next day or two, as deep and tender as was ever felt for any man. But it was transfigured grief. There was no wailing, no lamentation, no wringing of hands over a broken column, an extinguished torch. The sense of personal loss to survivors was swallowed up in the consolations of Christian faith. Sorrow for ourselves gave place to holy triumph at the thought of his immortal crown. The hearts of widow and children knew certainly their own bitterness, with which the stranger intermeddleth not. But it appeared as a sad bewilderment, the consciousness of a solemn enigma, not as consternation. The spirit of the husband and father, so often manifested in their common trials, abode with those whom he had left. They looked as he had, beyond the veil, within which, following the attraction of the risen Redeemer, he was for the time lost to view.

Other relatives and friends had to regret that he could not have tarried some years longer in his delightful social relations and in his beneficent work. For it was particularly noticeable that none, not even the youngest, seemed to think of him as of an old man. We thought of him, rather, as just matured for the fullest usefulness in every sphere of activity, and particularly as an instructor of youth, and the administrator of the College. Several added years might each have witnessed naturally further outreach of his busy plans, greater completeness in their execution. But our regrets were balanced by the recollection of what he had been spared to accomplish, and by the sight of present fruits of his labors. The grand institution under whose roof his body lay was bound to preserve his memory and to perpetuate his influence. We found, as many others were sure to do, in its broad lawns and far-winding paths constant reminders of him who had watched with so much interest their design and completion. What was more, numerous messages of loving sympathy and grateful remembrance were already coming from near and far, from former colleagues in his labors, from reverent and affectionate pupils, and from heart-smitten friends, all testifying of the sorrowful impression produced by the news which had flown over the land. But comforting above all this was the evidence to our hearts that his death was but the coming again of the Saviour to take him to Himself. It seemed very easy there where he had been most intimately known, both in his domestic and his more public relations, to think of him as only removed to another of our Father's "many mansions" and engaged in its higher service. He had shown us how to be prepared for our own end. We could now more willingly relinquish earthly attractions and cherished work here below, to be inseparably united, in the Saviour's presence, with him and all the kindred souls who shall be gathered before His throne.

Thus it was, as if under the pure and elevating influence of his spiritual presence, that we communed together during those two or three days, until the funeral rites.

As it was now vacation-time, the students of the College and most of the instructors were absent, and it was advised that appropriate public services commemorative of the *public* man should be postponed to a more convenient time. Meanwhile the

funeral meeting of friends was quietly held on Friday afternoon, in the chapel where he had so often led the devotions of the great College family and spoken to them the words of truth and soberness concerning life, its duties, and the life eternal. His friend for more than forty years, Rev. Dr. Edward Lathrop, President of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College, in his discourse gave voice to the profound affection and esteem which the departed one had inspired. A last hymn was sung, and the last look silently taken of the face of the dead. The burial took place the next day. Several of the Trustees of the College, delegated for this purpose, accompanied the family and other friends on their sad errand down the Hudson, on the steam-boat "Mary Powell." The most respectful sympathy was expressed by the very look of all, even of the people connected with the boat, to whom the face and form now still in death had become familiar. Many of the company knew and could not fail to remember now the appreciative enjoyment with which he had so often viewed the charming scenery through which we glided toward our destination. We might have felt that truly

"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,"

with all the poet's grand and beautiful array of the phenomena of nature,

"Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man;"

but that sentiment could not suit with the funeral of one so cheerful in his views of life, and who, having faithfully served God and his generation, had simply risen to a more beautiful and blessed state. To him the grandeur and glory of external nature was, rather, the adornment of man's earthly dwelling-place and hint of the more entrancing beauty of the world to come.

Peculiarly suggestive of solemn reflection was the passage of our burial-train through the crowd and bustle of the two cities. How striking the contrast between that surging activity of the scene on which his life began and the pulseless quiet in which he lay at the end of life! Would any one of the busy or the careless through heed the salutary lesson? Slowly we threaded our way across New York—over the East River—through the

streets of Brooklyn, still more nearly associated with the early training and subsequent labors of our departed friend. We passed close in front of certain doors to which he had been well known and ever welcome. It would have seemed the most natural thing in the world if he had been seen that moment ascending the steps. It was still hard to be persuaded that he would never tread them again, that these places which had known him so well through nearly a lifetime would never know him more.

Other friends were awaiting us in the sacred inclosure at "Wintergreen Hill" in Greenwood Cemetery. There our precious charge was fondly laid, among the graves of his father and mother and children who had gone before him, and of many other relatives and friends. Years and generations will pass, and still the hearts of some visitors to that Paradise of Tombs will be tenderly moved as they read on a plain granite cross the name of JOHN HOWARD RAYMOND.

G. R. B.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIENDLY TRIBUTES.

IN this brief chapter have been gathered a few of many healing and helpful words spoken or written about the departed friend. And, first, some portions of the remarks of the Rev. Dr. Edward Lathrop, at the private funeral services held in the College:

It is on occasions like this that the *heart* speaks. It is not the time for elaborate and studied discourse—not even for such arrangement of first thoughts as might, in cooler moments, seem to be most appropriate and just. We are here to bury our friend, and in the freshness of our grief we can think only of our loss, and remember only how much we loved him. I know I will be pardoned if in a single moment I give utterance to a few words which are personal, in part, to myself. I have been so long, and at times so intimately, associated with this beloved and honored brother (I do not now allude to official association), I have known him so familiarly in the more private walks of life—in the intimacies, first, of college life (we were students together in those early days), in the family, and in various other relations—that I had come to esteem and love him as one of the most excellent and true-hearted and noble of all whose friendship it has been my privilege to enjoy; and now he has passed from my earthly vision, and as these precious remains lie before me I do not think of him as Dr. Raymond, the accomplished scholar, the learned professor, the distinguished President of Vassar College, but rather and simply as John H. Raymond, the guileless man—the genial, the companionable, the trusted friend. The man is more than the scholar; the qualities of the heart are of greater worth than the badges of office. And yet I must not forget that interests of more than a private nature are

affected by the event which summoned us here to-day, and that I am, in some sense, the representative of those wider interests.

Doubtless the greatest work of Dr. Raymond's life, and that impress of his character and teachings which will be the most permanent and far-reaching, are the work which he performed in his connection with this College, and the impress which he left upon the minds and hearts of those who have annually gone forth from these halls to do the honest womanly work for which his and other associated hands had trained them. He was fitted, in a pre-eminent sense, for the position which he occupied. In his physical structure and peculiarities, if I may so speak, in his temperament, and in his mental characteristics, he was qualified, as few are, to be the instructor, the monitor and guide of the young, especially of young women. Gentle, refined, winning, his very presence was an elevating inspiration, and in his Christian manliness, and yet freedom from everything like religious affectation and cant, the moral influence of his life, as he moved unostentatiously and cheerfully among his numerous college family, was most benign and salutary. In other respects, moreover, he possessed the fitness to which I have referred, in an unusual degree. His whole previous intellectual training had qualified him for the discharge of the complex and difficult duties of the office to which he gave the strength of his later and best days. . . .

The work which he undertook, and which he sedulously prosecuted to the end of his life, was, at the outset, environed with difficulties which those only can fully estimate who were his co-laborers in reducing to something like order and system what seemed to be wholly confused and chaotic. A new experiment was to be tried. An enterprise, such as the world had not before known was to be inaugurated. An experience in unusual and untried methods was to be acquired, and, in a word, a task was to be undertaken which might well test the patience, if indeed it should not exhaust the energy, of the stoutest and bravest. To this task our friend earnestly set himself. Calmly, unpretentiously, cautiously he felt his way, until, one after another, the problems were solved, the rubbish taken away, and the edifice in its beauty, as we now see it, stood revealed. In doing his work as judgment and conscience dictated, it is need-

less to say that he sometimes differed in opinion with those of his associates whom, nevertheless, he highly respected and esteemed. But this much must be said in honor of him whose face in the flesh we shall see no more—and in justice to him it must be said—that while he frankly and forcibly expressed his own convictions on all questions affecting the interests of the College, he yet always expressed himself courteously and with due consideration of the opinions of others. It was his prerogative to suggest methods and measures, but he urged nothing dogmatically, and much less did he utter anything offensively. With all his greatness of intellectual wealth, he was yet a child in the simplicity and tenderness of his heart. He cherished no malice toward any; he nursed no spleen, evinced no bitterness, thought no evil; but, on the contrary, was in spirit as he was in manner, always and everywhere, the Christian gentleman. The Board of Trustees, whose deliberations have been uniformly harmonious, will bear me witness that in the rare instances in which differences of opinion have arisen as to the questions of policy introduced by the President, the reasons for the adoption of the proposed measures have been so clearly and cogently stated, and yet so respectfully urged, that in almost every instance his recommendations have been adopted, because, on careful examination, they have been deemed to be wisest and best. These remarks touching the spirit and bearing of Dr. Raymond will call forth, I know, a hearty response from those especially who have been intimately associated with him in the departments of instruction and government. These, his colleagues, will sadly realize, when they again come together to resume their college work, that it is not alone their President that they have lost, but more, their *friend*. And how sincere and wide-spread will be the sorrow of the hundreds of the alumnæ, as in their homes they read the notice of this death, and recall the paternal counsels of him who was, in no insignificant sense, their father, and whose benediction rested upon them when they went forth from this pleasant retreat to enter the broader fields of duty and trial! Who will not miss him, that has ever known him in the intimacy of his personal friendship! in the sweetness and tenderness of his loving heart!

I have said nothing specifically, thus far, as to President Raymond's personal religious character and life. This sketch, necessarily imperfect as it is, would be still more defective were I to leave this point untouched. He was a Christian of high and noble aims. Religion with him was not a mere name, but a divine reality. His views of scriptural truth were distinctive and settled, and while, on all proper occasions, he was ready to state and defend those views, his spirit nevertheless was eminently catholic, and he embraced in his warmest Christian sympathies all, of every name, who were partakers of like precious faith with himself. It was his earnest wish and endeavor, as I know from repeated interviews with him, that this institution, while in no sense sectarian, should yet be interpenetrated with the principles of a pure and ennobling Christianity. It was education, in its complete and highest sense—education crowned with practical godliness—that he aimed to give to those committed to his care. I have intimated that his purpose in early life was to devote himself to the Christian ministry, and although he never received formal and public ordination to that work, he yet preached not a little, and his pulpit addresses, as many will testify, were not only remarkable for the chasteness of their diction and, at times, for their captivating eloquence, but they were also weighty and powerful, as embodying instruction of the highest religious moment. . . .

And what remains to be said? There are those here present whose grief is sacred, and into the privacy of whose sorrow not stranger nor friend may enter. I cannot, I dare not lift that veil. I can only commend such to God and to the word of His grace. May the Judge of the widow, and He who has promised to be the Father of the fatherless, be to these stricken ones all that our most earnest prayers can invoke. How precious to such are the words which fell from the dying lips of him whom they sorrow, but not as those who have no hope: "How easy—how easy—to glide from our work here to our work there." Yes, easy for him who has done life's work well, and who when the summons to go up higher comes, has nothing to do but to die, and to enter upon that purer, sublime service. Wherefore, with these words, let us comfort one another.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College, held at the College on Friday, August 16th, 1878, a committee was appointed to prepare a minute in reference to the death of Dr. Raymond. The chairman of the Board appointed as such committee Mr. William Allen Butler, Rev. Dr. Elias L. Magoon, and Mr. Rezin A. Wight, who reported the following :

The Board of Trustees of Vassar College, convened in a special meeting for the purpose of taking action in reference to the death of Dr. John H. Raymond, the President of the College, desire to place on record an expression of their profound personal grief at the great bereavement, of their sincere sympathy with the family of their deceased friend and associate, and their high appreciation of his personal character, and of the signal services rendered by him to this institution and to the cause of education.

Dr. Raymond was elected President of Vassar College in 1864, before the completion of the college buildings, and before any students had been matriculated. To the task of organizing and establishing upon permanent foundations a new institution without precedent in the extent and completeness of its design, intended to furnish to woman a thorough collegiate education, he brought qualities which fitted him most admirably for this new and experimental sphere. In hearty sympathy with the views of the Founder of Vassar College, President Raymond's thorough scholarship, his genial and refined nature, and his quick appreciation of the peculiar needs of the minds committed to his care gave him a special aptitude for the work, while his rare executive ability, his untiring industry, and his capacity for the details incident to the multifarious duties of his office gave him at all times the mastery of the affairs committed to his charge, and enabled him to control with apparent ease the various departments of the institution. In the class-room; with the Faculty; in the Committees, and meetings of the Board of Trustees; in the chapel, where he ministered as the spiritual adviser and instructor of so many bright and earnest minds, and

in his intercourse with the professors and teachers, the students and other inmates of the College, and with all who visited it on whatever errand of solicitude or inquiry, he was always the same considerate, patient, and sagacious counselor, guide, and friend. The judicious and jealous care with which he guarded at every point the interests of the institution to which he had given life, and which he served with a passionate devotion, were most conspicuous, while the elevated Christian spirit with which he was imbued pervaded its whole character and was its permanent source of strength and beauty, giving to his administration of the College the seal of the highest usefulness and power.

Dr. Raymond was permitted to see the complete success of the institution, and to confer at its successive commencements the diploma of the College on more than three hundred and sixty graduates, many of whom in various parts of our own country and distant regions of the world are now in different spheres of duty, illustrating the truths in which they have been taught within these walls under his wise oversight, while the number of students who have pursued a partial course of instruction during his Presidency exceeds twenty-five hundred. While we mourn his death in the maturity of his powers and before the completion of the full measure of the more extended usefulness we had hoped he might accomplish, we find in its circumstances abundant sources of consolation. His great work in the establishment of this College according to the beneficent plan of its revered Founder has been well done; it has been tried and tested, and will abide; he saw and rejoiced in this well-earned success; and with no abatement of his interest or ardor in the work, having just dismissed a graduating class of special promise with words of encouragement and counsel, in this season of summer rest he has gently laid down the burden of earthly care and duty, leaving to his family and to us the precious legacy of an unsullied name, worthy of special honor in the roll of patient and self-sacrificing men and women who in the noble calling of the teacher have been the educators and examples of the race.

As a representation of the feeling of the College

Faculty, an extract is here given from an article by Prof. T. J. Backus in the Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, of Aug. 8th.

When the Founder of Vassar College sought the advice of distinguished educators in selecting the man who should be trusted with the delicate, the dangerous work of organizing the first great college for the higher education of women, he found it to be almost the unanimous opinion that the experience, the success, the temperament, and the accomplishments of Doctor Raymond made him the man for the position. . . . His work here began in the summer of 1865, when the College was opened. Beset by the prejudices of over-conservative men and by the exhortations of over-radical men, threatened by the dangers that attend great social experiments, he was ready for every emergency. He brought to his task an unwearied patience, well developed power of observation, a cautiousness that seemed at times to border on cowardice, but it was the cautiousness which attends the heroic man. His ear has been attentive to the voice of duty, and when she has bid him act, he has been the man of courage. This quality of caution in President Raymond has been of incalculable value, not only to Vassar College, but also to the great educational interests which it represents; for Vassar is beyond all question the leader in the education of women, and other colleges of women are following to success in her track. That cautious man has guided Vassar into no dangerous ways. Educational blunders have not been made. The present curriculum at Vassar is the skillful co-ordination of many educational forces. It is a growth of thirteen years, and it has been cultivated by the vigilant and skillful care of President Raymond.

None but his most intimate acquaintances have known of the cares of his office. He has been an uncomplaining man under crushing burdens; and his success in carrying these burdens has been without pride, with no ostentation.

A year ago this summer, in ill health, he denied himself needed rest, remaining at his post during the entire vacation, watching the interests of the College with great self-sacrifice. The friendly warnings of his physicians were unheeded by this

man, whose sole object was faithfulness to trusts which had been committed to him. At that time the seeds of his disease were rooted, and through the year past they have been growing. His sufferings have been severe, but in spite of suffering and of physical weakness he has assumed unusual and mighty cares, patiently, cheerfully doing all things, enduring all things. They who heard his parting words to his last graduating class, as he eloquently portrayed the dignity and beauty and glory of *faithfulness*, may recall the dignity and glory of the man as he unwittingly applauded the chief grace of his own spirit. . . .

From near and far, anxious inquiries and tenderest sympathies have been sent to President Raymond's friends during the last fortnight, showing how important a place this unpretending man has held in the esteem of those who knew his worth. His death is a loss that will be felt in the society of learning; a multitude of men and women who have been his students will mourn for him with filial love; his associates in the Board of Trustees and in his Faculty, while grieving over his departure, may yet rejoice that the work for which he was peculiarly fitted has been so far carried on by him that no adversity, not even his death, can shake the firm foundations he has laid. This venerable man's dignity and worth have had no more touching tribute than is paid in the quiet grief seen on the faces of men and women in the service of the College. His many deeds of kindness to them, and his services quietly and indirectly given to poverty, are now bringing to his memory the incense of gratitude.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, held December 5th, 1878, the following memorial was submitted by the President, Mr. Isaac H. Frothingham, on the part of the Committee appointed to prepare the same:

BROOKLYN COLLEGIATE AND POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, }
October, 1878.

The Trustees of this Institute, recalling its early history, are desirous that its records should bear witness to the respect enter-

tained by the members of the Board for the character and memory of the late John H. Raymond, LL.D., the distinguished President of Vassar College, and for so many years connected with this Institution as President of its Faculty.

Called by the unanimous voice of its Board of Trustees, at the organization of the Institute, to mature and carry into practical effect the course of instruction which had been adopted as the basis of its influence and usefulness, he brought to the sphere of his labors, and to the development of the work to which the Trustees had given many months of careful deliberation, a hearty and sympathetic co-operation, a mind trained by patient investigation and tested by wide and varied experience, enriched by a generous culture and vitalized by a growing estimate of the magnitude and importance of the enterprise in which he had been called upon to take so prominent a part.

Methodical, judicious, painstaking, and laborious, he gave to the early years of the Institute, the years of its growth and unfolding, the best powers of a gifted mind and the devotion of an earnest life; and he was cheered in his work by the growing success of the undertaking, the full appreciation of his services by a discriminating circle of co-laborers, the approval of the Trustees, and by the growth of an enlightened public sentiment.

In his acceptance of the Presidency of Vassar College, he carried with him the esteem not only of those who were immediately associated with him in the educational work of the Institute but also of those who had known him less intimately through the influences of his labors in our city, and the best wishes of all for an abundant success in the new and important experiment of a higher education for females, as President of Vassar College, to which he had been invited under the most favorable auspices.

A genial companion; a true and sincere friend; an educated, high-minded, pure and patriotic Christian gentleman; a trusted educator of the mind and heart in all that was generous and ennobling,—he won our warmest love and our sincerest regard; and his services will ever be held by us and all of his associates in the work of the Institute, and in the wider spheres of his usefulness, in grateful and cherished remembrance.

In our love for him, we would remember those of his house-

hold and family in their great bereavement and sorrow, and would tender to them the assurances of our most cordial sympathy and regard.

On motion, the above memorial was unanimously adopted by the Board, and the Secretary was directed to enter the same upon the minutes, and to transmit a copy to the family of the deceased.

B. F. FROTHINGHAM, *Secretary.*

In this connection extracts are given from an article contributed to the *Christian Union* shortly after my father's death, by his nephew, Dr. Rossiter W. Raymond, who was one of the first graduates of the Polytechnic, in Brooklyn :

I think the impression which Dr. Raymond invariably produced upon his pupils and associates was that of complete self-control and unalterable gentleness in mind as in manner. Looking upon his calm self-poise, one was tempted to imagine that it was no great achievement in him—that he “had been made so.” Yet this was the result of thorough discipline upon a fiery soul. The tremendous energy he displayed in work was a power which, in another man, or in him under other culture, might have manifested itself in passion. The transformation of heat into motion is a doctrine of physics which has its spiritual analogue.

Akin to this control of temper was the habitual cheerfulness and courage manifested by Dr. Raymond. His temperament was naturally mercurial—sensitive to exaltation of joy, and, by consequence, to a morbid depression of spirit. But he carried the strength of one mood in reserve against the weakness of the other. As that exquisite contrivance, the Corliss engine, adjusts its effort to its varying work, maintaining a uniform rate, so he learned, so far as outward manifestations were concerned, to be moderate in triumph, and to put forth greater endeavor in the presence of greater difficulty or under the weight of heavier burden. But the engine bears in every member the strain which its uniform revolutions do not betray ; and so he broke down at last under a pressure of labor and responsibility which none but

those most intimately acquainted with him suspected to be wearing him out. . . .

No one could doubt, who knew him, that the secret source of his strength and peace and self-command was religious—a personal faith and a constant adherence to principle. But religion works through different channels in different souls. Some feel its power most in meditation, some in simple resignation; I think Dr. Raymond's inspiration came chiefly through *work*. I have heard him quote with approbation Carlyle's glowing outburst on that theme; and his whole life was an illustration of it.

Work was not play to him. He knew no way of doing things easily. He managed men and mastered problems by no mere intuition. Doubtless he had a natural gift in that direction. Otherwise he could not have come, as he did, to be considered a man who never failed, whose name once given to any plan was a guaranty of its success. But he deserved this confidence chiefly because he so thoroughly and laboriously studied and prepared every step which he took. It was hard for him to leave to subordinates the arrangement of important details. His complete command of the subjects he had so carefully examined was evident in the force with which his views were advocated and the general certainty with which they were impressed on the boards of trustees associated with him. I have repeatedly witnessed his extraordinary industry and caution in inquiries concerning the fitness of candidates for positions in Vassar College. So thorough were such inquiries that when a person had once passed the test victoriously, and had been recommended by the Doctor to the Board, it was rare (if, indeed, it ever happened) that his candidate could be defeated by whatever combination of other interests and views. His influence, based on the esteem and respect of his associates, grew stronger with their growing admiration of his ability. Quaint old Mr. —, of the Board of Trustees, said of him, "Our President can dive deeper, swim farther, and come out drier than any other man living!"

The subordination of impulse to training, so evident in the particulars already mentioned, was strikingly exemplified in his rhetoric. In conversation and extempore speech he was ordinarily deliberate even to hesitation; in written sermons and essays his

style was elaborate, stately, and strong. That superficial fluency which, like the rapids in a river, merely indicates shallowness of the stream, he did not possess. But, let him be aroused by a great occasion, he was astonishingly eloquent. Then the slow training of years, the fastidious choice of words, and the careful precision of thought which hemmed the current of his ordinary speech became the conduit through which an irresistible torrent of power was discharged. An occasion of this kind, described to me many years ago by one who was present, I have never forgotten. It was in Rochester, N. Y., during the excitement which followed in 1850 and 1851 the passage by Congress of the Fugitive Slave Law. Toward the close of a mass meeting of citizens, convened to express the public indignation, Dr. Raymond, then a quiet professor in the young University of Rochester, was called upon for a speech. He responded with "the speech of the evening," an impromptu philippic, magnificent in eloquence, terrible in logical force, perfect in rhetorical form, and "white-hot," as my informant expressed it, with feeling. The audience was electrified; and the whole scene revealed how grand is the power of speech when, fused in the furnace of art, it pours a fiery tide, perfectly fluid yet perfectly controlled, to kindle, enlighten, or destroy, as its master wills. Another somewhat similar occurrence was narrated in my hearing by Mr. Beecher, after his return from that famous tour during which he delivered in England his series of addresses on the civil war. For a part of the tour Dr. Raymond was his traveling companion; and Mr. Beecher tells that on one occasion they were guests together at a "break-fast," where speech-making was expected. Mr. B., thinking that it would be well to have his own probably impetuous words confirmed by "something weighty, calm, moderate, and judicial in tone," managed that Dr. Raymond should be next called upon. But the Doctor, as he afterwards confessed, had been boiling, ever since he had entered England, with suppressed indignation over the public and private remarks then fashionable concerning his country, her troubles and their cause. His speech was so bold, so powerful, so unqualified in its patriotism, so wrathful in its denunciation of slavery and the allies of slavery, so fiery in eloquence, that his friend sat amazed to hear him. "He took my breath away," says Mr. Beecher. "I said to myself, 'Is

this John?" Yes, it was he, polished, loaded, aimed—and fired. The matured power prepared through many years may thus be discharged in some supreme moment far more effectively than the unconfined ardor of youth, which flashes in the pan, explodes in the air, makes a noise, and hits nothing.

I am reminded of another combination of qualities, often dissociated, which gave a peculiar charm to his character. He possessed an unflinching dignity, together with a keen sense of humor. Every one of us boys at the Brooklyn Polytechnic knew that the Doctor loved a joke, but not one would have presumed on that account to abate an iota in the respect which belonged to our relations toward our President. It was a perpetual consciousness of the dignity of his office and duty, not of his own importance in it, that surrounded him like an atmosphere. Some of my recollections of those days concern the administration of school discipline; and I can testify from experience that it was no light thing to be easily laughed off when, after minor measures had failed, a fellow was summoned to a private talk with the President. He scorned artifice and cant, encouraged and practiced sincerity of speech, addressed his pupils as his equals in social rank and moral responsibility, but pursued them with relentless logic until they were ready to think the Doctor's questions and reasons worse than the rod—which, by the way, was never invoked in aid of his discipline. On the other hand, his enjoyment of fun and his sympathy with youth, which broke out in a thousand ways, were, I think, important elements of the magnetic power which he exerted, and of the capacity of endurance which he manifested. These things are great lubricators of the machinery of life. They relieve labor from drudgery and bring many a respite to care. When on rare occasions Dr. Raymond was fully released from official responsibility, the boyish zest with which he enjoyed a "real vacation" proved the elasticity of his spirit. Alas! he was loaded too long and too dangerously near the limit of elasticity. Molecular changes will come at last, and the resilience of the steel will be impaired. His death, after acute disease had spent itself and departed, was due, as the physicians declare, to sheer exhaustion.

Intellectually, also, his was a balanced mind, blending with a

wide and tolerant recognition of the views and rights of others a clear and firm adherence to his own matured conclusions. Candid conservatism is rare in these days. In politics, theology, and science alike, one school clings with bigotry to all that is old, afraid to give an inch to change lest it takes an ell; another school runs eagerly after all that is new; and a large part of the remainder waits the issue, wringing hands and moaning, "What are we coming to?" In more than one free interchange of opinion and speculation on such subjects, I have had occasion to feel the influence of Dr. Raymond's spirit—so liberal, yet so far from indifference; so full of charity, yet so strong in faith. I should be ashamed if it were necessary to say that he included in his sympathy other religious denominations than that to which he belonged. In his own words, "the names which separate Christians are not so old as the Name which unites them." But this were a small measure of his charity, which embraced all men and appreciated the good in all. . . .

Power without ambition, consecration without bigotry, enthusiasm without fanaticism, gentleness without timidity, perseverance without combativeness, dignity without pomp, mirth without frivolity, versatility without dissipation of energy, candor without uncertainty, and piety without cant—is it any wonder that features like these combined cannot be drawn to the life? A man of such endowment and such culture, if he had turned it all to personal ends, would have been recognized as great. Is his greatness any the less because he lived for-others, and chose that work which is most important and most useful, though not most celebrated of all? But we need not complain of even his earthly reward. His fame, like the fame of Arnold of Rugby, will live and grow through generations of those to whom, and to whose fathers and mothers, he was strong guardian, wise guide, dear friend.

Dr. Sewell S. Cutting, an early friend of Dr. Raymonds', his successor in the chair of English Literature, Rhetoric, and Logic at the University of Rochester, and a valued co-laborer with him in educational matters subsequently, writes as follows .

NEW YORK, August 17, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. RAYMOND: When I went to Poughkeepsie yesterday to attend the funeral of your husband, I did not know that the funeral was intended to be private. I followed the impulses of my heart, and indeed I am thankful that I was ignorant of the arrangement, and that I was permitted to be of those who looked for the last time on his dear face, and who heard from the lips of Drs. Lathrop and Bliss those just and beautiful tributes to his character and life.

For ten years previous to the time when I succeeded him at Rochester, I had met him often and had had the pleasure of accounting him among those special friends with whom I had had a thousand common sympathies. He was nearly of my own age, and the kind of culture which interested him interested me also, and we had common hopes and ends in reference to the condition of our churches and our work in education. It was a sorrow to me that our late paths brought us less together, but I was not the less an observer of his work, and the old love never died out of my heart. After repeated failures I went to the last Commencement at Vassar, and at such inconvenience that I can almost say I went for his sake,—and, now that he is gone, I am more thankful than I can tell that I had the blessed privilege of listening to those impressive words, welling out from the depths of his own spirit, with which he closed his parting address to the graduated class. They dwell on my ear like distant music, the more sacred for the associations which will bind them forever to my memory.

And now he is gone—gone to rejoin Maginnis and Richardson, Mrs. Kendrick and Mrs. Conant—leaving us to linger a little and then to follow,—gone with his work rounded and complete, caving a finished life and an everlasting remembrance.

I cannot forget, my dear Mrs. Raymond, that the very virtues which we commemorate in your husband render your loss the greater; but you know in Whom he believed, and you have the same faith to your strength and consolation. "He will never leave nor forsake you"—this is assured you, and this will be your stay. We who are in the evening of life have not long to wait for the setting sun.

Ever, my dear Mrs. Raymond,

Yours, S. S. CUTTING.

Mr. Beecher was in California at the time of Dr. Raymond's death. His prompt missive of sympathy and sorrow sent to my mother was one rather of personal than of general interest, but in a private letter from Virginia City to a friend in Brooklyn, he wrote the following tribute of love and of discriminating eulogy, with which I gratefully close this record :

I was much moved, yesterday, at the tidings of the death of John Raymond. I had been riding night and day across the great desert plains, and had just reached this city of mountains, and sat in the hotel office looking over a newspaper, when the telegraphic paragraph met my eye. Well, another thoroughly good and wholly useful man has ascended. There are few whose lives will yield so much wheat and so little straw and chaff. He was a man of strong convictions, which he carried without continual explosions; a man of strength, whose way was that of gentleness. He had a sound conscience for himself, with great tenderness for the consciences of other people—a rare combination. He was a cautious man, with advanced and progressive views in regard to every department of human life. His forte, in public life, was organization and conduct. His work as an educator will constitute a part of the life of four great institutions, two of which were born of him, and were the incarnation of his spirit and wisdom. He was a considerate and tender friend without jealous or exacting moods. His honor was without spot. His religion was large, generous, fruitful in all personal loveliness. The few faults he had were of great advantage to the general effect of his character, as the shadows of a picture help all the light. I loved him. He was one whose friendship made me rich. Now that he is hidden with excess of light, I wonder that I did not make more out of him, in communion, friendship, religion—everything! How many hearts will thank God in his behalf for rescue and release! Dying was his appropriate culmination; dying, too, in the full strength of mind and body, in the very midst of great endeavors, without long and weary-waiting old age. He has been wrapt in light. He knows. He is satisfied. God bless him!—the dear old fellow, now young again with unwasting and eternal youth.

APPENDIX.

MISSION OF EDUCATED WOMEN:

*A BACCALAUREATE SERMON TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF
1871, PREACHED AT VASSAR COLLEGE.*

BY PRESIDENT JOHN H. RAYMOND.

MATT. 5: 14-16—"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

[After an introductory exposition of the text, and of other "teachings of the Divine Man to His friends and personal followers," showing that "because they were privileged to receive such instructions they were bound by special responsibilities to be nobler and better than other men," Dr. Raymond proceeded to his particular application of this principle.]

And now, speaking to-day for Alma Mater, to those who have dwelt so long within the circle of her influence, may I not without irreverence appropriate the words of our Lord, and apply the principle of them in a somewhat lower relation—lower, and yet in some respects essentially the same? The education you have received at her hands is also a gift of God—and not so much a gift as a stewardship, a sacred and precious trust. The fact that you have received it will make you objects of special interest and attention. Its effect should be—must be, if you have improved it—to distinguish you from others who have not

enjoyed similar advantages, to separate and lift you in certain respects above the average level—not, however, in order to minister to your vanity, to inflate you with a fancied superiority, or to feed a miserable love of admiration and praise, but to fill you with a sense of *greater responsibility*.

Here, then, we find the lesson of the hour. It is the special mission of liberally educated women, *by illustrating the beneficent effects of high culture in themselves*, to commend it to others, and so to glorify God.

The cause of liberal or collegiate education for woman stands in some respects, to-day, in a similar position to that of Christianity in our Saviour's time. Men believe in education, and in a certain kind of education, for your sex as well as ours, just as they then believed in religion generally, and in certain specific forms of ancient faith, Hebrew or heathen. But their very familiarity with the benefits conferred by the old faiths would make them suspicious of the new one, and disposed to subject its claims to a rigorous scrutiny and to *practical* tests. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The criterion by which our Lord exposed the defects of others was one whose justice He recognizes in our text as applied to His own doctrines and adherents. The best evidence that Christianity has ever afforded of its divinity is found in what it has done for those who embraced it—especially in what it has made of them. By this it has won its triumphs in the past; by this will be determined hereafter its claim to universal empire. And so must it be with whatever is new and progressive in the methods of woman's education. There are many who stand in doubt of the expediency of any change. The amount and kind of education which sufficed for your mothers and grandmothers—limited in its range of topics, and superficial and unscientific in its forms of statement, exercising almost exclusively the memory and imagination—aiming mainly to refine the taste and sensibilities, and to cultivate those exterior accomplishments which serve merely to adorn domestic or social life—this they believe to be sufficient and best for you. They know what it did for former generations. The noblest realization of womanhood hitherto may be pointed to as its triumphs. Whatever the world has known of feminine loveliness and grace—of feminine dignity and strength as well

—all that the world has gained from female influence—all that woman has heretofore contributed to the common stock of intelligence and virtue, of purity, sweetness, and force in thought or action, of discernment of truth, or devotion to principle, is associated in the minds of men with the old and comparatively meager modes of female culture, and it is not strange if they hesitate to replace those with others whose merit is yet to be tried. You must not wonder if they demand proof that the change is to be an improvement.

Some may arrive at such a conviction theoretically, by reasonings *a priori*; but mankind at large, rest assured, will require the practical demonstration. On *you*, who take the longer course and the stronger course, the eyes of watchful observers will be fixed. *What do they more than others?* is a question that will be asked respecting you, with a significance reaching beyond you to the system of training you are supposed to represent. Has that system produced—is it beginning to produce—a nobler class of women? women clearer in discernment, sounder of judgment, more earnest, intelligent, and effective in the conduct of their appropriate business? Are they better fitted than the average of women for intercourse with intellectual men; better fitted to be wives and mothers in an age of advanced intelligence, to preside in the household, to move in cultivated society, to act well their part in all the scenes of a more perfect Christian civilization? While increasing their strength, has their education not diminished their grace? While preparing them for new exigencies in the coming age, has it not impaired their loyalty to those profounder, broader, and more sacred responsibilities which are coeval with time and universal to the race? Are their moral principles the firmer for resting on a scientific foundation? Does their devotion to God burn with an intenser flame from their larger acquaintance with His works and ways? Do their sympathies sweep through a wider range and stir with a quicker sensibility because, through history, poetry, and philosophy, they have looked upon man in a greater variety of outward conditions, and with a profounder insight into the elements of his nature? Has their discipline of mind proved also a discipline of character, so that they meet the actual emergencies of life—its

ordinary as well as its extraordinary duties, its trials alike of prosperity and adversity—not only more gracefully, but more wisely and more worthily? The old-fashioned virtues of womanly gentleness and generosity, of womanly modesty, patience, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, tender-hearted pity and open-handed bounty, purity of thought, moderation of speech, prudence in action—do these shine in them with augmented, not diminished, luster? And so has the “new education” made these women actually more beautiful and more valuable in their homes, in society, in the church, in all the relations and activities of life? Depend upon it, such are the questions which will be asked about you in the thoughts of many. Your characters and lives will answer, and according to the answer, on the whole, will judgment be passed on your Alma Mater, and on the system of training which she has adopted.

In what ways, then, you will ask, are liberally educated women to distinguish themselves as such, and so conciliate the confidence of mankind for the cause of high womanly culture? Many suggestions spring to my lips in reply, but time is passing and I will restrict myself to two.

1. And first, I would say, *by serious aims and dignified pursuits in life.*

The name of woman is widely identified in the popular mind with the idea of frivolity. It is the fashion with many to regard her as *constitutionally* weak—shallow and light-minded by the decree of God. And (alas that we must confess!) there has been, and still is, too much in the habits of many of your sex that gives a color of plausibility to the doctrine. When we consider what constitutes the staple of ordinary female conversation, the character of the reading of which women are the greediest devourers, the utter trifles on which, when not compelled to drudge, they often manage to spend their energies—when we think especially of their devotion to dress and personal decoration, and their thralldom to fashion in all its monstrosities of taste, indecencies of suggestion, and infinite pettiness of detail—a thralldom to which so many of the best submit, and would almost seem to love their bonds—it is enough to shake the faith of the stoutest believer in woman's capacity for high intellectual culture.

Practically, it is no answer to these patent facts to retort that there are just as many shallow and silly men as there are shallow and silly women, that it is the influence of men that makes women trifling, or that, if on the whole the average man has more weight of character and power of serious thought than the average woman, it is because life furnishes him with larger opportunities and more inspiring motives. This may be true, or it may not. It is at best a matter of opinion, and will weigh little with those who look daily on *the facts*, and with whose theory of woman's sphere and mission those facts harmonize only too well. To those who regard woman as intended to be the pet and plaything of man, the mere ornament of his home, the minister to his affections and tastes alone, his pretty solace and diversion from the graver occupations of life, and who believe her only serious functions to be physical—to be the mother and nurse of children, the care-taker of the household, and the provider for the bodily wants of its inmates—to such it will seem only fitting that she should be correspondingly endowed, and that her constitutional traits and tendencies should be those which most perfectly agree with a life so singularly compounded of the butterfly and the beast of burden.

The true answer to this low doctrine of womanhood is furnished by those women who, by realizing a higher ideal in their own persons, show that female weak-mindedness is not universal, and therefore not constitutional, or necessary. Thank God, there are many such. Lifting themselves in various degrees above the level of ordinary inaneness, such women, serious, thoughtful in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue, clad in the dignity of *conscious* reason and immortality, stand up a perpetual refutation of that libel on your sex, and the promise of a better day for woman. Such instances, though perhaps exceptional, are by no means rare. Every age and country has produced them; every family contains them. Where circumstances have favored, they have acquired learning, have shone in literature and art, have organized and directed charities (often on the largest scale) in peace and in war, and have ruled nations with a wisdom above that of kings. Oftener, unaided by outward conditions, against the current of custom and prejudice, by the sheer force of an earnest intelligence seeking its fullest develop-

ment, reaching after knowledge as its birthright, and growing by the healthy exercise of the faculties within the sphere allowed them, whatever that might be, they have attained a largeness of nature, intellectual as well as moral, and a potency of influence, which all acknowledge and must admire.

These are the truly educated women. Though they may never have sat at the feet of masters, or seen the inside of school or college, they have attained all the ends of a true culture by as much as they acquired breadth of information, discipline of faculty, and power of soul. And every system of female education must be tried at last by its power of producing such women. I care not with what show of outward accomplishments or what dexterity of social art the young woman may have been taught to glitter in crowded saloons and win the applause of fascinated admirers. I care not what school has awarded her its diplomas, how long the catalogue of pretentious "branches" she has nominally pursued, nor how great the *eclat* with which she figured in class-room or on examination-day. If her accomplishments have left her poor in intellect and feeble in nature, if she has not learned to love knowledge for its own sake and to pursue it with a life-long interest, if she has not become *an earnest-minded woman*, seeking from choice the companionship of the intelligent and wise (living or dead), devoting her powers to noble practical ends, and forever escaped from the possibility of relishing what is petty and shallow, vulgar and weak, in the life of her sex—she is not an educated woman, and the school or the masters who, *through their deficiencies*, have left her in that condition, merit only execration and contempt.

Behold, daughters of Vassar, the rule by which you will be tried, and we with you. If you are capable of receiving a truly liberal education, and we have truly furnished it, men will know it by the elevation of your characters, by the dignity and earnestness of your path through life. And, in the light of such evidence, you need not fear that their acknowledgment will be stinted or slow.

2. My second thought is this: the liberally educated woman, if she would honor her training, must be distinguished by a true and noble *womanliness*.

Of all the mistakes committed by those who in this age are

advocating the cause of woman, I think the gravest has been that of challenging an issue on the broad declaration that *woman is the equal of man*. Not that I doubt that in some respects the declaration is eminently true, but because I am sure that in others it is eminently false, and by its ambiguity adapted to betray the indiscriminating into false and hurtful positions—positions which alarm a wise conservatism, give ribald opposition abundant material for its warfare of abuse, confuse the public judgment, and so set back indefinitely the progress of a true reform.*

As it is easy to show that woman is *in some respects* man's inferior, and as that logically invalidates the unqualified claim of equality, an easy victory is given into the hands of the opponent. But worse than that, the desire and determination to be equal with men inspires in many the endeavor to be *like* men, and has misled many (I do not say *all*) to suppose that, in order to be true to the rights of woman, they must rid themselves as far as possible of feminine peculiarities, must cultivate a certain *mannishness* in themselves and others, must become more or less masculine in their tastes, their talents, their speech and manners, and even in their dress. A fatal blunder indeed, which, in a vain attempt to disprove the unquestionable inferiority of women in some respects, sacrifices her indisputable claim to superiority in others—which would efface or obscure those distinctive traits that are the special glory of womanhood, and to which even bad men yield instinctive homage—which shocks the sensibilities of good men and wise women, and arrays a changeless ordinance of nature against the cause it is seeking to promote!

* It is one of the blunders of that distinguished Englishman who has volunteered to champion this cause, Mr. John Stuart Mill, who with a genius for speculation, second hardly to that of any living man, appears sometimes to be singularly deficient in practical sagacity, and who is said never to have conducted a practical issue to a successful result—it was, I say, a characteristic and fatal blunder of his to have selected as his point of attack just that point of his adversary's case at which it is most impregnable—the principle, namely, that *IN SOME RESPECTS WOMAN IS, MUST BE, AND OUGHT TO BE SUBORDINATE TO MAN*.

The truth on this subject is alike obvious and important. Woman, as such, is *radically different* from man, as such—different in organization, different in function, different in the modes and conditions of development. With the basis of a common humanity (in respect to which they confessedly demand a similar treatment), in the points in which they differ they still are *totally* unlike; unlike, not in degree, but in kind—in essential nature—so unlike that the chasm which separates them can never be bridged over, or by any amount of artificial training made appreciably less—so unlike that the question of equality or inequality between them must always be simply nugatory and absurd.

And as the woman is made different from the man, so is she made *relative* to him. This is true on the other side also. They are bound together by mutual relationships so intimate and vital that the existence of neither is absolutely complete except with reference to the other. But there is this difference, that the relation of woman is, characteristically, that of subordination and dependence. This I hold to be the voice of nature, which is the voice of God. It is certainly the testimony of Scripture, and is sustained by the consent of both sexes, in all ages, and among all peoples. Observe, however, this does not at all imply inferiority of character, of capacity, of intrinsic value in the sight of God and man; and it has been the glory of woman from the beginning to have understood and to have accepted the position of *formal or relative inferiority* assigned her by the Creator, with all its responsibilities, its trials, its frequent outward humiliations and sufferings, in the proud consciousness that that position is not in the least incompatible with an *essential superiority*, and that it does not prevent her from occupying, if she choose, an inward elevation, from which she may look down with pitying and helpful love even on him she calls her lord. God forbid that she should ever aspire to a less womanly wisdom than this. Jesus said, "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority over them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of man came not to

be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life a ransom for many." Surely, woman need not hesitate to estimate her *status* by a criterion of dignity sustained by such authority. She need not shrink from a position chosen by Christ and by Christlike men, and in whose peculiar trials and griefs she is assured of the sympathy and companionship of the Son of God.

I am not of those who believe in any arbitrary limitation of "woman's sphere." God created her to be the companion of man, because it was not good for man to be alone. He gave her to him as a "helpmeet for him," *i.e.* complemental to him, a companion congenial to his nature, an assistant exactly suitable because just supplying his deficiencies. Herein the Creator determined her general relation to man to be that of an auxiliary. But he said nothing of limits within which this assistance was to be confined, and beyond which it *was* good for man to be alone. Wherever it is right for man to go, it is right—I do not say that it is always expedient, but it is right *if* expedient, and the question of expediency is therefore always in order—for woman to accompany him. In whatever form of labor he may honorably engage, she may honorably be his associate, she may with propriety proffer, and he with propriety accept, whatever of aid she is either naturally able or can qualify herself to render. In the care of their home and the training of their children (where not only is her right undisputed, but his *equal responsibility* too often ignored), in the management of his business as well, in the discharge of all his duties as a member of society, in the cultivation of his affections and the direction of his life towards God—in a word, through the whole circle of his relations to this world and the world to come, in the entire conduct of his affairs both public and private, at home and abroad, it is the privilege of woman to be his companion, his counselor, and his helper, with absolutely no limitation save that which bounds her ability, natural and acquired. It is his safety to recognize her in this relation, and to give her the amplest opportunity to develop and augment her power.

This is confessedly true in that sacred relation between individuals of opposite sex which makes of the twain one. It is true also, in a qualified sense, of the relation between the sexes in general. I do not believe in Mr. Kingsley's lyrical distribu-

tion of their functions, which assigns all the "work" to men, and all the "weeping" to women. Man, too, has some weeping to do on his own account, and in connection with all true work; and woman can help him in both. Nor do I think, with many, that his sphere is all out-of-doors, and hers all within. Nor do I agree with Dr. Bushnell, that it is man's sole province to govern, and woman's to obey. Self-government, implying alike the spirit of obedience and capacity to rule, is unquestionably the high prerogative and the bounden duty of the race, and of every individual of the race. Man must do *both*, and woman should *help* him to do both. Her influence is certainly often needed, and always potent, to insure his obedience to law; and I think it will be found some day that she can render him valuable assistance in making laws worthy to be obeyed—though I am by no means a convert to "woman's suffrage" either.* But I do resent the meanness of men who, on the pretence of confining women to their "sphere," would exclude them from any honest and modest endeavor to develop their natures, to increase their knowledge and educate their powers, or to serve the common weal in any field or form of innocent labor, literary, scientific, or industrial—in any pursuit or profession in which they are conscious of capacity for usefulness or for honorable self-support. In all these fields of human activity there is "woman's work" as well as man's to be done; and it will be wise for society to lay aside whatever of prejudice there may remain on this subject, and to throw them wide open for the admission of your sex—especially for that large number who, remaining single from choice or necessity, are free to employ their powers and acquirements for the common good.

* The abstract RIGHT of women, as members of society, to HELP FRAME THE LAWS by which society is governed and the interests of all affected, cannot be successfully questioned. But there is a further question, a question of HIGH MORAL EXPEDIENCY, for them and for all to consider. It is by no means clear that there are not other and better, more womanly and therefore more effective ways for them (especially for the good and wise among them) to influence legislation and the public life, than by accepting the franchise, mingling in political contests on equal terms with men, and merging their moral ascendancy in a mere popular count.

But, having avowed thus distinctly my convictions on that side, I return to reiterate that complementary truth, without which all men instinctively feel that such views are fraught with peril to some of the most precious interests of humanity; viz., that in none of these departments is woman's function precisely the same as that of man. Exceptional cases doubtless may, and often do, arise; circumstances in which women, working alone, must undertake and do the work of men and women both—as may equally well occur in the case of men, and in either case the work *may* be well done. But it is none the less true, in a broad view, that there is a natural and a clear distinction between womanly and manly occupations; that, in the distribution of united labors, there are kinds which appropriately devolve on the one, and kinds which belong more appropriately to the other; and that, when that division is to be made, man may, without arrogance, assume the leading part—woman, without sacrifice of dignity, diminution of usefulness, or acknowledgment of inferiority, may and should accept the auxiliary. This principle holds as well in the labor of the mind as of the hands, in intellectual professions and pursuits as in domestic and social life; for nowhere can the distinction of sex be obliterated, nor that fundamental relation between them be wisely ignored, which, because it is the edict of nature, we must acknowledge and respect as the law of God Himself. Nowhere can it be out of place for woman to inquire what is womanly and what not; nowhere will it be safe for her to treat that question as trivial or obsolete.

It is just at this point that measures for elevating and extending female education, according to the standards for the other sex, will be watched by society with the most jealous care. There is so much at stake, for both your sex and ours, that indifference on either side would be criminal. The aim of these measures is, in the words of our Founder, "to do for young women what the existing colleges are doing for young men;" and the question is, how is that going to affect *you*? It will be asked not alone by coarse, narrow, and prejudiced men, but with still more profound and searching anxiety by large-hearted men and the wisest women. This "new education," is it going to make the girls boyish? Will it blunt their sense of feminine

delicacy and feminine dignity? Will it obscure their perception of what is characteristic, and characteristically becoming to their sex? During their college life, are these young women going to ape the forms, the fashions, the follies, perhaps even the vices, of young men at college? And when they go out, will it be to seek the arena of indiscriminate competition with the other sex, to complain and fight against "this gray pre-eminence of man," to demand the same amount and kind of freedom with him, an equal voice, and liberty to utter it (as nearly as they can force the resemblance) in the same tones, the same places, and the same way—in a word, will it be protesting without discrimination against the wisdom as well as the folly of the past, against the essential and eternal right as well as the partial wrong involved in existing usages, to demand not reform but "revolution," and so, amidst fierce clamor and contention,

" To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon the *even pedestal* with man?"

Depend upon it, if this *were* going to be its effect—if this were its legitimate and usual tendency—the days of liberal education for woman would be numbered, and rightly. But this will *not* be its effect. Your older sisters, those who have gone before you from these halls, have done much wherever they are known to disarm the fear. We point to them with pride, as at once scholarly and womanly women; and you will continue and confirm their testimony. It will come gradually to be understood that, in our college life, hoydenishness (alas! that we must confess to its existence at all) is not the rule, but the rare exception; that when it appears, it is never the accompaniment of high intellectual aims, but a sign of the lack of them; that it is found almost exclusively among the very young and newly come among us, and wanes with the growth of their minds and the enlargement of their acquisitions; that, where it is persistent, it is with those only who, lacking capacity or diligence for successful scholarship, resort to such means for creating a sensation; and winning a cheap and vulgar distinction with the thoughtless; and that, among those who actually complete the severe curriculum of the college, and receive the diploma of your Alma Mater, those will be few indeed who, under the bias of false

views and influences foreign to this place, go hence to swell the ranks of the unwomanly women of culture. And, as year after year adds to the number of women in our land who, here or elsewhere (and, thank God, the opportunities are multiplying in all directions), have improved the advantages of the most advanced education, more and more clearly will it be seen that the vast majority carry with them not only more serious and elevated aims, a more settled purpose to accomplish something worthy in life, and larger resources for success, but also a more refined sense of feminine dignity, a more just appreciation of the relation of the sexes, greater purity of thought, of speech, and of manners, and an ideal of womanhood—more rich and grand, indeed, fuller of high aspirations and of force for good, but not on that account less exquisitely distinctive, less sensitive to the claims of wifehood, motherhood, and home, less devotedly loyal to the divine idea and type of woman.

Students of the class of 1871! as you go to join the rapidly-swelling numbers of the graduates of Vassar, will you not help them redeem the promise which I have now made in your and their behalf? Ye are our epistle. May they who read our record, visible in you, be constrained to confess the truth of my prediction, and to glorify God on your behalf!

For you, the *retrospects* of the day doubtless vie in interest with its prospects. You have passed within these walls four years of deep interest not only to yourselves, but in the history of the college. You have seen it advancing through many changes steadily toward greater efficiency of organization, toward the richer experience and more mature habits of an old and long-established institution. You have contributed, individually and as a class, far more than you probably suspect to form those habits and to mould the character of your college for all time to come. Let us hope that among those formative influences, in which, spite of ourselves, we all take part, and which, when they have once escaped us, are forever past recall, the good has predominated over the evil, and that our beloved Vassar, while she grows stronger with advancing years, will grow stronger for good alone, stronger to do good to those who seek instruction and culture within her gates.

The memory of one great change that has marked your graduating year is in every heart to-day, and will throw a sad,

though not a gloomy shadow over the festivities of our closing week. So very gradually was the influence of our late beloved Lady Principal withdrawn from you, and in such perfect tranquility did her sun at last go down, that you have hardly realized the greatness of your loss. Yet you will cherish the memory of that noble form and character, of her wise counsels and inspiring example, and of her invaluable services to your Alma Mater, with a reverence and affection which the more intimate intercourse of your senior year (had that been allowed you) could not have failed to deepen. Would she were here to-day, to unite with me and your other instructors in these words of affectionate parting! Is it too much to hope that this privilege may be granted her? May we not without superstition fancy that she is looking down with even more than her accustomed feeling on this scene, and on you, the objects of central interest in it? Oh! if she be, and if it be permitted her by some angelic insight to read your spirits now, may she discern in every one, amidst the swellings of personal affection that move you, and in connection with profound gratitude to Him who has given you to begin, to continue, and to complete a generous course of education, the resolution, by God's help, to prove yourselves worthy of it, and to show by your future characters and lives that you have made a wise and unselfish improvement of its advantages. You may not hope to escape criticism, for you are henceforth in a sense representative women. You cannot fail to help or to hinder the great work in which we are engaged. So bear yourselves that you need never shrink from criticism on your own account or ours. Be sober, be earnest, be diligent. Be true to yourselves, to your humanity and your womanhood as well. Be true to God, who is the source of these blessings, and to the multitudes of your sex who are longing to share them, and to whom you will find many opportunities to speak the encouraging word or lend a helping hand. The lights you have kindled at these altars bear with you to your several homes and fields of duty. Plant them, modestly but bravely, on whatever candlestick Providence may set for you, and let them so shine as to benefit others, and glorify your Father that is in Heaven.

FAREWELL.

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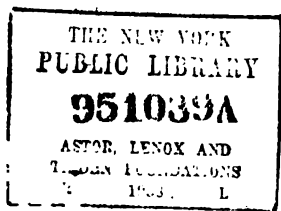
LIFE OF
Edgar Allan Poe

BY
JAMES A. HARRISON
Of the University of Virginia

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

1809-1824.

POE'S ANCESTRY, BIRTH, AND EARLIER YEARS
AT RICHMOND: SCHOOL-DAYS IN ENGLAND
AND VIRGINIA.

I.

WHEN he was five-and-twenty years old Edgar Allan Poe wrote the following letter to his life-long friend Kennedy, author of "Swallow Barn," "Horseshoe Robinson," etc., and afterwards Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore, in 1852:

BALTIMORE, November, 1834.

DEAR SIR: I have a favor to beg of you which I thought it best to ask in writing, because, sincerely, I had not courage to ask it in person. I am indeed too well aware that I have no claim whatever to your attention, and that even the manner of my introduction to your notice was at the best equivocal. Since the day you first saw me, my situation in life has altered materially. At that time I looked forward to the inheritance of a large fortune, and, in the meantime, was in receipt of an annuity for my support. This was allowed me by a gentleman of Virginia (Mr. Jno. Allan) who adopted me at

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the age of two years (both my parents being dead), and who, until lately, always treated me with the affection of a father. But a second marriage on his part, and I dare say many follies on my own, at length ended in a quarrel between us. He is now dead, and has left me nothing. I am thrown entirely upon my own resources, with no profession and very few friends. Worse than all this, I am at length penniless. Indeed no circumstances less urgent would have induced me to risk your friendship by troubling you with my distresses. But I could not help thinking that if my situation was stated — as you could state it — to Carey & Lea,¹ they might be led to aid me with a small sum in consideration of my MS. now in their hands. This would relieve my immediate wants, and I could then look forward more confidently to better days. At all events receive the assurance of my gratitude for what you have already done.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This letter is an epitome in brief of Poe's whole career, containing as it does indubitable data as to his early life, intimations of his marvellous precocity (second only to that of Shelley, Heine, Keats, or Hugo), and indications of the long-lasting misery in which his short life (also like that of Shelley and Keats) was to be spent.

Poe, the poet Virginian, as he loved to call himself — "I am a Virginian, — at least I call myself one, for I have resided all my life, until within the last few years, in Richmond," he says to his friend F. W. Thomas — was born in Boston, January 19, 1809.

¹ In a note Mr. Kennedy explains: "This refers to the volume of Tales sent to Carey & Lea — 'Tales of the Arabesque,' etc., — being two series submitted for the prize, for which one was chosen, and two others at my suggestion sent to Carey & Lea." — J. P. K.

He was not "born in Baltimore, in January, 1811,"¹ as Griswold's memoir puts it, — perhaps following a wrong date given by Poe himself, — repeating the statement in "Prose Writers of America" (second edition: Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1847); an error enlarged unintentionally by James Russell Lowell in the February number of *Grubbs's Magazine*, 1845, who says that "Mr. Poe was then [1845] about thirty-two years of age" and "still in the prime of life." In his later years Poe either could not or would not tell the truth about his age.

The fact is however undeniable that Poe was born in Boston, disagreeable as the fact was to him all through his life, and that his first volume — the famous "Tamerlane and Other Poems," of 1827 — bore on its titlepage, "By a Bostonian," in capital letters.

With the peculiar perversity with which children sometimes rail at their mothers, however, Poe perpetually railed at Boston and treated her as the unfortunate *noverca* of the Roman plays; and Boston in return has avenged herself on her wayward child by bringing railing accusations against him and supplying for him an endless chain of embittered biographers.

The biographers of Poe are indebted to Mr. John H. Ingram² for the surest testimony, obtained from the poet's family in Baltimore, as to his ancestry.

"There is no good reason," says John P. Poe, Esq., of Baltimore, "to suppose that the ancestors of

¹ Edgar A. Poe's *Miscellaneous Works*, Redfield, New York, 1849, p. xxiii.

² Edgar Allan Poe: *His Life, Letters, and Opinions*: By John H. Ingram: London, 1880: John Hogg: 2 vols.: p. 245, Vol. II., W. F. Gill (London, 1878), pp. 9-20.

Edgar A. Poe were descended from the Le Poers [the Anglo-Norman family who passed from Italy to France, and from France to England, Wales, and Ireland, and with whom Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, the poet's *fiancée* in 1848 connected her own and Poe's progenitors]. John Poe, the progenitor of the family in America, emigrated from the north of Ireland a number of years before the Revolution, and purchased a farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, whence he afterwards removed to Cecil County, Maryland. At the time of the Revolution he was residing at Baltimore. His wife was Jane McBride, believed to be a sister [not a daughter, as frequently stated] of James McBride, Admiral of the Blue, and M. P. for Plymouth in 1785."

Mrs. Clemm, Poe's aunt and mother-in-law, says, "My father was born in Ireland, but his parents left there when he was only six weeks old, and he was so patriotic that he never would acknowledge he was any other than an American. He lived in Baltimore from the time of the Revolution; he took my mother there from Pennsylvania, a bride."¹

General David Poe, the poet's grandfather, was a distinguished veteran of the American Revolution, a devoted friend of Lafayette (for whose ragged troops in 1781 Mrs. Poe personally cut out and superintended the manufacture of five hundred garments), and quartermaster-general of the American forces in Baltimore.

David, the eldest son of General Poe, was the poet's father.

Beverley Tucker, the well-known contributor to *The Southern Literary Messenger* and author of "The

¹ Ingram, Vol. II., p. 249 *seq.*

Partizan Leader," wrote in 1835 that he "remembered Poe's beautiful mother when a girl."

This beautiful girl had elements of the sprite about her, being a "girl without a country," born in mid-ocean while her English mother was journeying across the Atlantic from England to America, and she possessed rare talents for singing, dancing, and acting. No one can look at the portrait of Elizabeth Arnold (for such was her maiden name) without seeing in it foreshadowings of those ethereal Eleonoras and Ligeias that haunted the poet's dreams with their delicate impalpabilities, their Indian-summer-like vagueness: the childlike figure, the great, wide open, mysterious eyes, the abundant curling hair confined in the quaint bonnet of a hundred years ago and shadowing the brow in raven masses, the high waist and attenuated arms clasped in an Empire robe of faint, flowered design, the tiny but rounded neck and shoulders, the head proudly erect. It is the face of an elf, a sprite, an Undine who was to be the mother of the most elfish, the most unearthly of poets, whose luminous dark-gray eyes had a glint of the supernatural in them and reflected, as he says in one of his earliest poems, "the wilder'd" nature of the man.

Rich currents of Irish, Scotch, English, and American blood ran together in his palpitating veins and produced a psychic blend unlike that of any other American poet: Celtic mysticism, Irish fervor, Scotch melody, the iris-tipped fantasy of the Shelleys and the Coleridges, and the independence and alertness of the transatlantic American into whom all the Old-World characteristics had been born, on whom all these treasures of music and imagination, of passion and mystery had been bestowed by some fairy godmother.

Elizabeth Arnold was a widow when she married David Poe, Jr., in 1805, her first husband having been the light comedian C. D. Hopkins. He died in October, 1805, and the Poe marriage followed shortly after. Mr. George E. Woodberry, in his painstaking biography,¹ traces out the Bohemian wanderings of grandmother Arnold, Elizabeth Arnold, Mrs. Hopkins, David Poe, and Elizabeth Arnold Poe, from Maine to Charleston and from New York and Boston to Richmond, Washington, Norfolk, and Petersburg, where the gay little company (sad enough at times) performed all sorts of pieces in which the arch, roguish, Ariel-like nature of Mrs. Poe drew the attention of critics, and in which her great versatility now enabled her to impersonate tender Ophelias and Cordelias, Palmyras and Sigismundas, now to sing and dance Polish minuets to David Poe's reels and horn-pipes.

Mr. Woodberry has killed the elopement slander: there was no elopement; and David Poe was simply a wayward, handsome, theatre-loving young gallant of twenty-five who joined the Hopkins Company in 1804, and became a strolling player like Will Shakspeare and Jean Poquelin Molière, giving up forever his law-books and his uncle's home in Augusta, Georgia, in favor of the boards.

After their marriage the two became "Virginia Comedians," and the career of the couple may be traced in the various gazettes and periodicals of the time, especially in the so-called "elegant literature" of the period.

At length a stop — in Boston — came to the wanderings: January 19, 1809, Mrs. Poe did not appear — but Edgar did!

¹ Edgar Allan Poe: American Men of Letters, pp. 1-14.

Three weeks after, the poor little woman — whose great eyes look out on us so wistfully from the miniature so passionately beloved by her son — was singing and dancing again merrily before the Boston boards, — with that merriment that must have been nigh to heart-break, for she was now the mother of two little sons, William Henry Leonard and Edgar (followed two years later by Rosalie Poe), with no steady or reliable means of support, and her husband probably already attacked by consumption. All her life the mother engaged in a life-and-death struggle with poverty and penury, like her gifted son: all their lives mother and son were entangled in that vast Disaster which came to such thrilling expression in "The Raven," sinking in "desperate seas" of misery and succumbing at last to the storm and stress of life, the one in Richmond, the other in Baltimore.

"For my little son Edgar, who should ever love Boston, the place of his birth, and where his mother found her best and most sympathetic friends": such are the words¹ written in delicate caligraphy by the mother on the back of a little picture which she painted and bequeathed to her son; words, however, written before the final tragedy, a fore-knowledge of which would perhaps have substituted Richmond for Boston, and the lifelong Virginia friends for the casual Boston theatre acquaintances.

It is singular that some of these Boston friends had the names of *Usher* and *Wilson*, names afterwards so celebrated in the tales of the author.

The year 1811 found the players in Richmond, Virginia, — if, indeed, David Poe was at this time living, which is at least doubtful. Little Rosalie (who

¹ Ingram, I., 6.

lived until 1874 and died in the Epiphany Church Home at Washington, D. C., an object of charity) came after her father's death to add to the troubles and distresses of the mother.

The two short years which Edgar Poe had already lived had been signalized by some remarkable things: the year of his birth was indeed an *Annus Mirabilis*. His favorite poets, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett (to whom, as "the noblest of her sex" he dedicated "The Raven and Other Poems" in 1845) and Alfred Tennyson ("the greatest poet that ever lived") were born in that year; Charles Darwin, who revolutionized science, and Chopin and Mendelssohn, the great musicians; Abraham Lincoln, the great Southern emancipator; Gladstone, the famous orator; Fanny Kemble, the subtle interpreter of Shakspeare; Oliver Wendell Holmes, the wit and poet, — formed an illustrious galaxy of new-born children-contemporaries of Poe, making the year 1809, when Madison was president, Metternich prime minister of Austria, and the Battle of Wagram was fought, a starred year in the historic calendar.

No tragedy in later times is more fraught with infinite pathos than the sufferings and death of the Poes in 1811. Travelling in those days was exceedingly difficult and dangerous, accompanied by all the inconveniences, not to say horrors, of the old "Continental" stage-coach system, terrible roads, and interminable distances. From 1805, when their marriage took place, the Poes incessantly travelled — from Boston to New York, from New York to Philadelphia, Washington, far South to distant Charleston, Norfolk, Richmond, back to New York again, flitting like wandering birds from bough to bough, in hopes of an

engagement, rolling over the country in the wretched vehicles of the time, encumbered with theatrical baggage and two forlorn little babes (sometimes left with Baltimore relatives).

With the mighty will of Ligeia, which in more than one trait appears to be the life of Poe's mother wrought into a strange and tender story, the delicate woman moves in her appointed task, determined to support herself and her children, until she reached Richmond, Virginia, in August, 1811. All these years it had been romantic and sentimental drama, song, dance, light comedy; Mrs. Poe had represented nymphs and Ariels and cupids, distressed Ophelias and Shaksperian Desdemonas. Now, — it was tragedy, pure and simple — starvation — death.

After Rosalie's birth the mother fell into a swift decline, beginning to waste and fade like a waxen taper before the inward burnings of consumption. Never surrendering or giving up hope, she went on announcing and acting until the destitution of the family attracted somehow the charitable attention of the Richmond ladies: benefits were arranged by the kind-hearted players; and at last the following card appeared in the *Enquirer* for November 29, 1811: ¹

“TO THE HUMANE HEART.

“On this night Mrs. Poe, lingering on the bed of disease and surrounded by her children, asks your assistance, and asks it, perhaps, for the last time. The generosity of a Richmond audience can need no other appeal. — For particulars see the bills of the day.”

¹ The author is indebted to Dr. Wm. Hand Browne for these clippings, which are accurately reprinted.

A few days later, on a date very near the happy and blessed Christmas time, the time of supremely happy mothers and loving children, the curtain rose for the last time on the final act of the tragedy of David Poe and Elizabeth Arnold :

“ DECEMBER 10, 1811.

“ *Died*, on last Sunday morning, Mrs. Poe, one of the actresses of the company at present playing on the Richmond boards. By the death of this lady the stage has been deprived of one of its chief ornaments ; and to say the least of her, she was an interesting actress, and never failed to catch the applause and command the admiration of the beholder.” — *Enquirer*, December 10, 1811.

If, as Mr. Gill asserts,¹ the father died three days later of the same dread disease, the cup of suffering must have overflowed and the orphaned children been desolate indeed. The Gill Biography further contains an unsupported statement (Appendix, 319) that “ Mr. Allan and Mr. Mackenzie, both wealthy and benevolent Scotch gentlemen, having been informed that the Poes were in great distress, sought them out to afford them relief. They were found in wretched lodgings, lying upon a straw-bed, and very sick, Mr. Poe with consumption, and his wife with pneumonia. There was no food in the house. They had no money or fuel, and their clothes had been pawned or sold.

“ Two little children were with the parents, in the care of an old Welsh woman who had come over from England with Mrs. Poe, and who was understood to be her mother. The children were half-clad, half-

¹ Life of Edgar A. Poe, p. 20 ; Chatto & Windus : 1878.



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starved, and very much emaciated. The youngest was in a stupor, caused by feeding on bread steeped in gin. The old woman acknowledged that she was in the habit of so feeding them, 'to keep them quiet and make them strong.'"

This account has only too many touches of verisimilitude in it.

And the author adds: "Mr. Mackenzie, shocked at this spectacle, took the children to his own house, where they were tenderly cared for. A few days wrought a great change in their appearance, and the beauty and intelligence of little Edgar became a subject of universal comment. William Henry, the elder brother, had already been sent to his grandfather [General Poe] in Baltimore."

Two weeks and two days later, after Mrs. Poe had been laid to rest in a now unknown grave in one of the beautiful Richmond cemeteries, the Broad Street Theatre where Mr. Placide's gay little company of Virginia Comedians had so merrily pranced and capered, was consumed in the awful conflagration of Christmas Eve, 1811, in which the governor of Virginia and sixty other persons of high social distinction perished; and from its ashes rose the Monumental Church in memory of the tragic event.

The extinction and fall of The House of Usher could not have been more sudden and terrible:

"Lo! 't is a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years:
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres."

Can the exquisite yet awful imagery of this poem, full as it is of theatre memories, — mimes, puppets, shifting scenery, funeral curtains, phantom forms, — have twined itself somehow about the memory of his mother in connection with the burning of the Richmond Theatre, about which all Virginia never ceased to talk for half a century, and which sent a thrill of horror all over the United States? Little Edgar must often have heard it discussed, and must have watched the memorial church as it slowly rose out of the grave of the theatre where his mother had charmed the Richmond audiences with her beauty and grace so many times long before.¹

It is asserted that only an accident kept the Allans from the theatre that evening.

II.

RICHMOND, Virginia, is one of the most beautiful places in the old Commonwealth renowned for beautiful sites. Founded more than one hundred and fifty years ago, it got its name from the lovely old English village of Richmond above London near which Cardinal Wolsey had built lordly Hampton Court, with Pope's Twickenham near by, Stoke Pogis Church and its immortal Elegy in the distance, and Horace Walpole's villa and the glimmering Thames throwing their clustering associations into the picture.

At Richmond it was (and is) delightful to live, and here, in 1811, having been adopted by Mr. John Allan, an Ayrshire Scotchman from the land of

¹ There was even a long-lasting tradition that the Poes had been burned alive in the theatre.

Burns, Edgar Allan Poe took up his abode, a two-year-old child, precociously clever and beautiful. During his most impressionable years, the city was the most intellectual and — with the exception of New Orleans — the gayest city of the South. It was full of old families that had furnished statesmen, legislators, governors, generals, and Congressmen to the United States; the presidents of the United States frequently resorted there in family reunions and on social visits; distinguished foreigners like Lafayette, after visiting Mount Vernon and Monticello and Montpelier, drifted naturally to the hospitable metropolis of the oldest of the states and were royally entertained with the far-famed Old Virginia profusion.

Little Edgar's childhood and youth were passed in an atmosphere of sociability, open-air sports, oratory, and elocution. Patrick Henry, the great orator of the Revolution, lay in the neighboring churchyard of Old St. John's; Chief-Justice Marshall, the greatest of the justices of the Supreme Court, and John Randolph of Roanoke, celebrated for silver voice and stinging sarcasm, were familiar figures in Richmond streets; retired presidents like Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, after they had laid off the robes of office mingled with democratic simplicity in the cultured throngs that haunted the parlors of Capitol Square and Shockoe Hill, or of the suburban homes where the neighboring plantations projected far into the edges of the city. Almost within hailing distance were the pleasant mansions of the Pages (ancestors of Thomas Nelson Page), Wickhams, Cockes, Harrisons, Mayos, and others socially and politically famed in the fashionable annals of the times, and in the city itself were gathered a goodly company of social celebrities.

Richmond has for a century been famous for its schools, classical and denominational, at first taught by English or Irish graduates of famous transatlantic schools, and later by distinguished masters of arts of the University of Virginia.

Rosalie Poe was adopted by the Mackenzies, who kept a well-known ladies' school still remembered by persons of the older generation and "old gentlemen of the black stock." Edgar fell into the hands of kindly folk who taught him at the age of five or six to read, write, draw, paint, and "spout verse" from his adopted father's dining-table, intermingling the recitations (it is asserted, but only on hearsay evidence) with toasts and potations to the guests. — It seems at least impossible at this date to believe that a hard, stern Scotchman such as Mr. Allan is described to have been, should for the amusement of an evening, so far forget himself and his responsibilities to the poor little waif as deliberately to ruin his constitution and his morals with practices so offensive, alike to decency and common-sense. As an educated Scot, he must have known the history and fortunes of Burns, his Ayrshire fellow-countryman, and must have noted, if he had his eyes open at all, the resemblance between the temperaments of the poet-ploughman and the players' son.

Much mythical nonsense has been talked and written about the "wealth" of Mr. Allan when he adopted Poe, and about the "luxury" in which the boy was reared in the "palatial home of the Allans." The fact is, Mr. Allan was a poor man when he adopted Poe and lived upstairs over his store.

A correspondent, in a letter dated December 17, 1900, writes :

“ Because the Allans for some half century were known in Richmond as rich people, all the books assume forsooth that Poe's youth was spoiled by indulgence of luxury and extravagance such as large wealth may command. It may have been, and doubtless was, somewhat spoiled as the adopted child of a good, loving woman, childless herself, but wealth was an unknown factor in that household until the windfall of the Galt legacy in 1825, just before Poe left for the University. That the Allans in 1811, when they adopted Poe, were living upstairs over their store, in which John Allan carried on a small trade, is a fact not discreditable, but inconsistent with wealth, and a great contrast with their later condition. The fact of this mode of business and living rests as yet on traditional information, of which I have not yet found record proof: but I have no doubt of its correctness.

“ The end of the War of 1815 reopened commercial relations with England, presenting fine chances for business enterprise, of which the ‘ Scotch factor ’ was not slow to take advantage. That the results were unprofitable and disastrous is evidenced by a deed of assignment in 1822, two years after his return to Richmond. The assignment was made on private account and as partner of Ellis and Allan of Richmond, and Allan and Ellis of London.

“ The schedule includes household furniture, his negroes, etc., and interest in a small farm inherited by his wife: from which it would seem that he had no realty in his own right. By consent of creditors Allan was allowed to remain in possession of the property until the Trustee be required to sell; with agreement to release if he could settle with creditors. The Deed of Release is not found, and it is probable that he was

under stress of the misfortune until relieved by the Galt legacy. . . . Old Mr. Galt was one of the wealthiest men in the state, and John Allan's share of that wealth (he was Galt's nephew) made him one of the richest men in a town that had comparatively few large fortunes. The fortune revolutionized the Allan family life, and gave them new position.

"The Galt Will was probated in March, 1825, and the city records show that within three months the legatee, with his newly acquired wealth, bought the house on Main Street, afterwards known as the Allan House.

"Poe's stay in that house was not more than about six months, before leaving for the University, and for short periods after return therefrom. — I wonder sometimes how much the sensibilities of the new-rich man may have been offended by satirical comment of the bright youngster who — the critics to the contrary notwithstanding — *bad* keen sense of the humorous, and wonderful talent in all sorts of criticism [witness Dr. Ambler's account of his satire upon the members of a debating society to which he belonged, *ætat.* 14; Ingram, I., 30]. I doubt not that some such criticism, not malicious, was one of the ingredients in their subsequent disagreement and quarrel.

"I do not believe that dissipation, and a quarrel about money matters were the real cause of Poe's leaving Richmond and his self-effacement for two years in the army. Doubtless, after return from the University, there was some such quarrel and falling out, but they do not adequately explain the situation and its results, for which there are far better — and natural — reasons."

This then at once disposes of the myth of "mil-

lionaire " Allan, — certainly not to the discredit of the canny Scot who was persuaded by his excellent wife — a Miss Valentine of Richmond — much against his will, it seems, to adopt the boy.

In June, 1815, — the day before the Battle of Waterloo, — Mr. Allan, his wife, and his wife's sister, and Edgar sailed for England on this business venture, possibly for a short stay, but, as it turned out, for an entire lustrum of five years.

Thus early into Edgar's most impressionable life a slice of Old England, his mother-land, intruded; a bit of Old-World romance beset his infant imagination at its most sensitive period; the spell of Europe, in the time of Waterloo and the great Napoleon, wove itself subtly over his fancy, and he doubtless drank deep of the poetic and semi-mysterious atmosphere of the quaint English town where his foster-father left him — Stoke-Newington, then a suburb of London.

We shall here embellish our narrative with a picturesque quotation from Woodberry's *Life* (p. 16):

"His residence there [Stoke-Newington] seems to have left deep marks of remembrance upon his mind, nor is it unlikely that the delight in the ancient, which afterwards characterized him, sprang partly from this early familiarity with a memorable past not yet vanished from the eye and hand. The main village, which has since been lost in the overflow of the metropolis, then consisted of a long elm-embowered street of the Tudor time, following the track of a Roman road; near the old Green, by deeply-shaded walks, that still bear the names of Henry and Elizabeth, stood the houses of Anne Boleyn's ill-fated lover, Earl Percy, and of her daughter's fortunate courtier, the favorite Leicester; to the west ran the green lanes, over hazy

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inland fields, and to the east the more modern street of Queen Anne and early Georgian architecture, where behind its formal box-bordered parterre rose the white Manor House School, old and irregular, sloping in the rear to the high brick wall, with its ponderous spiked and iron-studded gates, which enclosed the playground.

“In the seclusion of these grounds Poe spent his school-days from his eighth [?] to his thirteenth year; there in the long, narrow, low school-room, oak-ceiled, gothic-windowed, with its irregular, black, jackknife-hewed desks and the sacred corner-boxes for master and ushers (in one of them once sat the murderer, Eugene Aram), he conned his Latin and mispronounced his French; in the bed-room beyond the many tortuous passages and perplexing little stairways, he first felt the wakening of the conscience, whose self-echoing whispers he afterwards heightened into the voice and ghostly terror of the Spanish *Hombre Embozado*; in that wide, gravelled, treeless, and benchless playground he trained his muscles in the sports, and when on Saturday afternoon the mighty gate swung open he and his mates filed out to walk beneath the gigantic and gnarled trees amid which once lived Shakespeare’s friend Essex, or to gaze with a boy’s eyes of wonder at the thick walls, deep windows and doors, massive with locks and bars, behind which Robinson Crusoe was written; and on Sunday, after the holiday ramble, he would obey the summons of the hollow-toned church-bell, sounding from its fretted tower.”

In this Old-World town, therefore, with its meandering lanes and elm-embowered pleasaunces, Edgar Poe was placed by the Allans, and there he was for

first time regularly trained in English, Latin, mathematics, and French. All about him were associations of a venerable antiquity ; boys of genius like himself though older — Byron, Shelley, Keats — were beginning in these memorable five or six years to utter the first musical pipings of the most musically gifted of English poets, all of them living then at no great distance from Stoke-Newington ; England was in the flush and exultation of the Waterloo period, after the shame and humiliation of the Battle of New Orleans fought just six months before. The boy could not but have been impressed by the stir and glory of the time.

Dr. Bransby, his teacher, and the ancient Manor House School, imbedded themselves so deeply in his ductile memory that they were enshrined later in his "William Wilson," which in one of his letters he calls his best story. The broad, benignant face of the doctor smiled complacently out of a huge wig that made him look like a lord chancellor ; his ready erudition revelled in quotations from Horace and Shakspeare (spoken of by Poe with so deep a reverence in the Letter prefixed to the 1831 edition of his Poems), and he remembered his little American pupil well enough to speak in after years kindly of his aptitude while criticising his over-abundant pocket-money.

Poe's English education, thus so favorably begun in England under a learned ecclesiastic, never ceased to be conducted by Englishmen or Irishmen, for after he returned with the Allans to Richmond in 1820, he was successively coached by Messrs. Clarke and Burke at their classical academies, and when he went to the University of Virginia in 1826, all the professors with two exceptions were accomplished Englishmen. Even

psychic - effect

as a boy Poe was placed by Col. J. T. L. Preston (of friend of the present writer) on a level with "Nat" Howard, afterwards known as one of the most distinguished Latinists in the South, and a school-boy contemporary, at Clarke's, of Poe.

"To dream," cries Poe in an autobiographic passage in "The Assignation," — "to dream has been the business of my life. I have therefore framed for myself as you see, a bower of dreams."

This "bower of dreams" doubtless began its aerial architecture among the immemorial elms, the misty fragrances and shadows, the poetic reveries, the trance-like tranquillities of this time when the English school-boy, ten or twelve years old, had already begun to scribble the little volume which he handed to Mr. Allan, and to be haunted by rhythmic fancies and tantalizing poetic thirsts.

Nor will the conscientious biographer overlook what must have been the curious psychological effects of the sea on Poe's sensitive temperament during the long-drawn-out ocean voyages of eighty years ago, when a month was a quick passage across the gray Atlantic, and the precocious child, first at six, then at twelve or thirteen, spent a month or two of existence amid the midsummer splendors of the June seas. No one has depicted wind in all its myriad and magic shapes and forms and sensations, or water in its infinite diversities of color and motion, more graphically than the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," "A MS. found in a Bottle," and "The Fall of the House of Usher," whether the one is gently agitating the whispering curtains of the Lady Rowena's bed-chamber or the other is swallowing in its mystic embrace the crumbling battlements of the last of the Ushers. The Eolian

petulance of the poet's fancy, the Shelleyan versatility of phrase and rhythm with which he portrays wind and water, storm and calm, tarn and lake, interpreting the thousand-fold mysteries of the air and unlocking thrills of suggestion and horror from its chambered recesses, must all at least have started to germinate in these lengthened boyish ocean travels. Both times he crossed the Atlantic in June when the glory of the stars would be revealed in all their midsummer beauty, and when "Astarte's bediamonded crescent" and the starry hieroglyphs of heaven would stain themselves on the heavens in pigments of fire, ever to be treasured up in "Al Aaraaf" and many another star-poem or star allusion. The "MS. found in a Bottle" is a water-poem from beginning to end, written at an early age when the youth was vividly reminiscent of actual experience. The zephyrlike gossamer women of the Tales are incarnations of whispering winds; their movements are the breezy undulations of air travelling over bending grain; their melodious voices are the lyrics of the wind articulating themselves in flutelike throats; and full of passion and pregnancy of meaning are the musical inflections that exhale from their lips as perfumes exhale from the chalices of flowers.

In 1820 we find the travellers again at home in their beloved Virginia, beloved by Poe for many reasons, and in later days because it bore the name of his idolized wife.

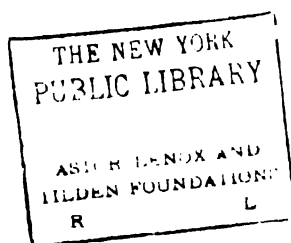
Col. Thomas Mann Randolph, son-in-law of the illustrious Jefferson, was Governor of Virginia when the family returned home; a wave of prosperity had passed over the country since the Battle of New Orleans and the Battle of Waterloo; Napoleon was

dying at St. Helena ; and the Bourbon Restoration had sent a thrill of joy through aristocratic France : the world seemed to rest. The firm of Ellis and Allan, dealing in the famous " Virginia leaf " now rejoicing in a world-wide reputation, was beginning to look up, though there is no evidence for the assertion that it had acquired great fortune at this time ; prosperous it had been, as we see from the following sketch of Poe's boyhood furnished the writer by the late Col. T. H. Ellis, son of the senior member of the firm.¹ This final statement of Colonel Ellis will correct several mistakes of the biographies, which assert that Mr. Allan went abroad to settle an estate, etc. It gives also an authentic reference to the place and time of David Poe's death : " her husband had died not long before, in Norfolk ; " and shows that the names " Edgar Allan " and " Rose Mackenzie " were the baptismal names of the two younger children.

" On the 8th of December, 1811, Mrs. Poe, of English birth, one of the actresses of the company then playing on the Richmond boards, died in Richmond, leaving three children. Her husband had died not long before, in Norfolk. She had made herself a favorite with those who were in the habit of attending the theatre, which was then the fashionable entertainment with educated people, both in this country and England. There was general sympathy for the little orphans left by her. The eldest of the three, William Henry, was adopted by his grandfather, Mr. Poe, of Baltimore, a gentleman of social position there, and of family pride, who had been much offended by his son's

¹ Here reprinted by the courtesy of the editor of the *New York Independent*, in which the account first appeared, September, 1900.





marriage with an actress. This child died young, but lived long enough to develop rare promise. The second child, born January 19, 1809, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. John Allan, of Richmond; the youngest, a daughter, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie, also of Richmond; and the names Edgar Allan and Rose Mackenzie were given in baptism by the Rev. John Buchanan, D.D., at the residence of Mr. John Richard, who was a friend of all the parties concerned.

“The death of Mrs. Poe occurred eighteen days before the burning of the Richmond Theatre, and it is not improbable that Mr. and Mrs. Allan would have been present on that occasion but for the circumstance that they were spending the Christmas holidays at Mr. Boller Cocke’s, at Turkey Island, with Edgar. Mr. Allan and my father were partners in business. They had been raised together as clerks in the store of Mr. William Galt, who was the most successful merchant of his day in Virginia. The business of Ellis and Allan, beginning in 1800, so prospered that after the war of 1812–15 they determined to establish a branch house in London, for which purpose Mr. Allan went abroad and remained in England five years. He was accompanied by his wife (a cousin of my mother), by his sister-in-law, Miss Anne M. Valentine, and by his adopted son. On their return, his own house having been leased, so that he could not get possession of it, Mr. Allan and his family became members of my father’s family, and lived with us, I suppose, nearly a year. It was then and there that my recollections of Edgar A. Poe began.

“He was very beautiful, yet brave and manly for one so young. No boy ever had a greater influence

over me than he had. He was, indeed, a leader among his playmates; but my admiration for him scarcely knew bounds. The consequence was, he led me to do many a forbidden thing, for which I was duly punished. The only whipping I ever knew Mr. Allan to give him was for carrying me into the fields and woods beyond 'Belvidere,' adjacent to what is now Hollywood Cemetery, one Saturday, and keeping me there all day and until after dark, without anybody at home knowing where we were; and for shooting a lot of domestic fowls, belonging to the proprietor of 'Belvidere,' who was at that time, I think, Judge Bushrod Washington. He taught me to shoot, to swim, to skate, to play bandy; and I ought to mention that he once saved me from drowning — for having thrown me into the falls headlong, that I might 'strike out' for myself, he presently found it necessary to come to my help or it would have been too late! Mr. and Mrs. Allan, having no children of their own, lavished upon him their whole affection; he was sent to the best schools, he was taught every accomplishment that a boy could acquire, he was trained to all the habits of the most polished society. There was not a brighter, more graceful or more attractive boy in the city than Edgar Allan Poe. Talent for declamation was one of his gifts. I well remember a public exhibition at the close of a course of instruction in elocution which he had attended, and my delight when, in the presence of a large and distinguished company, he bore off the prize in competition with Channing Moore, Cary Wickham, Andrew Johnston, Nat Howard, and others who were regarded as among the most promising of the Richmond boys.

“Not content with an adopted son, Mr. and Mrs. Allan desired to adopt a daughter also, and were constantly begging for my sister, now Mrs. Beverley Tucker. The intimacy between the two families—my father’s and Mr. Allan’s—was naturally very close; on one side—I mean the side of the Ellis boys and girls—our largest Christmas gifts, birthday presents, etc., came from the Allans. Edgar was once guilty of a piece of meanness for which I have not forgiven him to this day. With our father and mother we had gone down to spend Christmas evening with the Allans. Among the toys provided for our entertainment was a snake—a long, slim, shiny thing made in sections, which were fastened to each other by wires, and a boy, by taking hold of the tail and holding it out from his body, could make it wriggle and dart about in the most lifelike manner. This hideous imitation of a serpent Edgar took in his hand, and kept poking it at my sister Jane until it almost ran her crazy.

“Of course I knew about his swim of seven miles in James River down to Warwick, accompanied by Robert G. Cabell, Robert C. Stanard, and perhaps two or three other schoolboys, with Mr. William Burke, their schoolmaster, who went along in a row-boat to rescue him in case his strength should fail. I knew also of his Thespian performances, when he and William F. Ritchie and James Greenhow and Creed Thomas and Richard Cary Ambler and other schoolmates appeared in dramatic character under a tent erected on a vacant lot one or two squares beyond what is now St. James’ Church on Fifth Street—admittance fee, one cent! But never was I prouder of him than when, dressed in the uniform of the

'Junior Morgan Riflemen' (a volunteer company composed of boys, and which General Lafayette, in his memorable visit to Richmond, selected as his bodyguard), he walked up and down in front of the marquee erected on the Capitol Square, under which the old general held a grand reception in October, 1824.

"One evening there was a meeting of the Gentlemen's Whist Club at my father's house. The members and a few invited guests had assembled and were seated at whist tables set out all over the large parlor, and things were as quiet as they were on a certain 'night before Christmas,' of which we have read, when a ghost appeared! The ghost, no doubt, expected and intended to frighten the whole body of whist players, who were in truth stirred to a commotion. General Winfield Scott, one of the invited guests, with the resolution and promptness of an old soldier, sprang forward as if he was leading a charge in Lundy's Lane. Dr. Philip Thornton, of Rappahannock, another guest, was, however, nearer to the door and quicker than he. Presently the ghost, finding himself closely pressed, began to retreat, backing around the room, yet keeping his face to the foe, and as the Doctor was reaching out and trying to seize the ghost's nose with the view to twitch it off, the ghost was 'larruping' him over the shoulder with the long cane which he carried in one hand, while with the other hand he was struggling to keep from being tripped by the sheet which enveloped his body. When finally forced to surrender and the mask was taken from his face, Edgar laughed as heartily as ever a ghost did before.

"In February, 1826, Poe was entered as a student

at the University of Virginia. There began that course of conduct which, step by step, led to the wretchedness of the after part of his life. Sad, inexpressibly sad, and pathetic it was, indeed."

This sketch gives us a vivid account of the spirited, handsome, gifted boy as he appeared seventy-five years ago to one of his intimate friends and playmates, the son of his foster-father's partner, even then full of precocious elocutionary and athletic talents, spoiled, wayward, devoted to practical jokes and open-air sports, a leader in school, accomplished in all the pastimes of the day, — skating, swimming like a *Leander* or a *Byron*, leaping, running, acting in the Thespian performances, drilling in the military company, and — getting a too-rare chastisement for his capricious and thoughtless conduct.

Another interesting glimpse of Poe at this time is afforded by the following account sent the writer by Dr. Hugh Wythe Davis of Richmond, Virginia, whose uncle, Dr. Creed Thomas, was Poe's deskmate at Burke's School. Dr. Thomas was very intimate with Poe in after years also, and died only a few months ago, aged eighty-seven :

"Dr. Thomas was educated at Burke's School in Richmond, Virginia, and at the University of Medicine of Maryland. At the first-named institution, which stood near the present site of Ford's Hotel, he was a deskmate of Edgar Allan Poe during the years 1823, 1824, and 1825, and a schoolfellow of the Stanards, Cabells, Seldens. Selden told somebody that Poe was a liar or a rascal. The embryo poet heard of it, and soon the boys were engaged in a fight. Selden was heavier than Poe whom he pommelled vigorously for some time. The delicate boy appeared

to submit with little resistance. Finally Poe turned the tables on Selden, and much to the surprise of the spectators, administered a sound whipping. When asked why he permitted Selden to pommel his head so long, Poe replied that he was waiting for his adversary to get out of breath before showing him a few things in the art of fighting.

“Poe was a quiet, peaceful youngster, and seldom got into a difficulty with his schoolmates. He was as plucky as any boy at school, however, and never permitted himself to be imposed upon. When it came to a question of looking after his individual rights, however, the young classic asserted himself. He was not at all popular with his schoolmates, being too retiring in disposition and singularly unsociable in manner. The only two boys he was intimate with were Monroe Stanard, who afterwards became Judge Stanard, and Robert G. Cabell. He was quite fond of both of them, and the three boys were continually in each other's company. It was a noticeable fact that he never asked any of his schoolmates to go home with him after school. Other boys would frequently spend the night or take dinner with each other at their homes, but Poe was seldom known to enter into this social intercourse. After he left the play-grounds at school that was an end of his sociability until the next day. Dr. Thomas was a member with Poe, Beverley Anderson, and William F. Ritchie, of the Thespian Society, that had its headquarters in the old wooden building which stood on the northeast corner of Sixth and Marshall Streets. Poe was a member of this society, contrary to the wishes of Mr. Allan. He had undoubted talent in this direction. The audience usually numbered about forty or fifty. A small admis-

sion fee was charged, and this was divided between the actors, who used it as pin money. A singular fact, Dr. Thomas used to say, was that Poe never got a whipping at school. He remembered that the other boys used to come in for a flogging quite frequently, and that he got his share. Mr. Burke believed in the moral power of the birch. He accepted the theory, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' as a matter of course, and the consequence was that whippings were so frequent that they created no sensation among the scholars who witnessed them."¹

It is thus seen to be untrue that "no one knew him;" on the contrary, the boy Poe had many devoted friends: Ellis, Thomas, Stanard, and Cabell are distinctly mentioned, or mention themselves, among them; and later, when he went to the University, these friends increased in number and cordiality: Tucker, Burwell, Beale, Slaughter, Wertenbaker, Willis, Ambler, all testified to their friendship, many of them in their written recollections. The "marvellous boy that perished in his pride" was not prouder; Leopardi, agonized by humiliating deformity, could not at times hold more aloof; the shrinking and shadowy Tennyson, wandering over his lawns, did not recoil at times with more physical horror from contact with the clamorous world; but there is nothing in Poe's early years to justify the assertion that he passed them in supreme loneliness.²

¹ Obituary Notice of Dr. Creed Thomas, *Richmond Dispatch*, Feb. 24, 1899.

² See Mrs. Whitman's "Edgar Poe and his Critics," Preface to the First Edition, 1860, where a similar statement is warmly combated. Cf. the utterances of A. Lang, *N. Y. Independent*, Nov. 23, 1899, who doubts whether Poe was even a "gentleman."

His feeling of unmeasured superiority to his school-mates in book-learning and athletic accomplishments ; his boyish gift of rhyming readily ; the applause of his teachers and playmates at the performances of the infant prodigy ; and the undisguised admiration of the home-circle for his dramatic and poetic powers, undoubtedly enhanced an innate self-consciousness which never left Poe to his latest breath ; but it is baseless, useless, and cruel to affirm that he was "the man in the crowd" pursued even as a child by relentless instincts of solitariness.

There are two spots in this normal childhood that loom up with shining distinctness : the episode with Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard, and his first love.

We quote a passage from Mrs. Whitman's "Edgar Poe and his Critics," pp. 48-55, in which this charming biographer and defender of the poet gives us a glimpse of the boy at fourteen in the throes of a first affection :

"While at the academy in Richmond, he one day accompanied a schoolmate to his home, where he saw for the first time Mrs. H. [elen] S. [tanard],¹ the mother of his young friend. This lady, on entering the room, took his hand and spoke some gentle and gracious words of welcome, which so penetrated the sensitive heart of the orphan boy as to deprive him of the power of speech, and for a time almost of consciousness itself. He returned home in a dream, with but one thought, one hope in life, — to hear again the sweet and gracious words that had made the desolate world so beautiful to him, and filled his lonely heart with the oppression of a new joy. This lady after-

¹ Really, Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard : Poe disliked the name Jane, and substituted Helen for it.

wards became the *confidante* of all his boyish sorrows, and hers was the one redeeming influence that saved and guided him in the earlier days of his turbulent and passionate youth."

When she died of mental alienation in 1824, it is related that the boy-poet would not give her up, but haunted her grave in the April and autumnal nights with the passionate feeling of undying companionship, even with the dead, which afterwards ran like a line of fire through his romances of death, trance, and sentience after death.

This abiding element of Poe's life, his intimacy with Mrs. Stanard, and her sorrowful death, furnished the theme for that exquisite woman-element in his poems which beads itself into a string of pearls and runs now in shadowy and beautiful shapes of dreamlike Melusines through his Tales, now coins itself into cameo-like stanzas, "To Helen," "Lenore," "Annabel Lee" or the lost "Ulalume," in stanzas as imperishable in beauty as those which rise wraithlike from the passion and spume of the early life of Goethe. What would these two lives indeed — Goethe's and Poe's — be without their rich idealizations of woman snatched from Dreamland, but hovering in the mid-air of actual experience!

"It was the image of this lady" (continues Mrs. Whitman), "long and tenderly and sorrowfully cherished, that suggested the stanzas 'To Helen,' published among the poems written in his youth, which Russell Lowell says have in them a grace and symmetry of outline such as few poets ever attain, and which are valuable as displaying 'what can only be expressed by the contradictory phrase of *innate experience*.'"

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore."

"In a letter now before us" (continues the lady), "written within a twelvemonth of his death, Edgar Poe speaks of the love which inspired these verses as the 'one, idolatrous, and purely *ideal* love of his passionate boyhood.' In one of the numbers of 'Russell's Magazine,' there is a transcript of the first published version of the exquisite poem entitled 'Lenore,' commencing—

"'Ah! broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever.
Let the bell toll: a saintly soul floats on the Stygian River.'

"It is remarkable, that, in this earlier version, instead of LENORE, we have the name of HELEN. The lines were afterwards greatly altered, and improved in structure and expression; and the name of Lenore was introduced, apparently for its adaptation to rhythmical effect."

With Sarah Elmira Royster, a neighbor of Mr. Allan's, came a real love-affair. This young lady was a year or two younger than the mature Poe (aged sixteen or so) and met his advances in an amiable and appreciative spirit. "He was a gentleman" (she writes) "in every sense of the word. He was one of the most fascinating and refined men I ever knew. I never saw him under the influence of wine. I admired him more than any man I ever knew."

In an earlier letter the same lady continues, :

¹ *Appleton's Journal*, May, 1878.

“Edgar was a beautiful boy ; he was not very talkative, and his general manner was sad, but when he did talk his conversation was very pleasant. He was devoted to the first Mrs. Allan, and she to him. Of his own parents he never spoke. I have seen his brother Henry, who was in the navy. He had very few associates, but he was very intimate with Ebenezer Berling, a widow’s son, of about the same age, as himself. Berling was an interesting, intelligent young man, but somewhat inclined to dissipation. They used to visit our house together very frequently.

“Edgar was warm and zealous in any cause he was interested in, being enthusiastic and impulsive. He had strong prejudices, and hated everything coarse and unrefined. I can still remember him saying to me, when an acquaintance made an unladylike remark, ‘I am surprised you should associate with anyone who could make such a remark !’

“He was very generous. He drew beautifully and drew a pencil likeness of me in a few minutes. He was passionately fond of music. . . . It distresses me greatly when I see anything scurrilous written about him. Do not believe a tenth part of what is said. It is chiefly produced by jealousy and envy. I have the greatest respect for his memory. Our acquaintance was kept up until he left to go to the University, and during the time he was at the University he wrote to me frequently. But my father intercepted the letters because we were too young — for no other reason. I was between fifteen and sixteen when we were engaged. I was not aware that he had written to me from the University until after I was married, when I was seventeen, to Mr. Shelton.”

Thus the Ideal and the Real jostle each other in
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actual life : " the one like the shield of bronze whose color was so long contested by the knights of fable ; " the other, " presenting at least a silver lining." ¹

The year 1825 seems to have been spent by Poe in busy preparation, under private tutors, for entrance into the University of Virginia. The University, planned and founded by Jefferson, had opened the year before and had attracted great attention all over the country. Its magnificent buildings, its corps of accomplished European professors, drawn mostly from England, its novel system of elective studies, and its hitherto unknown and untried system of democratic self-government by the students themselves, had interested educators everywhere, and many eyes were turned curiously on Jefferson's experiment.

¹ Mrs. S. H. Whitman, " Edgar Poe and his Critics," p. 69.

CHAPTER II.

1826.

POE'S ENVIRONMENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.¹

I.

ALBEMARLE County, in which the University of Virginia is situated, is one of the finest and most fruitful counties in the Old Dominion. Originally near the centre of Virginia before it was dismembered, it seemed to President Jefferson an ideal spot for the erection of the great institution which he had been planning since 1779 and which, overcoming innumerable obstacles, he succeeded in establishing and opening in March, 1825. Around this lovely land, through which trails for more than one hundred miles the delightful greenery of the South-West Mountains, gather all the confluent lines of grace that characterize a gently mountainous country where, exhausted with uplifting giant Alleghanies, the poetic mountain sprites exercise their ingenuity in carving out graceful vales, long undulating slopes, the winding labyrinths of silver rivers, and wooded dells thick with Vallombrosan shades.

¹ Unpublished MSS. Archives of the University of Virginia. Bound Catalogues of the University of Virginia, 1825-44.

Schele de Vere Catalogue of Students of the University of Virginia, 1825-75.

Files of the University of Virginia Magazine, 1856-57, 1900.

H. B. Adams' "Jefferson and the University of Virginia."

Albemarle might indeed, apart from its musical name, be called the "picture" county of Virginia, and it was the spirit of the poet who wrote our great epic of the Declaration of Independence that chose this favored spot as the birthplace, cradle, and home of his University. From his own Parnassus of Monticello, three miles away, he looked down and beheld the spacious vale wherein the cunning magic of his persuasive tongue had evoked a scene of Grecian beauty that breathed the spirit of Old World enchantment. Obdurate legislatures had melted before the "old man eloquent" as he pleaded for his University; avaricious pockets emptied their contents into his Educational Fund as he spoke of the boundless advantages of the new institution; distinguished foreign savants listened with attention as his marvellous pen discoursed in countless letters (30,000 of Jefferson's letters are said to be in existence!) of his plans and projects for an Oxford, a Cambridge or a Göttingen in the New World.

The result was the beautiful scene that lay below Monticello, the exquisitely situated mountain-crest towering eight hundred feet in the air where "The Father of the University of Virginia" had built himself an eyrie among the century-old trees overlooking a view of rolling, river-bounded loveliness, where Piedmont hill and sapphire Blue Ridge, gaunt Alleghany and solemn Ragged Mountains blend into a delightful harmony, all gathering round and enshrining in their bosom the jewel of Jefferson, the white-domed University.

Such was the spot where Edgar Allan Poe arrived in 1826 and wrote his name, the 136th on the list, on good St. Valentine's Day, in the Matriculation Book of the University.

A young man's teachers are often those who in after life influence his career most vitally ; and Jefferson's sagacity had gathered at the University a galaxy of brilliant scholars who soon worked themselves into this influence and into reputations unrivalled for learning, profundity and force. The eight men with whom Edgar Poe was thrown into intimate official and scholastic contact were Duglison, Long, Blaettermann, Key, Bonnycastle, Emmet, Tucker, and Lomax ; and from this list one dare not leave out the venerable librarian of the University, William Wertenbaker, who was appointed by Jefferson himself and held the position for forty-three years : a man with whom Poe came frequently in contact.

"During the year 1826," said Mr. Wertenbaker,¹ "there used to come into the library a handsome young student, perhaps eighteen years of age, in search of old French books, principally histories ; that young man, even the little I chanced to see of him, made a deep impression on me, and in fact I am sure I will always tenderly cherish my recollections of Edgar Allan Poe."

Six out of the eight professors (1826) were foreign-born, a little irreverently called by the students in the Faculty Minute Books of the time, when they were summoned up for some student pranks, "those damned European professors."

At least seven were men of the highest character, scholarship, and worth ; all were comparatively young, except Mr. George Tucker, who had been called from the halls of Congress by Jefferson to assume the professorship of Moral Philosophy, and who afterwards greatly distinguished himself as the biog-

¹ University of Virginia Magazine, Vol. XIX., p. 45.

rapher of Jefferson, the historian of the United States, the novelist of the Shenandoah, and the brilliant essayist and statistician, first chairman of the faculty.

Another, Mr. George Long, had an eminent literary career, adorned by many successes and intimately interwoven with the intellectual life of Greece and Rome as investigator, geographer, historian, editor, and translator.

The University Matriculation Book of 1826 shows that Edgar Allan Poe wrote his name and the date of his birth,¹ the name of his parent or guardian, his residence and the schools that he attended as follows: Edgar A. Poe; | 19 January, 1809; | John Allan; ² | Richmond, Va.; | and the Schools of Ancient and Modern Languages.³

Out of the 177 students present that year, 107 "elected" Ancient Languages and 90 elected Modern Languages, the number gathering from thirteen different states (Catalogues of the University of Virginia, 1825-44), including New York and Pennsylvania.

George Ticknor's active and open advocacy of the reform educational views of Jefferson had already aroused uneasiness in New England, and particularly at Harvard, whose alert and learned President, Josiah Quincy, favored the elective system and began to inquire into the workings of the new institution (Adams, 130). Edward Everett, too, viewed with admiring but critical eyes the Jefferson experiment and copied into his "North American Review" article for January, 1820, Jefferson's entire scheme of studies

¹ Not "the place," as Professor Woodberry states, "Edgar Allan Poe," p. 25.

² Misspelt Allen in the records.

³ Professors Long and Blaettermann.

proposed for the University of Virginia and printed in the proceedings and report of the Commissioners for the University in 1818.

What induced Mr. Allan to send his adopted son to the University, apart from the boy's precocious talents and excellent preparation, and the reputation of the University, we know not; but hither he came in February, rooming, first on the Lawn, and then, after a pugilistic encounter with his room-mate, Miles George, transferring himself and his goods to No. 13, West Range, according to his friend, Mr. T. G. Tucker; to No. 17, West Range, according to another tradition.¹

Being Poe's intimate friend at the University, Mr. Tucker may be taken, along with Mr. Wertenbaker and Mr. Burwell, as giving a fairly accurate account of Poe's career while the two young men were fellow-students. He describes the poet at this period of life as rather short of stature, thick, compactly set but active, an expert in all the athletic and gymnastic arts. A gymnasium had been opened in the University, and a military drill-master, one Matthews, from West Point, had been employed to instruct volunteers in military evolutions and tactics, — an association which may have influenced Poe, a little later, first to enter the army under an assumed name and then formally to enroll himself as a cadet at the United States Academy in 1830. Mr. Tucker in 1880 remembered his famous contemporary as bow-legged, jerky and hurried in his movements, and with the air and

¹ University of Virginia Magazine, Vol. XIX., p. 426 *seq.* Mr. Allan had only recently inherited large wealth from his uncle, Mr. Galt (1825), and thus felt able to give his foster-son the best University education.

action of a native-born Frenchman. He was very mercurial in his disposition and exceedingly fond of peach-and-honey. Seven-up and loo were his favorite games, for everybody played cards in those days, and he played in so impassioned a manner that it amounted almost to infatuation. Card-playing and drinking alike were carried on under the spell of impulse or uncontrolled excitement. His passion for strong drink was even then (continues Mr. Tucker) of a most marked and peculiar character. He would always seize the tempting glass, generally unmixed with sugar or water, — in fact, perfectly straight, — and without the least apparent pleasure, swallow the contents, never pausing until the last drop had passed his lips. One glass (the size is not stated) at a time was all that he could take; but this was sufficient to rouse his whole nervous nature into a state of strongest excitement, which found vent in a continuous flow of wild, fascinating talk that irresistibly enchanted every listener with siren-like power.

Poe is described as having been an excellent French and Latin scholar; he could read and speak both languages with great ease, although he could hardly be said to have known either language thoroughly. Greek he read indifferently. Time and again he would enter into the lecture-room (Pavilion V. or Pavilion IV., where Professors Long and Blattermann lived) utterly unprepared to recite if called upon. But his brain was so active and his memory so excellent that only a few moments' study was necessary, and then he was ready to make the best recitation in the class. To have opportunity of "reading ahead" . . . was all that Poe desired when unprepared. As a consequence of this wonderful faculty he was able to maintain a very

high position in his classes, and win for himself the admiration, but more often the envy of his fellow-students.

"It is delightful to know" (continues the author of the paper from which we are quoting: "Edgar Allan Poe while a student at the University of Virginia") "that Poe was not exempt from that college weakness . . . a good, healthy quarrel with . . . one's room-mate. When he first came to the University, he roomed on the Lawn with a young man from Richmond, Miles George. They had been together but a short time when something arose to disturb the harmonious intercourse — perhaps Miles refused to arise one morning to answer the knock of Mr. Wertenbaker (librarian and secretary of the faculty) who in those good old days made the rounds each morning to see if the fellows were up and dressed and ready for work, . . . or perhaps Edgar Allan was unwilling to count over the clothes on Monday morning when the washer-woman came [there were seven different ancient colored dames who in 1880 claimed to have washed for "Marse Ed. Poe!"]. They had a falling-out — and a genuine, good old-fashioned fight, retiring to a field near the University; and after one or two rounds they agreed that they were satisfied, shook hands, and returned to the University as warm friends, but not as room-mates. Poe after this little affair moved into No. 13 on West Range."

Poe's constant companions were Thomas S. Gholson (afterwards a distinguished Judge), Upton Beale and Philip Slaughter (later Episcopal ministers, the latter the eminent historiographer of the Diocese of Virginia), Wat Dunn, Wm. A. Creighton, and Wm. M. Burwell (afterwards well-known as editor of "De Bow's Review").

“Whatever Poe may have been in after years, he was at the University” (says Mr. Tucker) “as true and perfect a friend as the waywardness of his nature would allow. There was never then the least trace of insincerity, and never the least indication of that fickleness of disposition with which he was afterwards so often — although in the main, we think, unjustly — accused.

“Poe showed his warm appreciation and high respect for his friend Tucker by reading to him the early productions of his youth, — productions that his critical hand afterwards destroyed, thinking them unfit for publication. Sometimes, when he had written an article that Tucker would especially praise, he would call in a few of his friends and read it to them. Those men who were fortunate enough to hear these impromptu readings never forgot them, and those of the number who were still living in 1880 declared that there was no impression on their minds more strikingly vivid. They were mostly stories characterized by that same weirdness of style, graphically picturing horrible scenes and incidents, that so strongly marked all of his published writings. His little room on West Range was often filled with a small, select audience of his most particular friends who, spell-bound, scarcely breathed while they eagerly listened to some story, — strange and wild, like all the rest, — that he had just written and that he read with his whole soul thrown into every action and intonation of his voice — now loud and rapid, like the mad rush of many waters, and now sinking into a scarcely audible whisper, of some terrible sentence of incantation or curse sending a shiver over all that heard.

“On one occasion Poe read a story of great length

to some of his friends who, in a spirit of jest, spoke lightly of its merits, and jokingly told him that his hero's name, 'Gaffy,' occurred too often. His proud spirit would not stand such open rebuke; so in a fit of anger, before his friends could prevent him, he had flung every sheet into a blazing fire, and thus was lost a story of more than ordinary parts which, unlike most of his stories, was intensely amusing, entirely free from his usual sombre coloring and sad conclusions merged in a mist of impenetrable gloom. He was for a long time afterwards called by those in his particular circle 'Gaffy' Poe, a name that he never altogether relished.

"Gaming during the first two or three sessions of the University was very prevalent. In fact, during the early quarter of the present century it was indulged in to a certain extent more or less by our very best people. But, of course, it was something in an institution like this of so pernicious a nature as to demand a decided check. This, the year before his death, Mr. Jefferson attempted by trying to stop the general card-playing at the University; he and the Board of Visitors made an arrangement with the civil authorities to ferret out the most noted of the young gamblers and have them indicted and brought before the next Grand Jury. So on a given day the Sheriff with a goodly posse appeared within the doorway of one of the lecture-rooms just as the morning-roll was about to be called, ready to serve his writs on certain young men as they answered to their names. But these young rakes were not to be so easily ensnared in the toils of the enemy. They needed no word of warning; the mere glimpse of the Sheriff's shadow in the doorway with his men behind him, was more than enough to

convey to their minds an idea of what was coming. With Edgar Allan Poe for a leader they indiscriminately 'bolted,' — some through the open windows [probably at Professor Long's, a house having a lower room of many windows, now occupied by Prof. F. H. Smith], and some through the opposite door. Sheriff, posse, and professor were left in full possession of the empty lecture-room. Then the hot pursuit!

"But those who were most wanted made their successful escape, not to their rooms — they would not have been safe there; but off to the 'Ragged Mountains' over an unfrequented by-path, but one well-known to Poe and over which he had often travelled. They were aware it would not be well to return to the University until after night; so some of the party had managed in their hasty flight to snatch up a 'deck' or so of cards with which to while away the hours of their self-imposed banishment. Their place of retreat was a beautiful dell high up in the mountains, and very inaccessible, being far away from any beaten path, but the spot that was a favorite haunt with Poe. And here the fugitives remained three days."¹

Many of Poe's well-known views on landscape gardening ("Landor's Cottage," "The Domain of Arnheim," etc.) were doubtless shaping themselves in his fertile youthful brain as he rambled over these Delectable Mountains and drank in their delicious beauty, doubtless too visiting the many lordly plantation houses in the neighborhood, swimming in the yellow Rivanna that cleaves the plain with its golden torrent, and tramping through the hickory and locust forests that

¹ The writer has considerably condensed the account in the Magazine.

fairly flash in spring with the white flame of the milky dogwood blossom.

The following recollections¹ by Mr. William Wertenbaker, were drawn up in 1869. The aged Librarian says :

“ Mr. Poe was a student during the second session, which commenced February 1st and terminated December 15th, 1826. He signed the matriculation book on the 14th of February, and remained in good standing until the session closed. He was born on the 19th day of January, 1809, being a little over seventeen when he matriculated. He entered the schools of Ancient and Modern Languages, attending the lectures in Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian.

“ I was myself a member of the last three classes, and can testify that he was tolerably regular in his attendance, and a successful student, having obtained distinction at the Final Examination in Latin and French ; and this was at that time the highest honor a student could obtain. The present regulations in regard to degrees had not then been adopted. Under existing regulations he would have graduated in the two languages above named, and have been entitled to diplomas. On one occasion Professor Blaettermann requested his Italian class to render into English verse a portion of the lesson in Tasso, which he had assigned them for the next lecture. He did not require this of them as a regular class exercise, but recommended it as one from which he thought the students would derive benefit. At the next lecture

¹ Here reproduced by the present writer from his paper in *The Independent* for September, 1900, with the kind permission of the editor.

on Italian the Professor stated from his chair that Mr. Poe was the only member of the class who had responded to his suggestion, and paid a very high compliment to his performance. As Librarian I had frequent official intercourse with Mr. Poe, but it was at or near the close of the session before I met him in the social circle. After spending an evening together at a private house, he invited me in on our return to his room. It was a cold night in December, and his fire having gone pretty nearly out, by the aid of some tallow candles, and the fragments of a small table which he broke up for the purpose, he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the large amount of money he had wasted and of the debts he had contracted during the session. If my memory is not at fault, he estimated his indebtedness at \$2,000, and, though they were gaming debts, he was earnest and emphatic in the declaration that he was bound by honor to pay, at the earliest opportunity, every cent of them. He certainly was not habitually intemperate, but he may occasionally have entered into a frolic. I often saw him in the lecture-room and in the library, but never in the slightest degree under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Among the professors he had the reputation of being a sober, quiet and orderly young man, and to them and the officers his deportment was uniformly that of an intelligent and polished gentleman. Although his practice of gaming did escape detection, the hardihood, intemperance and reckless wildness imputed to him by his biographers, had he been guilty of them, must inevitably have come to the knowledge of the faculty and met with

merited punishment. The records of which I was then, and am still, the custodian, attest that at no time during the session did he fall under the censure of the faculty. Mr. Poe's connection with the University was dissolved by the termination of the session on the 15th of December, 1826. He then wanted little over a month of having attained to the age of eighteen: the date of his birth was plainly entered in his own handwriting on the matriculation book. Were he now living, his age on the 19th of this month (January, 1869) would be sixty. He never returned to the University, and I think it probable that the night I visited him was the last he spent here. I draw this inference not from memory, but from the fact, that having no further use for his candles and table he made fuel of them.

"Mr. Poe's works are more in demand and more read than those of any other author, American or foreign, now in the library. To gratify curiosity, I copy from the register a list of the books which Mr. Poe borrowed from the library while he was a student: Rollin — '*Histoire Ancienne*,' '*Histoire Romaine*;' Robertson's — '*America*;' Marshall's — '*Washington*;' Voltaire — '*Histoire Particulière*;' Dufief's — '*Nature Displayed*.'" (University of Virginia, January, 1869.)

Mr. Wertenbaker's statements may well be supplemented by the following extracts from "*Edgar A. Poe, and his College Contemporaries*," published by the Hon. Wm. M. Burwell, editor of "*De Bow's Review*," in the New Orleans "*Times-Democrat*," May 18, 1884:

"My recollection of Poe, then little more than a boy, is that he was about five feet two or three inches

in height, somewhat bandy-legged, but in no sense muscular or apt in physical exercises. His face was feminine, with finely marked features, and eyes dark, liquid, and expressive. He dressed well and neatly. He was a very attractive companion, genial in his nature and familiar, by the varied life that he had already led, with persons and scenes new to the unsophisticated provincials among whom he was thrown. . . . What, however, impressed his associates most were his remarkable attainments as a classical scholar. The professor of ancient languages and literature was an accomplished linguist and philologist. He was a terror to those who had only learned to translate the curriculum of authors taught in the average academy. To these Juvenal and Statius, Homer and Hesiod were the bounds of all classical knowledge, while to most of them the history, literature, geography, and the social conditions of the ancients beyond the lids of the text-books and the dictionary, were unknown.

“With this literature in texts and comments Poe was familiar. It had no doubt been inculcated at Stoke-Newington and is manifest in many beautiful allusions throughout his writings. . . . Among the most significant tributes to his extraordinary powers of analysis and metaphysical reasoning may be noted that Jules Verne, in one of his later novels . . . pronounces Poe the ablest analytical writer of his day, and employs the mathematical methods of *The Gold-Bug* to solve a cryptographic mystery in his own story.

“The particular dissipation of the University at this time was gaming with cards, and into this Poe plunged with a recklessness of nature that knew no bounds. . . . He called on the writer in Baltimore

after his return, as was understood, from Russia. He was in temporary trouble incurred by intemperance.

“Whatever may have been his natural tendencies to dissipation, Poe found a state of things favorable to their development at the University. Southern young men were indulged in abundant means and entire absence of restraint. They flocked to this new institution as to a watering-place. . . . To the first sessions of this admirable school poured in the Southern youth, most of them intent upon availing themselves of the advantages afforded. Among them, however, were many who had little other object than to combine enjoyment with the preparatory routine of a liberal education. Some of this class arrived with unlimited means, others with elegant equipages. One came from the Eastern Shore with a tandem of blooded horses, a servant, a fowling-piece and a pointer or two. Some were afflicted with habits of extravagance, and contempt for the toilsome acquisition of Knowledge. . . . Mr. Jefferson, having assumed that these high-spirited coadjutors in the defense of our constitutional ramparts comprehended his patriotic motives, had provided no discipline for their scholastic deportment. He confided that the restraints of propriety would be sufficient to make them behave themselves as gentlemen.

“They certainly did behave themselves as gentlemen of the highest style. They gamed, fought duels, attended weddings for thirty miles around, and went in debt in the most liberal manner.

“But we repeat that the University was not filled with this gay and determined class which has been described. There were hundreds who appreciated the privileges of the institution, and who paid no attention to the follies which occurred among their fellow-

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students. These steady students passed through their course of study and vindicated its value by their after lives.

“The particular habit of gaming prevailed because there was no other excitement in which the animal spirits of these wild young men could have evaporated. The buildings first completed stood in the midst of uncultivated fields and other unattractive scenery. The county of Albemarle contained many families of the highest worth. Indeed, it had furnished many of the most eminent men in the State’s history. Mr. Jefferson, Lewis, the explorer of the Missouri, Clark, his associate, Gen. Rogers Clark, who captured Kaskaskia from the British, General Sumter of the Revolution, the Minors, Gilmers, Carters, Carrs and others were all natives of Albemarle, but these families were scattered over a large country. The court-house town of Charlottesville had been the place near which the prisoners captured at Saratoga had been confined. It had been the temporary seat of the Legislature during the invasion or raid of Tarleton. It had a population of several hundred, but at the period now spoken of Mr. Jefferson had recorded, as one of the religious tolerations, that there being no church in the village, each of the principal church persuasions held its services in the court-house under a rotation agreed on among themselves. The families of the professors were too limited to furnish social facilities to the students. So far, then, from there being at or around the University a social intercourse of sufficient extent to have provided even reasonable recreation for so many young men, there was not even a public opinion strong enough to rebuke their excesses.

“The public opinion and corporate ordinances of

the village were alike disregarded. The disorder and dissipation of the students were subjects of indignant censure. The few merchants and hotels found their accounts in this extravagance, though the reckless creation of debt led to the enactment of a statute subsequently by which such debts when beyond the reasonable wants of a student, were declared void. A party of students on a frolic were coming along the road between the village and the University, when they suddenly encountered the professor of moral philosophy and political economy. Most of the party escaped; but one, after a distinguished advocate, disdained concealment. 'I am,' said he, 'K. M. M. of Tuscaloosa, Ala., too firm to fly, and far too proud to yield.' 'And,' said the professor, 'Mr. M. might have added "almost too drunk to stand."'"

II.

A close study of the Faculty Books for 1825, 1826, and 1827 reveals many facts of interest to the student of University life in Virginia in the first quarter of the century.

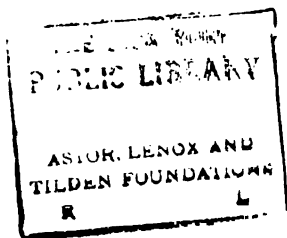
Starting out with a democratic theory that the students should be a self-governing body and should — being put on their honor — take care of their own morals and manners, Mr. Jefferson and the early trustees of the institution were before long brought to the conclusion that an outside police was essential to the comfort and reputation of both students and professors. A riot having broken out in October, 1825, among the matriculates, the professors informed Mr. Jefferson that they would resign in a body if a proper police

were not appointed to take care of the grounds and buildings, and of their inhabitants. Rules and regulations gradually increased in number and severity (there were already some ninety odd printed in the Enactments of 1825) ; the blood that oozed from Draco's famous code began to sprinkle the laws of the "rude forefathers" of the Virginia "hamlet ;" and tradition yet lives that one of Jefferson's own kinsmen was the first student expelled, Roman-like, by the angered founder, through the faculty, from his beloved institution.

As early as December, 1825, a University Reading Room was suggested ; the Lawn, well-known and beloved by all University men as the beautiful verdure-clad parallelogram that flows in dropping, five-fold terraces from the column-crowned esplanade of the Rotunda down to Lovers' Walk of the olden days, and to the Ionic-pillared Aula of the present, edged by cloistered dormitories and by the Greek porticoes of the professors' Pavilions, is first mentioned in the Minutes in October, 1825 ; the old University bell, purchased by Jefferson himself (now cracked, and preserved as a sacred relic in the Brooks Museum), tolled for the first time July 5, 1826, in honor of the august memory of the great President, who had died the day before ; and the first fourth of July oration was appointed to be delivered in this memorable year.

This year, too, a library catalogue was suggested ; the library (originally placed in the old Central College building, now Pavilion VII., the residence of Prof. N. K. Davis, and first of the Pavilions to be built) was ordered opened every day except Saturday and Sunday, from 3.30 to 5 P.M., so that students might consult the rare and fine collection of standard





works picked and chosen by Jefferson himself, and afterwards enriched by President Madison's collection and many miscellaneous donations and purchases.

Over and over again during these troublesome years — a triad of experimental beginnings — the students' names were ordered to be painted on the doors of their dormitories, and professors were permitted to break down these doors if they were not instantly opened on requisition ; but for some reason the painting does not appear to have been done. Parents and guardians were admitted to the examinations, reports of which were ordered printed in 1826, in the Richmond "Enquirer" and other papers ; and in midsummer, 1827, there is a record of examinations beginning at 5 o'clock in the morning !

Ever since this same year the janitor has rung the morning alarum-bell at 6.30, and this year was also signalized by the first use of the merit system in the arrangement of the names of the successful examinees, the names being arranged in several divisions (1st, 2nd, 3rd) according to the standing of the student ; the earlier announcements, as in Poe's two certificates quoted below, having been alphabetical. The final examinations of this year seem to have lasted only one and one-half to two and one-half hours each. Professors' reports were handed in and discussed in full faculty meeting in 1826 and 1827, and the first reference to monthly circulars to parents occurs in October, 1827. The faculty balloted for chairman, and already, in 1827, there were complaints of the arduous duties of the chairmanship.

A valued correspondent throws amusing light on the difficulties of student life at the University in those days, and writes :

“I will relate a little incident of Dr. Thomas’” — Thomas was Poe’s desk-mate at Burke’s Academy, Richmond, — “student days at the University as he told me. It may be an incentive to students of to-day. At that time, while Mr. Jefferson was Rector, . . . there was only one text-book in Mixed Mathematics, which had to be used by a class of ten students to prepare on the lectures given by the professor. Consequently, the class would divide in two sections, one party studying until one o’clock at night, and the other party after that time until morning!”

No wonder that the chairmanship went a-begging; the professors would not elect, and the appointment had finally to be made by the Visitors.

Poe’s introduction to Latin and Greek, to ancient rhythms and metres in their higher artistic forms, and to ancient and modern literatures in all their myriad cultural and æsthetic associations, was thus in the hands of accomplished men who took him up at the point where his thorough training in England for five years and his brilliant record at Mr. Clarke’s and Mr. Burke’s classical schools in Richmond for four or five years more, rendered him their fit and apt pupil. Col. J. T. L. Preston attested privately and publicly — especially in his reminiscences of Poe in the Ingram Biography — the poet’s rare accomplishments — for a mere boy — in reading and “capping” Latin verse, and Professor Blaettermann eulogized his translation from Tasso. It may not be at all impossible that Poe’s penchant for geography, wild and weird as it is, in “Arthur Gordon Pym,” “The Journal of Julius Rodman,” and elsewhere, may have been suggested by Professor Long’s passion for this study and continuous harping on it, following Jefferson’s contention that

geography and history must be studied together as essential subsidiaries to textual researches in Latin and Greek; and Poe's passion for moon-hoaxes and lunar voyages may have had their inception in Professor Tucker's "A Voyage to the Moon," published in 1827 and reviewed by Dr. Dunglison in the "American Quarterly" for March, 1828. "Its evident aim was to fulfil for the existing age," says the Doctor, "what Swift had so successfully accomplished for that which had passed; to attack, by the weapons of ridicule, those votaries of knowledge who may have sought to avail themselves of the universal love of novelty amongst mankind to acquire celebrity, etc., who may have been misled by their own ill-regulated imaginations to obtrude upon the world their crude and imperfect theories and systems, to the manifest retardation of knowledge."¹

It was at any rate the seed-time for this precocious genius who, according to every account, had already composed many a rhyme, even before he came to the University, and possessed a tropically luxuriant imagination only too ready to take in hints and suggestions from every quarter.

His fondness for French and for France was evinced by the little episode in Richmond in 1824, when Lafayette visited the city, and by Poe's historical readings in that language in 1826. In 1824 Lafayette had visited Jefferson and was superbly entertained at a banquet in one of the unfinished corridors of the Rotunda; and traditions still float about the ancient burgh of enthusiastic spectators watching the three presidents driving around in a coach with the French general as their guest.

¹ University of Virginia Magazine, XIX. 557.

While Poe was at the University, the death of Jefferson occurred, on the ever-memorable 4th of July, 1826, when he and his president-friend Adams passed over to the other shore on the same day.

The years 1825, 1826, and 1827 were undoubtedly critical and crucial years in the history of the University. The novelty of the educational experiment, heralded far and wide over the continent; the scepticism with which it had been viewed by Northern specialists in pedagogy; the doubt as to whether a faculty so thoroughly European could adapt itself to republican institutions; the untried democratic government of the students by themselves; the abolition (so warmly advocated at Harvard by George Ticknor), of the ancient class system, and the wholesale introduction of the elective system of the German universities, a hundred years in advance of the time; the introduction of non-compulsory attendance at chapel and of optional military drill the very first year of the University; the establishment of workshops for practical education in 1825; the encouragement of vaccination by gratis treatment, inaugurated by the medical professors under the supervision of Jefferson — were all items and experiments viewed, some with interest, others with amazement and incredulity by the pedagogues of the time.

The Minutes of this period abound in allusions to the wildness and extravagance of the young men, peculiar not to the University, but common to the whole country during the first decades of the century. Boyish pranks of all kinds, such as ringing the college bell, firing of squibs and pistols, playing loo and whist, etc., are duly and solemnly recorded in these naïve notes (which were never intended for the

public eye), along with the mention of drinking "mint-slings," apple-toddy, and egg-nog, the keeping of dogs by the students, gambling, riotous living, and licentious conduct. It was merely the bubbling, ebullient life of the Young Republic released for a moment from discipline, gambolling in its conscious strength, effervescing momentarily in intemperance and revelry, not essentially or irremediably bad.

In fact, of the men who were at the University with Poe in 1826, a long and remarkable list may be compiled showing thirty or forty who became distinguished in various departments of literary, political or ecclesiastical life, his class-mates or intimate friends; members of legislatures, members of Congress, consuls, generals, doctors of divinity, judges, a governor, chairmen of the Faculty, University professors, presidents of colleges, missionaries, editors, scientists, officers in the United States and Confederate States armies, physicians, railroad presidents, — a list¹ long and remarkable indeed, partially as follows :

Baylor, Richard, Member Virginia Legislature.

Boyd, T. J., Member Va. Legislature and of Board of Public Works.

Brown, Algernon S., M.D. ; Member of La. Legislature.

Brown, Geo. F., U. S. Consul to Algiers.

Burwell, Wm. M., Author, Editor of *De Bow's Review*.

¹ The list of contemporaries of Poe drawn up by Hon. Wm. M. Burwell (*New Orleans Times Democrat* for May 18, 1884) is very inaccurate; ours is taken from the official catalogue of the University for 1826.

This list was compiled for the editor by the obliging Librarian of the University, Mr. F. W. Page.

Carter, John A., Member of Va. Convention of 1850 ;
Member Va. Legislature.

Chalmers, Joseph W., Vice-Chancellor of Mississippi ;
Member U. S. Senate ; Judge.

Coleman, Henry E., Member Va. Legislature ; County
Supt. Schools.

Collier, Robert R., Member Va. Senate.

Daniel, Wm., Judge.

Davis, J. A. G., Professor of Law and Chairman of
Faculty U. Va.

Dixon, Henry T., Major and Paymaster U. S. A.

Gholson, Thomas S., District Judge, Member of Con-
gress of Confederate States (Poe's intimate friend).

Graham, Geo. Mason, Capt. U. S. Vol. Mexico ; Vice-
President and Supervisor Louisiana State Military
Academy ; Adj. Gen'l La.

Harrison, Gessner, eminent philologist, Professor and
Chairman of the Faculty of the University of Va.

Harvie, Lewis E., Member of Va. Legislature, President
R. & D. R. R.

Holladay, Albert L., Presbyterian Minister, Missionary
to Persia, President of Hampden-Sidney College.

Hubard, Edmund W., Member of Congress.

Hunter, R. M. T., M. C. and U. S. Senator, Senator
C. S., Secretary of State Confederate States, Treasurer
of Virginia.

Lee, Zaccheus C., An eloquent and able advocate, of
Washington.

Lewis, Geo. W., Member of Va. Legislature ; Member
Va. Senate ; Judge.

- Loving, Wm. V., Commonwealth's Attorney ; Judge.
- Magruder, B. H., Colonel ; Member Va. Legislature.
- Magruder, John Bankhead, Capt. U. S. A. in Mexico ;
Maj.-Gen. C. S. A.
- Murphy, Wm. M., Member Alabama Legislature.
- Pleasants, Hugh R., Author, Editor of the Richmond
Whig and of the Dispatch.
- Preston, John S., Orator, Brig. General C. S. A.
- Scott, Robert E., Commonwealth's Attorney ; Member
of Va. Legislature, Member of Virginia Convention
of 1861.
- Shackelford, Henry, Member Va. Legislature ; Common-
wealth's Attorney ; Judge.
- Sims, Wm. D., Member Va. Legislature.
- Slaughter, Philip, Episcopal Minister ; D.D., author,
Historiographer of the Diocese of Virginia.
- Sothoron, J. H., Member Maryland Legislature.
- Swann, Thomas, Pres. B. & O. R. R., Mayor of Balti-
more, Governor of Maryland, Member of Congress.
- Taylor, Robert E., Member Va. Legislature.
- Taylor, Tazewell, Member Va. Convention of 1850 ;
Col. C. S. A., Member of Va. Senate.
- Tutwiler, Henry, 1st M.A. of the University of Vir-
ginia, University Professor in Alabama.
- Wallace, Robert, Member Va. Legislature.
- Wertenbaker, Wm., 42 years P.M. Univ. of Va., 43
years librarian and secretary of the Faculty.
- Willis, John, Member Va. Legislature.

It will thus be seen that there could have been in many respects no more admirable social and intellectual environment in the United States for a young man of precocious promise than existed at the University of Virginia in 1826. The place was renowned for its hospitality, heightened by the delightful sociability that reigned at Monticello; the faculty was full of brilliant men of European culture, distinguished or soon to be in various lines of literature and research; while the vices prevalent at Charlottesville were only those prevalent all over the continents of America and Europe at the time.

A sensitive youth, impressionable to all the fashions of the day, and surrounded by a social circle that thought convivial drinking and card-playing "At Homes" indispensable to remaining at all in polite society, would easily fall in with the habits of his "set," and perhaps cultivate them with passion and excess. It was the fault of the time, as the *Essays of Elia* and the contemporary novels will show to any one who is not maliciously predetermined to fix these vices on Poe alone.

That Poe was not indifferent to the advantages of debate and of literary exercises is shown by his signature: "Edgar A. Poe, Secretary Jefferson Society," appended to the Minutes of the Jefferson Literary Society.¹ His own fine gifts of elocution were noted even when he was a child and continued to distinguish him all through his life, in public as well as in private. Many testimonials attest the beauty of his readings and recitals in parlor and hall, gifts inherited from his mother, who was both musically and dramatically en-

¹ It is well to add that some doubt has been thrown on the authenticity of this signature.

dowed ; and these gifts were doubtless exercised in the halls of the Jefferson Society where so many future Congressmen and legislators were his compeers and associates.

The following extracts from the Faculty Minutes of December, 1826, give the finishing touch to Poe's career at the University of Virginia :

I.

"At a meeting of the Faculty, December 15th, 1826, —

"Mr. Long made a report of the examination of the classes belonging to the School of Ancient Languages, and the names of the students who excelled at the examination of these classes :

Senior Latin Class :

GESNER HARRISON of Rockingham.
ALBERT L. HOLLADAY of Spottsylvania.
BERTHIER JONES of Amelia.
EDGAR A. POE of Richmond City.
etc., etc., etc."

II.

"The names of the students who excelled in the Senior French Class as reported by the Professor of Modern Languages were as follows :

PHILIP ST. GEORGE AMBLER of Richmond City.
JOHN CARY of Campbell.
GESNER HARRISON of Rockingham.
WM. MICHIE of Hanover.
CONWAY NUTT of Culpepper.
EDGAR A. POE of Richmond City.
WM. SELDEN of Norfolk.
HENRY TUTWILER of Rockingham."

Thus Poe's University career was crowned with scholastic honors in the particular studies which he "elected" to pursue. He was only seventeen years of age, an orphan, the foster-son of a man who in the last six months had inherited a fortune: a child supremely gifted with the excitable poet's temperament and therefore easily urged to nervous excess, thrown suddenly, a mere boy, into the free-and-easy set of University students over whom, at the time, no restraints had been set. The wonder is that Edgar Poe did not turn out a complete reprobate instead of being mentioned in the final examination reports as "distinguished" in Latin and French. During the next three or four years he still further distinguished himself by publishing three volumes of poems at eighteen, nineteen, and twenty-one years of age respectively, the product of these so-called dissipated years when he was supposed to be doing little or nothing. Ill-fitted as he was, yet, for his life-work, undisciplined, absolutely alone in the world, without a guiding hand to direct and lead him, the object of a capricious charity that might at any time instantaneously be withdrawn — as actually happened — a waif from the start, yet with influential relations who never seem to have acknowledged him, the eccentric lad of genius developed into the sensitive and sarcastic man with no weapon but his tongue and pen, urged by the irresistible force of his mind to write, to attempt creative work, to compose poems from his tenth year, to long for public recognition.

Apparently with little or no moral training, yet with an abnormal consciousness of conscience, the boy left the University to return to a home whither, as one of his early friends significantly remarks, *he was never known*

*to invite even his most intimate friend, in the spontaneity of boyish friendship ; a home now rendered chilling and inhospitable from the rumors of his escapades at the University, which he was soon to leave, first for the Allan counting-house and then for the army, in the desperate endeavor to work out for himself a position and a career. For the next three years the iron indeed entered into the soul of the boy ; his one solace was the beautiful gift of Poesy, which burst all bounds of restraint and was soon to revel in the bold and fanciful lines of *Al Aaraaf*.*

CHAPTER III.

1827-1829.

THE EARLY POEMS. THE LEGENDARY YEARS.

In the life of nearly every literary man who has occupied a conspicuous position in the world's eye there is a "dark period" — a period of eclipse, obscuration or hibernation — during which he mysteriously disappears, as the religious recluse does in his periodical "retreat," and is lost to the public gaze. The literary historian immediately thinks of the seasons of obscurity in the careers of Keats and Shelley, of Hugo and Heine, of Coleridge and Gray, of Chateaubriand and Gérard de Nerval — to mention only a few modern instances — and wonders what these men of genius were doing in the eclipse-period.

Poe was no exception to a very general rule. The period 1827-1833 embraces more than a lustrum of shadow only a part of which has been skilfully illuminated by Professor Woodberry's investigations.

In December, 1826, Poe graduated in Latin and French at the University of Virginia. If one can regard "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains" as at all autobiographic — and it is full of local and personal touches that cannot but be regarded as such — he writes at the beginning of this tale :

"During the fall of the year 1827, while residing near Charlottesville, Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of Mr. Augustus Bedloe."

This date does not harmonize by a few months with the now known army record of Poe, but it seems to show that he was at least in Virginia a part of the year 1827. The current account is, that he returned to Richmond, entered Mr. Allan's counting-room, quarrelled with his adopted father on account of the large "debts of honor" he had contracted at cards while at the University, and left the Allan home in consequence.

This account is confirmed by Mr. Allan himself in a letter dated May 6, 1829, in which he says :

"He [Poe] left me in consequence of some gambling at the University at Charlottesville, because (I presume) I refused to sanction a rule that the shop-keepers and others had adopted there, making Debts of Honour of all indiscretions. I have much pleasure in asserting that he stood his examination at the close of the year with great credit."¹

The second fact of importance for the year 1827 is the appearance at Boston, probably in June, of a diminutive volume: "Tamerlane and Other Poems. By a Bostonian: Boston: Calvin F. S. Thomas . . . Printer": "the tiniest of tomes, numbering, inclusive of titles and half-titles, only forty pages, and measuring 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ by 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches. Its diminutiveness" (continues Mr. R. H. Shepherd), "probably quite as much as the fact that it was 'suppressed through circumstances of a private nature,' accounts for its almost entire disappearance. The motto on the title-page purports to be from Cowper: that from Martial, which closes the Preface (*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil*) was, by a curious coincidence, the very same that figured on the

¹ Woodberry, Life, p. 42.

title-page of Alfred and Charles Tennyson's *Louth* volume.

"In 1827, when the little *Tamerlane* booklet was thus modestly ushered into the world, Poe had not yet attained his nineteenth year. Both in promise and in actual performance, it may claim to rank as the most remarkable production that any English-speaking and English-writing poet of this century has published in his teens.

"In this earliest form of it the poem which gives its chief title to the little volume is divided into seventeen sections, of irregular length, containing a total of 406 lines. '*Tamerlane*' was afterwards remodelled and rewritten, from beginning to end, and in its final form, as it appeared in the author's edition of 1845, is divided into twenty-three sections, containing a total of 243 lines. Eleven explanatory prose notes are added, which disappear in all subsequent editions. . . . Of the nine '*Fugitive Pieces*' which follow, only three, and these in a somewhat altered form, were included by the author in his later collection. The remaining six have never been reprinted in book form" [this was in 1884].¹

This precious little volume, only forty copies of which are said to have been printed, was published by the nineteen-year-old printer, Calvin F. S. Thomas, then living in Boston. Thomas afterwards moved West and died, probably in Springfield, Mo., in 1876, without being aware that he had ushered into the world the most unique specimen of American poetic genius.

¹ *Tamerlane and Other Poems*. By Edgar Allan Poe. First Published at Boston in 1827 and now First Republished from a Unique Copy of the Original Edition, with a Preface. By Richard Herne Shepherd. London: George Redway: MDCCLXXXIV.

The poor little volume is now one of the bibliophile's "nuggets," and a copy of it, going, at the McKee sale in November, 1900, for \$2050, was immediately resold to Mr. F. R. Halsey at an advance of \$500.

Poe must have had these poems in his portfolio long before he went to the University; some of them he claims to have written when he was ten years old, — consequently when he was a pupil at Dr. Bransby's School. In their crude boyish metres one can feel the dancing Ariel spirit of his mother taking form in verse and reincarnating itself, Morella-like, in the work of the child. The elements of strangeness and beauty were all there; quaintness and witchery echo from "those unusual strings," and the harp of Israfel is already attuning itself to extraordinary harmonies.

The boy of eighteen writes the following Preface: "The greater part of the Poems which compose this little volume were written in the year 1821-22, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year. They were of course not intended for publication; why they are now published concerns no one but himself. Of the smaller pieces very little need be said: they perhaps savour too much of egotism; but they were written by one too young to have any knowledge of the world but from his own breast.

"In 'Tamerlane' he has endeavoured to expose the folly of even *risking* the best feelings of the heart at the shrine of Ambition. He is conscious that in this there are many faults (besides that of the general character of the poem), which he flatters himself he could, with little trouble, have corrected, but unlike many of his predecessors, he has been too fond of his early productions to amend them in his *old age*.

"We will not say that he is indifferent as to the

success of these Poems — it might stimulate him to other attempts — but he can safely assert that failure will not at all influence him in a resolution already adopted. This is challenging criticism — let it be so. *Nos haec novimus esse nihil.*"

This was the first of those defiant Prefaces which all his life after Poe was flinging like gauntlets in the faces of his critics: the attitude of one at bay, even then, in his teens.

"The soul, which knows such power, will still
Find *Pride* the ruler of its will —"

a couplet imitated, consciously or unconsciously, by Cardinal Newman in his famous "Lead, Kindly Light" ("Pride ruled my will: remember not past days"). It gives the fundamental note of "Tamerlane," whose vagueness is also Pœsque in its Ossianic nebulosity. It is full of Moore and Byron ("the sound of revelry by night" actually occurs imbedded in the text, without quotation-marks); its metre is the ancient octosyllable of Gower and the pre-Chaucerians, as if the lad had unconsciously reverted to ancestral musical conditions; dreams, mysteries, blighted hopes, blasted expectations, visions of the night, terrors and tremblings, well up artificially or otherwise in the boy's imagination and point prophetically — almost mockingly — to his future. A fitful melody, windlike in its aerial waywardness, flits through couplet and stanza and recalls the melodious friction of the air on the strings of a viol: a sigh, a murmuring of the waves, a whispering of parted lips, an elegy breathing from the tremulous pine-tops, could hardly be more faint, sprite-like, poetical than this zephyr-like music, this disembodied passion, these

almost inorganic harmonies that each take a line as an oaten reed and utter silken cadences half song, half soliloquy. This little book is more like some extraordinary child-musician's improvisations than anything else: shell-like murmurings, indefinite, unreal, almost spectral shadows of song here run up and down the keys with their flitting golden tones, now crushing all the wayward sweetness out of a trampled chord, now up and away through the ascending diapason of some chance-struck air, melting into the "choir invisible." Trouble, passion, poignant regret are already there — tumult of soul and body, uneasy visionings, phantasy surcharged with intimations of the supernatural, scorn, contempt, rebellion, angel pride, the "ill demons" of the latter day already foreshadowed in the plaintive susurrus of many a line, occur in "Tamerlane and Other Poems" in the fitful, unsubstantial flickerings of the phantasy of a gifted and unhappy boy who finds himself caught in print — a Swanhilda without her magic raiment — and wails in vain for the recovery of his *incognito*.

Another fact of vital importance for the year 1827 was Poe's enlistment at Boston in the army of the United States under the assumed name of Edgar A. Perry: a fact established by Professor Woodberry through Mr. Robert Lincoln, Secretary of War, and Adjutant-General Drum. This occurred in May, about the time of the publication of the Poems, and opens up one of the most honorable vistas in this short and tragic life. Poe may have been attracted to the army and, afterward, to West Point, from the fact of the University of Virginia having established a system of military drill in 1826, and from the further fact of one of his class-mates, John B. Magruder (afterwards

the well-known Confederate general) having left the University that year for West Point.

"The examination of documents" (says Professor Woodberry, in "The Atlantic Monthly" for December, 1884) "both at Washington and elsewhere has been exhaustive. From these papers it appears that on May 26, 1827, Poe enlisted at Boston in the army of the United States as a private soldier, under the name of Edgar A. Perry. He stated that he was born at Boston, and was by occupation a clerk; and although minors were then accepted into the service, he gave his age as twenty-two years. He had, says the record, gray eyes, brown hair, and a fair complexion; was five feet eight inches in height. He was at once assigned to Battery H of the First Artillery, then serving in the harbor at Fort Independence; on October 31 the battery was ordered to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C., and exactly one year later to Fortress Monroe, Virginia. The officers under whom he served are dead, but it appears that he discharged his duties as company clerk and assistant in the commissariat department so as to win the goodwill of his superiors. On January 1, 1829, he was appointed Sergeant-Major, a promotion which, by the invariable custom of the army, was given only for merit. He now made his circumstances known to Mr. Allan, and shortly after Mrs. Allan's death, February 28, 1829, he returned to Richmond on leave of absence. Of this furlough there is no record, but on February 28 he is reported on the rolls as present for duty."

The only discrepancy with the facts in this account is that of his personal appearance: he had black hair and a dark, clear, olive complexion, instead of the "brown hair and fair complexion" of the army description.

This account is further absolutely authenticated by the letters of Colonel James House, Adjutant-General Lowndes, Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, Captain Griswold, and Lieutenant Howard, three of whom were connected with the same regiment and one was commandant of Fortress Monroe.

The most gratifying feature of this discovery is that it not only eliminates from his biography the wild stories about Poe's journey to Europe in the cause of the Greeks, the escapade at St. Petersburg, and the romance of the French duel, novel, etc., but that it unfolds an admirable record of unblemished conduct, prompt and faithful performance of military duties, freedom from bad habits, and the unhesitating recommendation of his superior officers. Lieutenant Howard admirably writes of his "unexceptionable conduct" and his excellence as a clerk: "his habits are good, and entirely free from drinking."

Captain Griswold testifies that "up to this date" (Jan. 1, 1829), "he has been exemplary in his deportment, prompt and faithful in the discharge of his duties — and is highly worthy of confidence."

Colonel Worth, in command of Fortress Monroe, adds: "I have known and had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the above-mentioned Sergeant-Major Poe some three months during which his deportment has been highly praiseworthy and deserving of confidence. His education is of a very high order and he appears to be free from bad habits, in fact the testimony of Lieutenant Howard and Adjutant Griswold is full to that point. Understanding he is, thro' his friends, an applicant for cadet's warrant, I unhesitatingly recommend him as promising to acquit himself of the obligation of that station studiously and faithfully."

Poe, having according to the army requirements procured a substitute, was honorably discharged from the service April 15, with this splendid record of silent and devoted service testified to by his army associates. The wayward, spoiled, impulsive boy had in two years turned out to be the conscientious, exemplary soldier — a sergeant-major in his twentieth year. It is delightful indeed to substitute these creditable facts for the feverish romance and fabulous gossip of contemporaries who doubtless applied to Poe some of the adventures said to have occurred to his gifted but unfortunate elder brother, William Henry Leonard, who was a cadet in the navy and who died in July, 1831.

Brilliant reminiscences of Poe's service in the army adhere to his South Carolina romance, "The Gold-Bug," to the "Balloon Hoax," and to the humorous "Man that was Used Up."

Through these two eventful years, too, "Al Aaraaf and Minor Poems" was ripening in the young soldier's brain and showing the ideal side of the mechanical routine of the army. These shadowy years have left their crystalline deposit in poems, in which an increasing purpose, a maturer power, a richer and less adumbrated imagination, a finer metrical skill are apparent. Perhaps the precision of the army routine had something to do with the growing precision of Poe's style, a precision which grew on him while he lived and which is sometimes in his more faultless prose almost painful. His intense feeling for rhythm may have been energized by the measured tread of soldiers' feet, the martial regularity of all their movements, the inflexible order of their evolutions, the symmetry of whatever they did.

While the West Point project was maturing in his

mind and purpose, he went to Baltimore, became more fully acquainted with his Maryland kindred, and was introduced to William Gwynn, editor of "The Federal Gazette and Baltimore Daily Advertiser," to whom he showed the MS. of "Al Aaraaf." About this MS. he fell into correspondence with John Neal of Boston, then editor of "The Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette," a man who proved a lifelong friend of the penniless author and who gave him through the columns of "The Yankee" excellent literary advice. The communications between author and editor appeared in the new series, iii. 168, and vi. 295-298, and the journal contains two poems by Poe not hitherto found in any collected edition of his works. One of them is called "The Magician" and is as follows :

THE MAGICIAN.

Magician —

Thou dark, sea-stirring Storm,
Whence comest thou in thy might ?
Nay ; wait, thou dim and weary form,
Storm-spirit, I call thee — 't is mine of right,
Arrest thee in thy troubled flight.

Storm-Spirit —

Thou askest me whence I came, —
I came o'er the sleeping sea ;
It roused at my torrent of storm and flame,
And howled aloud in its agony,
And swelled to the sky — that sleepy sea.

Thou askest me what I met —
A ship from the Indian shore ;

A tall, proud ship with her sails all set,
Far down in the sea that ship I bore
My storm's wild rushing wings before.

And her men will forever lie
Below the unquiet sea ;
And tears will dim full many an eye
Of those who shall widows and orphans be,
And their days be years — for their misery.

A boat with a starving crew,
For hunger they starved and swore,
While the blood from a fellow's veins they drew,
I came upon them with rush and roar —
Far under the waves that boat I bore.

Two ships in a fearful fight,
Where a hundred guns did flash :
I came upon them — no time for flight,
But under the sea their timbers crash,
And over their guns the wild waves dash.

A wretch on a single plank,
And I tossed him on the shore ;
A night and a day of the sea he drank,
But the wearied wretch to the land I bore,
And now he walketh the earth once more.

Magician —

Storm-spirit, go on thy path ! —
The spirit has spread his wings,
And comes on the sea with a rush of wrath,
As a war-horse when he springs ;
And over the earth — nor stop nor stay —
The winds of the Storm King go out on their way.

"Early in 1829" (says Mr. E. L. Didier, in his *Biography*, p. 39) "we find Poe in Baltimore, with a manuscript volume of verses, which in a few months was published in a thin octavo, bound in boards, crimson sprinkled, with yellow linen back. . . . The Peabody Library of Baltimore has a copy of this rare volume, which I have carefully examined. It numbers seventy-one pages. On the sixth page is the Dedication:

"'Who drinks the deepest? Here's to him.'
'Al Aaraaf' is printed the same as now, except eight unimportant verbal changes. 'Tamerlane,' which is dedicated to John Neal, is preceded by an advertisement, as follows: 'This poem was printed for publication in Boston, in the year 1827, but suppressed through circumstances of a private nature.' There is only one word changed in the whole poem. After 'Tamerlane' follow nine miscellaneous poems, all of which, with the exception of the first and part of the eighth, are in the last editions of Poe's works. The first of these miscellaneous poems consists of four stanzas, and is headed 'To ——.' It has never been reprinted in full, but the third stanza contains the germ of 'A Dream within a Dream.'"

"The book" (adds Mr. Didier) "was printed by Matchett & Woods, who printed the Baltimore City Directory for nearly half a century."

So far from there being "only one word changed" in the "Tamerlane," it was entirely rewritten.

Of "Al Aaraaf" the critics have made a nine days' wonder: its melodious incoherence has left it a jumble of jewelled words that have caught their iridescence partly from Moore and partly from the inconsequence and nebulous radiance of the poet's nascent

fancy. Poe himself says, in his letter to Neal, "'Al Aaraaf'"¹ has some good poetry, and much extravagance, which I have not had time to throw away. 'Al Aaraaf' is a tale of another world—the star discovered by Tycho Brahe, which appeared and disappeared so suddenly—or rather, it is no tale at all." It is indeed a tale—with the "tale" left out.

It was unfavorably reviewed by the Baltimore "Minerva and Emerald" edited by J. H. Hewitt and Rufus Dawes, the latter of whom Poe remembered later among those whom he flagellated in "Minor Contemporaries."

¹ "'Al Arâf,' or 'Al Aaraaf,' as the poet preferred styling it, is designed by the Mahommedan imagination as an abode wherein a gentle system of purgatory is instituted for the benefit of those who, though too good for hell, are not fitted for heaven."—Ingram, I., 78.

CHAPTER IV.

1829-1830.

AT WEST POINT. THE POEMS OF 1831.

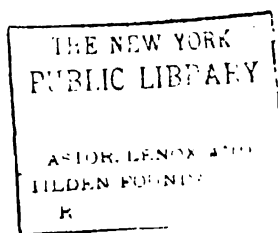
At the beginning of 1829, the beloved first Mrs. Allan (Miss F. K. Valentine, cousin of the sculptor) died, February 28, leaving Poe bereft of his truest friend. It is said that he reached Richmond the day after her burial, which took place at Shockoe Hill Cemetery, where a fitting memorial stone was erected to her memory by her husband.

Not many months after this Mr. Allan (after addressing Miss Anne Valentine, sister of his deceased wife, and being rejected) was united in marriage, October 5, 1830, to Miss Louisa Gabriella Patterson of New York, of whom the following authentic sketch has been kindly furnished the writer by a member of the lady's family:

"Mrs. Louisa Gabriella Allan was born in the City of New York, March 24, 1800. Her mother was Miss Louisa De Hart, daughter of John De Hart, a member of the Continental Congress of 1774-76 from New Jersey, Attorney-General of his State, a lawyer of great distinction and a man of large means and influence. Her father was Mr. John William Patterson, a lawyer of New York, a son of Capt. John Patterson of the English army who married Catharine Livingston of Livingston Manor, N. Y., and was the

first U. S. Collector of the port of Philadelphia after the Revolution. Mrs. Allan was a niece of Mrs. Col. John Mayo (née De Hart) of Belleville near Richmond, and it was when on a visit to her aunt that she first met Mr. Allan, who became at once very much enamoured with her and subsequently married her at her father's house in New York City, October 5, 1830. Mrs. Allan was a lady of much stateliness and dignity, and of great firmness and decision of character, very clannish in her feelings, and while apparently very calm and reserved in manner, had one of the warmest hearts in the world, was a firm and steadfast friend and profuse in concealed and unostentatious charities. She had three children, all sons — John, William Galt, and Patterson, all of whom died during her life, — John leaving two children, Hoffman Allan now of Danville, Va., and Louisa G., now Mrs. W. R. Pryor of New York. William G. left no issue. Patterson had two children, Genevieve, now Mrs. Dwight Montague, and John, who died young. After her sons became of age Mrs. Allan's house was the centre of Richmond hospitality, and the beauty and frequency of her entertainments were proverbial and few visitors of prominence failed to partake of them, but while the acknowledged leader in society her prominent characteristics were unaltered. She was the fond mother, cherished friend, and quiet dispenser of many charities, not impulsive but constantly flowing, and many a home of her impoverished friends has been blest by her thoughtful consideration and practical affection. Mrs. Allan was of masculine personality and of so much impressiveness and attraction that few who met can forget her ; and though the war had to a great extent swept away her wealth,





and the death of loved ones saddened her life, she yet remained the same lovely, dignified, and respected lady to the end, which occurred April 24, 1881, forty-seven years after the death of her beloved husband, by whose side she now lies in Shockoe Hill Cemetery."

In securing the West Point position — which then commanded a salary of \$28 a month, besides subsistence and instruction — Poe was fortunate in obtaining letters from Mr. A. Stevenson, speaker of the House of Representatives, and three eminent Virginians, John Campbell, James P. Preston, and Powhatan Ellis, senator from Mississippi, uncle of Col. Thomas H. Ellis, who furnished us with the interesting recollections in Chapter I. These were supplemented and reinforced by letters from Mr. Allan to Major John Eaton, then Secretary of War.

The appointment was really due to Senator Ellis.

The reason why Mr. Ellis became interested in Poe was that he was a younger brother of Mr. Allan's partner, and Mr. Allan would naturally mention to so influential an acquaintance his desire to get Edgar the appointment. While waiting for the appointment, Poe had passed the legal age of twenty-one; but he did not scruple to report his age as nineteen years and five months.

So July 1, 1830, he entered the Academy at West Point, which had been founded in 1802 and was considered a most desirable opening for a penniless young man on account of the income of \$336 (afterwards increased to \$540) attached to a cadetship, and the possibility of a rapid rise in the profession. Poe had martial blood in his veins; he had had two years of admirable practical training in the artillery branch of

the service ; he was an excellent mathematician and linguist ; and there was every reason to hope that he would ultimately attain the rank of his grandfather, Quartermaster-General Poe.

The years 1829 and 1830 were very stirring ones in the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia. In 1829 the famous Convention to revise the Constitution assembled in Richmond, and included among its number more distinguished men than any other public body perhaps that ever assembled in the United States. Among these were ex-presidents Madison and Monroe, Chief Justice Marshall, John Randolph of Roanoke, and a host of other famous Virginians who made the little town ring with their eloquence, and all through the winter of 1829-30 elaborated changes in the Constitution connected with the suffrage and other important questions. The lobbies of the old State-house (planned by Jefferson) and the inns on Main and Broad Streets hummed with voices discussing the momentous questions of statecraft ; the streets and private houses were full of historic figures come to lend their aid in settling the vexed questions ; and Poe doubtless heard many a voice that had been listened to in Revolutionary times as the Convention proceeded with its order of business. Gentlemen in tie-wigs, knee-buckles, and black stocks were seen everywhere ; and it was a resurrection of the olden times.

The atmosphere of West Point was very different from the bland and genial social environment of Richmond with its freedom from restraints, its air of universal bonhomie and relationship — everybody was a " Virginia cousin " to everybody else — its social card-playing, drinking, smoking, and leisurely practice of the professions.

The Academy occupied the site of a ruined fortress captured by the British in the War of Independence, and towered aloft on a plateau nearly two hundred feet above the Hudson in a scene of landscape beauty almost unrivalled. Instead of the social relaxation of Richmond, a rigorous discipline reminded the nearly three hundred young men that there were three hundred offences scheduled for which they could be punished; that they had "signed" for five years as servants of the United States; and that for the four years' course they could hope only for ten weeks' vacation in all. It was even whispered around that less than half of those who hopefully entered on the courses ever graduated.

A remarkable assemblage of young men were gathered at West Point the half-year Poe was there, among them the following:

LIST OF POE'S CONTEMPORARIES AT WEST POINT IN 1830:¹

[To the names given below, annotated by General Wilson, may be added that of Thomas H. Williamson, Va., many years professor, with Stonewall Jackson and Commodore M. F. Maury, at the Virginia Military Institute: appointed General by the Governor of Virginia.]

Class of 1830, U. S. M. A.

Rev. Francis Vinton, D.D., of Rhode Island. Distinguished clergyman of the P. E. Church. No. 4 in his class. Died in 1872.

¹ This list has been kindly compiled for this work by Cadet W. D. A. Anderson of West Point; and the biographical memoranda have been supplied by General James Grant Wilson to whom thanks are returned for the courtesy.

Rev. W. N. Pendleton, of Va. No. 5 in his class. Became a General in the Confederate Service. Died in 1883.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. John B. Magruder, of Va. Served in the Mexican War, and became a General in the Confederate Army. Died 1871.

Brig.-Gen. Robert C. Buchanan, of Md. Served with distinction in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Died in 1878.

Class of 1831.

Rev. Roswell Park, D.D., of Ct. Distinguished Clergyman, Professor, and Poet. Graduated No. 1 in his class, and resigned from the army in 1835. Died in 1869.

Gen. Jacob Ammen, of Va. (Brig.-Gen. of Vols.). Intimate friend of General Grant. Died in 1894.

Brevet Major-Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys, of Pa. Served in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Chief of Engineer Corps. Died in 1883.

Brevet Major-Gen. W. H. Emory, of Maryland. Died in 1887.

Samuel R. Curtis, of Ohio, Major-Gen. Vols. Died in 1866.

Class of 1832.

President Benjamin S. Ewell, of D. C. Graduated No. 3 in the class. Distinguished General in the Confederate Army. Died in 1894.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Erasmus D. Keyes, of Mass., Major-Gen. Vols. and Corps Commander Army Potomac. Died in 1895.

Lieut. Tench Tilghman, of Md. Became General in the Confederate Service. Died in 1874.

Lieut.-Col. George B. Crittenden, of Ky., son of U. S. Senator Crittenden. Became General in the Confederate Army. Died in 1880.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Randolph B. Marcy, of Wash. Inspector-General U. S. Army. Daughter married General McClellan. Died in 1887.

Lieut. Humphrey Marshall, of Ky. Colonel of Kentucky Volunteers in war with Mexico and General in Confederate Army. Died in 1872.

Class of 1833.

Capt. Frederic A. Smith, of Mass. Graduated at the head of his class. Engineer Officer U. S. A. Died in 1842.

Major-General John G. Barnard, of Mass. 2d in the class. Distinguished Engineer Officer in the Civil War and Author of Military Monographs. Died in 1882. Brother of President Barnard of Columbia University.

Brevet Major-Gen. George W. Cullum, of New York. 3d in class. Meritorious Officer of Engineer Corps and military author who left \$250,000 for the Cullum Memorial at West Point. Died in 1892.

Brig.-Gen. Rufus King, U. S. V., of New York. 4th in class. Minister to Italy and Journalist. Son of President Charles King of Columbia. Died in 1876.

Colonel Francis H. Smith, of Virginia. 5th in class, Prof. and later Superintendent with rank of General in Virginia Mil. Institute. General in the Confederate Army. Died in 1890.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. William Bliss, of New York. 9th in class. Served in Mexican War. Private Secy. and son-in-law of President Taylor. Died in 1853. (His widow, Mrs. Dandridge, still living.)

Brevet Major-Gen. Edmund Schirer, of Pa. Meritorious Officer during the Civil War. Inspector General U. S. A. Died 1899.

Brevet Major-Gen. Alexander E. Shiras, of Pa. Meritorious Officer Subsistence Dept. U. S. A. Died in 1875.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Benjamin Alvord, of Vt. Served in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Author of Essays and Reviews. Died in 1884.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Henry W. Wessells, of Ct. Died in 1889.

Colonel Henry L. Scott, of N. C., son-in-law of Gen. Winfield Scott. Died in 1886.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. Daniel Ruggles, of Mass. Served in Mexican War, and General in the Confederate Army. Died in 1897.

Just as in the case of Poe's contemporaries at the University of Virginia we find him here at West Point thrown with the best blood of the country: General Robert E. Lee had graduated the year before, and a long line of illustrious soldiers and statesmen followed the mercurial poet. Unfortunately, Poe soon began to chafe under the discipline, though he stood high and well in his classes: third in French and seventeenth in mathematics, in a class of eighty-seven. One of his contemporaries there indeed writes: "He was an accomplished French scholar, and had a wonderful aptitude for mathematics, so that he had no difficulty in preparing his recitations in his class and in obtaining the highest marks in these departments. He was a devourer of books, but his great fault was his neglect of and apparent contempt for military duties. His wayward and capricious temper made him at times

utterly oblivious or indifferent to the ordinary routine of roll-calls, drills, and guard duties. These habits subjected him often to arrest and punishment, and effectually prevented his learning or discharging the duties of a soldier."¹

In what singular contrast *this* Poe is to the honorably discharged United States soldier who distinguished himself for two years by the most exemplary conduct!

The only explanation is that either Poe and Perry were different beings or that Poe's "Imp of the Perverse" was now in the ascendant, and that, learning in October of Mr. Allan's second marriage, he went to work deliberately to undo his excellent record and get himself, by insubordination and neglect of duty, courtmartialled and expelled from the Academy, with a view to pursuing a literary career.

"Harper's Magazine" for November, 1867, contains some highly colored though not incredible accounts of "Poe at West Point," written thirty-seven years after the events by Mr. T. H. Gibson:

"Number 28 South Barracks, in the last months of the year of our Lord 1830, was pretty generally regarded as a hard room. Cadets who aspired to high standing on the Merit Roll were not much given to visiting it, at least in daytime. To compensate in some measure for this neglect, however, the inspecting officer was uncommonly punctual in his visits, and rarely failed to find some object for his daily report of demerit. The old barracks have passed away, and are now only a dream of stone and mortar; but the records of the sins of omission and commission of Number 28 and its occupants remain, and are filed

¹ A. B. Magruder to Professor Woodberry: *Life*, p. 55.

carefully away among the dusty archives of the Academy.

"Edgar A. Poe was one of the occupants of the room. 'Old P——' and the writer of this sketch completed the household. The first conversation I had with Poe after we became installed as room-mates was characteristic of the man. A volume of Campbell's Poems was lying upon our table, and he tossed it contemptuously aside, with the curt remark: 'Campbell is a plagiarist;' then without waiting for a reply he picked up the book, and turned the leaves over rapidly until he found the passage he was looking for.

"'There,' said he, 'is a line more often quoted than any other passage of his: "Like angel visits few and far between," and he stole it bodily from Blair's "Grave." Not satisfied with the theft, he has spoiled it in the effort to disguise it. Blair wrote: "Like angel visits SHORT and far between." Campbell's "Few and far between" is mere tautology.'

"Poe at that time, though only about twenty years of age, had the appearance of being much older. He had a worn, weary, discontented look, not easily forgotten by those who were intimate with him. Poe was easily fretted by any jest at his expense, and was not a little annoyed by a story that some of the class got up, to the effect that he had procured a cadet's appointment for his son, and the boy having died, the father had substituted himself in his place. Another report current in the corps was that he was a grandson of Benedict Arnold. Some good-natured friend told him of it, and Poe did not contradict it, but seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the mistake.

"Very early in his brief career at the Point he established a high reputation for genius, and poems and

squibs of local interest were daily issued from Number 28 and went the round of the classes. One of the first things of the kind that he perpetrated was a diatribe in which all of the officers of the Academy, from Colonel Thayer down, were duly if not favorably noticed. I can recall but one stanza. It ran thus :

“ ‘ John Locke was a very great name ;
Joe Locke was a greater in short ;
The former was well known to Fame,
The latter well known to Report.’ ”

“ Joe Locke, it may be remarked by way of explanation, was one of the instructors of tactics, and *ex-officio* Inspector of Barracks, and supervisor of the morals and deportment of cadets generally. In this capacity it was his duty to report to head-quarters every violation of the regulations falling under his observation ; a duty in which he was in nowise remiss, as the occupants of Number 28 could severally testify.

“ The studies of the Academy Poe utterly ignored. I doubt if he ever studied a page of Lacroix, unless it was to glance hastily over it in the lecture-room, while others of his section were reciting. It was evident from the first that he had no intention of going through with the course, and both the Professors and Cadets of the older classes had set him down for a ‘ January colt ’ before the corps had been in barracks a week.

“ Poe disappointed them, however, for he did not remain until the January examination, that *pons asinorum* of *plebe* life at West Point. He resigned, I think, early in December, having been a member of the corps a little over five months.

“ Some month or two after he had left, it was announced that a volume of his poems would be pub-

lished by subscription, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per copy. Permission was granted by Colonel Thayer to the corps to subscribe for the book, and as no cadet was ever known to neglect any opportunity of spending his pay, the subscription was pretty nearly universal. The book was received with a general expression of disgust. It was a puny volume, of about fifty pages, bound in boards and badly printed on coarse paper, and worse than all, it contained not one of the squibs and satires upon which his reputation at the Academy had been built up. Few of the poems contained in that collection now appear in any of the editions of his works, and such as have been preserved have been very much altered for the better.

“For months afterward quotations from Poe formed the standing material for jests in the corps, and his reputation for genius went down at once to zero. I doubt if even the ‘Raven’ of his after years ever entirely effaced from the minds of his class the impression received from that volume.

“The unfortunate habit that proved the bane of his after-life had even at that time taken strong hold upon him, and Number 28 was seldom without a bottle of Benny Haven’s best brandy. I don’t think he was ever intoxicated while at the Academy, but he had already acquired the more dangerous habit of constant drinking.

“Keeping up the communications with our base of supplies at ‘Old Benny’s’ was one of the problems that occupied a good deal more of our thoughts than any of the propositions in Legendre; but, upon the whole, this branch of the commissary department of Number 28 was a success; and many a thirsty soul, with not enough of pluck to run the blockade himself,

would steal into our room between tattoo and taps to try the merits of the last importation.

“The result of one of these foraging parties after supplies created for a time no little excitement in the South Barracks. People had been burned and hung in effigy, from time immemorial, but it was reserved for Number 28 to witness the eating of a Professor in effigy.

“It was a dark, cold, drizzling night, in the last days of November, when this event came off. The brandy bottle had been empty for two days, and just at dusk Poe proposed that we should draw straws — the one who drew the shortest to go down to Old Benny’s and replenish our stock. The straws were drawn and the lot fell on me.

“Provided with four pounds of candles and Poe’s last blanket, for traffic (silver and gold we had not, but such as we had we gave unto Benny), I started just as the bugle sounded to quarters. It was a rough road to travel, but I knew every foot of it by night or day, and reached my place of destination in safety, but drenched to the skin. Old Benny was not in the best of humors that evening. Candles and blankets and regulation shoes, and similar articles of traffic, had accumulated largely on his hands, and the market for them was dull in that neighborhood. His chicken suppers and bottles of brandy had disappeared very rapidly of late, and he had received little or no money in return.

“At last, however, I succeeded in exchanging the candles and blanket for a bottle of brandy and the hardest-featured, loudest-voiced old gander that it has ever been my lot to encounter. To chop the bird’s head off before venturing into barracks with him was

a matter of pure necessity ; and thus, in fact, old Benny rendered him before delivery. I reached the suburbs of the barracks about nine o'clock. The bottle had not as much brandy in it as when I left Old Benny's ; but I was very confident I had not spilled any. I had carried the gander first over one shoulder and then over the other, and the consequence was that not only my shirt front, but my face and hands were as bloody as the entire contents of the old gander's veins and arteries could well make them.

"Poe was on the lookout, and met me some distance from the barracks, and my appearance at once inspired him with the idea of a grand hoax. Our plans were perfected in an instant. The gander was tied, neck and feet and wings together, and the bloody feathers bristling in every direction gave it a nondescript appearance that would have defied recognition as a gander by the most astute naturalist on the Continent. Poe took charge of the bottle, and preceded me to the room. 'Old P.' was puzzling his brains over the binomial theorem, and a visitor from the North Barracks was in the room awaiting the result of my expedition.

"Poe had taken his seat, and pretended to be absorbed in the mysteries of 'Leçons Françaises.' Laying the gander down at the outside of the door, I walked or rather staggered into the room, pretending to be very drunk, and exhibiting in clothes and face a spectacle not often seen off the stage. 'My God ! what has happened ?' exclaimed Poe, with well-acted horror.

"'Old K——, old K—— !' I repeated several times, and with gestures intended to be particularly savage.

“ ‘ Well, what of him ? ’ asked Poe.

“ ‘ He won’t stop me on the road any more ! ’ and I produced a large knife that we had stained with the few drops of blood that remained in the old gander. ‘ I have killed him ! ’

“ ‘ Nonsense ! ’ said Poe, ‘ you are only trying one of your tricks on us.’

“ ‘ I did n’t suppose you would believe me,’ I replied ; ‘ so I cut off his head and brought it into barracks. Here it is ! ’ and reaching out of the door I caught the gander by the legs, and giving it one fearful swing around my head dashed it at the only candle in the room, and left them all in darkness with what two of them believed to be the head of one of the Professors. The visitor leaped through the window and alighted in the slop-tub, and made fast time for his own room in the North Barracks — spreading, as he went, the report that I had killed old K——, and that his head was then in Number 28. The story gained ready credence, and for a time the excitement in barracks ran high. When we lit the candle again, ‘ Old P—— ’ was sitting in one corner, a blank picture of horror, and it was some time before we could restore him to reason.

“ ‘ The gander was skinned — picking the feathers off was out of the question — and after taps we cut him up in small pieces, and cooked him in a tin wash-basin, over an anthracite fire, without seasoning of any kind. It was perhaps the hardest supper on record, but we went through with it without flinching. We had set out to eat old K—— in effigy, and we did it ; whether he ever learned of the honors we paid him that night I never learned.

“ ‘ Upon the whole the impression left by Poe in his

short career at West Point was highly favorable to him. If he made no fast friends, he left no enemies behind him. But up to that time he had given no indications of the genius which has since secured for him a world-wide fame. His acquaintance with English literature was extensive and accurate, and his verbal memory wonderful. He would repeat both prose and poetry by the hour, and seldom or never repeated the same passage twice to the same audience.

"The whole bent of his mind at that time seemed to be toward criticism — or, more properly speaking, caviling. Whether it were Shakspeare or Byron, Addison or Johnson — the acknowledged classic or the latest poetaster — all came in alike for his critical censure. He seemed to take especial delight in caviling at passages that had received the most unequivocal stamp of general approval. I never heard him speak in terms of praise of any English writer, living or dead. I never met him after he left the Academy in December, 1830; and hence my recollections and impressions of him are wholly uninfluenced by his after-life."

He was courtmartialled and dismissed from the Academy for disobedience to orders and absence from roll-calls, guard-duty, and class-work, the sentence taking effect March 6, 1831.

This third crisis-point of his career was signaled by a third volume of Poems, published by Elam Bliss of New York and subscribed to, at seventy-five cents a copy, by his fellow-cadets. They, supposing the volume to contain squibs and pasquinades, satires and jokes against the professors, were, it is said, egregiously disappointed on receiving the volume, to find it contained only — "Israfel," "To Helen," "Lenore" (in its first version), "The Sleeper," "The Valley of Unrest," and other masterpieces!

Guffaws of amazement received this third venture of "Gaffy" Poe, according to General Cullum, who instead of using the marvellous *tambour* of Heine's Monsieur Le Grand to convey his meaning to the world, had simply picked up a golden strand from Israfel's harp and strung it in the world's window.

The Dedication read :

To the U. S. Corps of Cadets
This Volume
is
Respectfully Dedicated.

Then follows, a few pages later, the long and rambling "Letter to Mr. ———," afterwards reprinted in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for July, 1836, and containing Poe's peculiar views of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the Lake School. This is followed by the following eleven poems : Introduction ("Romance, who loves to nod and sing"), "To Helen," "Israfel," "The Doomed City," "Fairy Land," "Irene," "A Pæan," "The Valley Nis ;," "Al Aaraaf," Parts i and ii, Sonnet ("Science"), "Tamerlane : " in all one hundred and twenty-four duodecimo pages, in green boards.

Nearly all the rubbish of the earlier volumes has been dropped : "the trash shaken from them in which they were embedded," says Poe in the prefatory letter to "Dear B——." The sculptor is busy hewing away at the marble — the brilliant chips flying — and drawing forth the delicate imprisoned image from the enveloping chalk. In three years a wonderful gain in precision, definiteness, lucidity, music, has taken place. What before was as uncertain as a choir of whispering

reeds along a river's marge, as vague as the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of the footfalls of the wandering winds at night, has gathered itself into focal form and becomes incarnate in the stanzas of "Helen" and "Israfel." The poet of twenty-one is still awkward, clumsy, stumbling in rhyme and metre, a 'prentice in the niceties of verse, yet haunted by inexpressible verbal melodies, as voluptuous as Spenser in the rippling flow of some lines, as *gauche* as Whitman in the hiatuses of others. The volume of 1831 is the visible parturition of a great poet whose complete birth will require fifteen years more. The increasing delicacy of perception and feeling, the sentiment of the magical beauty of the world, and of its mystery, the consciousness of the harmonies that well up from mere words in their vowel and consonantal combinations and contrasts, the poetry that there is in Death, in Doom, in Sorrow, in Sin (carried to an extreme by his admirer and imitator, Baudelaire, in his "Fleurs du Mal")—all haunt this plastic young imagination with their soft and vivid blandishments and blow their triton-horns in his subtle ear, enticing to new and sometimes happier fields.

"Second edition" on the title-page of this little work means that this volume was regarded by its author as the book of 1829 with some things left out. His statement is: "Believing only a portion of my former volume to be worthy a second edition—that small portion I thought it as well to include in the present book as to republish by itself. I have therefore herein combined 'Al Aaraaf' and 'Tamerlane' with other Poems hitherto unprinted."

The "other Poems hitherto unprinted" must be the product of the year 1830, in between the 1829 and the 1831 volumes, and they are perhaps the only

poems of this period that will live — the eight beautiful minor poems of the collection composed either at West Point between July 1, 1830, and January 1, 1831, or during that period and the preceding six months when the poet was idle and waiting for his cadet's commission. Viewed in this light, the "Pæan" may be in its first draft a memorial dirge in memory of the first Mrs. Allan. All accounts say that the two were very fond of each other, and the poem brims with a heartfelt feeling that no mere fictitious incident could have inspired.

Just the year before Tennyson had published "Poems chiefly Lyrical," and certainly this collection contains nothing of finer edge or dreamier grace than Poe's work, which was contemporary with it; while for 1829 Poe's "Al Aaraaf" may certainly compare favorably with Tennyson's prize-poem "Timbuctoo," of the same year.

CHAPTER V.

1831-1836.

THE DARK YEARS. THE BALTIMORE "VISITER"
AND LATROBE'S REMINISCENCES. MARRIAGE.

IT is at this point — from March, 1831 to the summer of 1833 — that Poe's biography slips within the *penumbra* of almost total obscurity. Now, if at all, occurred those wanderings of the new Odysseus of which Burwell, Mrs. Shelton, Mr. Ingram, even Mrs. Allan (in her letter to Colonel T. H. Ellis) speak — the Russian journey, the French adventure, etc., the former of which Poe left uncontradicted in Hirst's biography of him, the latter he is reported to have related to Mrs. Marie Louise Shew in a supposed death-bed confession. A hiatus of two years and a half occurred during which the only glimmering of light is afforded by a letter from Poe to William Gwynn, a Baltimore editor, dated May 6th, 1831, referring to Mr. Allan's second marriage, and to Poe's own foolish conduct on a former occasion, and asking for employment of some kind, "salary a minor consideration." None seems to have been forthcoming, nor could Mr. N. C. Brooks (afterwards well known as an editor and *littérateur*) procure him even an usher's place in his school.

Another glimmer proceeds from a paper in "Harper's" for March, 1889, entitled "Poe's Mary," by Augustus van Cleef, according to which Poe spent

the year immediately following his dismissal from West Point, with his aunt Mrs. Clemm, in Baltimore. If one can credit the statements of this paper, which purport to be the story of Poe's love for a Baltimore girl of that time, the poet had just returned from the Academy, was a handsome, fascinating young man who "wrote poetry." "Any young girl would have fallen in love with him" — and "Poe's Mary" did. "Mr. Poe," Mary continues, "was about five feet eight inches tall, and had dark, almost black hair, which he wore long and brushed back in student style over his ears. It was as fine as silk. His eyes were large and full, gray and piercing. He was then, I think, entirely clean shaven. His nose was long and straight, and his features finely cut. The expression about his mouth was beautiful. He was pale and had no color. His skin was of a clear, beautiful olive. He had a sad, melancholy look. He was very slender when I first knew him, but had a fine figure, an erect, military carriage, and a quick step. But it was his manner that most charmed. It was elegant. When he looked at you it seemed as if he could read your very thoughts. His voice was pleasant and musical, but not deep." Colonel T. W. Higginson, many years later, hearing Poe read "*Ligeia*," bore testimony to the beauty of his voice.

The confession of "Mary" bears internal evidence of being true. She describes his dress, his originality, his affectionate, even passionate manner in his addresses, his *banquet*, aristocratic manners, and reserve. Excitable, jealous, intense, tender, the sensitive youth appears before us in these pages just as he must have been. Little Virginia Clemm carried the notes that passed to and fro between the lovers, — a lovely, violet-

eyed school-girl of ten who even then loved her cousin to distraction. He proposed marriage to "Mary," but his penniless condition stood in the way of the match.

Finally, the inevitable lovers' quarrel took place, brought on by jealousy of a supposed rival and by chance indulgence with some West Point cadets in a glass of wine. "A glass made him tipsy. As to his being a habitual drunkard, he never was as long as I knew him" [and this lady sat beside Virginia's death-bed in 1847].

All intercourse was then broken off by the *inamorate*, who left his letters unanswered or returned them. Poe then wrote her satirical notelets and published a poem "To Mary ——" in a Baltimore paper, dealing severely with her fickleness and inconstancy. This brought about a personal difficulty between Poe and the lady's uncle, during which Poe drew a cowhide and chastised the old gentleman; afterwards pulling the cowhide out of his sleeve, and throwing it passionately to the feet of his beloved, exclaiming: "There, I make you a present of that!"

The lady afterwards married another, lived in Philadelphia and New York, visited the Poes at Fordham and in Amity Street, and died in the West in 1887.

The article is rambling and erroneous in some of its statements, but is evidently inspired by a real acquaintance with Poe in his earlier years. A search in the contemporary Baltimore papers for the poem might throw additional light on its authenticity.

Whether Poe went to Richmond during this dark period or received any help from the Allans is altogether problematical. A vivid gleam of light, however, is thrown upon his career by the famous competition of

the summer of 1833, when "The Baltimore Visitor" announced that it would give two prizes, one, of a hundred dollars, for the best story, another, of fifty dollars, for the best poem to be published in its columns by a given date. The committee of award was composed of three distinguished Baltimore gentlemen: John P. Kennedy, J. H. B. Latrobe, and Dr. James H. Miller; and the contest was so interesting that it is worth while giving an account of it in Mr. Latrobe's own words, many years afterwards, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Poe Monument in Baltimore, in 1875.

"The Saturday Visitor" was a weekly paper whose origin has been entertainingly described by L. A. Wilmer in "Our Press Gang, or The Crimes of the American Newspapers: 1859." This new literary weekly had been established by Mr. C. F. Cloud (not by Wilmer, as asserted by Professor Woodberry), who placed the editorial management in Mr. Wilmer's charge and afterwards associated Mr. W. P. Pouder, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Hewitt, a musician and poet, with the enterprise. The weekly thrived beyond all expectations and would, doubtless, have proved a decided success had not the editors fallen out, dissolved partnership, and lampooned each other. It then passed into the hands of T. S. Arthur, who subsequently transferred it to Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, Poe's physician-friend. Shortly afterwards it expired.

Wilmer, in this curious book, bears the following testimony to Poe's character:

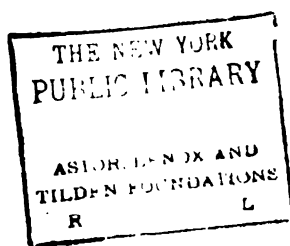
"The late Edgar A. Poe has been represented by the American newspapers in general as a reckless libertine and a confirmed inebriate. I do not recognize him by this description, though I was intimately ac-

quainted with the man, and had every opportunity to study his character. I have been in company with him every day for many months together; and, within a period of twelve years, I did not see him inebriated; no, not in a single instance. I do not believe that he was ever habitually intemperate until he was made so by grief and many bitter disappointments. And, with respect to the charge of libertinism, I have similar testimony to offer. Of all men that I ever knew, he was the most *passionless*; and I appeal to his writings for a confirmation of this report. Poets of ardent temperament, such as Anacreon, Ovid, Byron, and Tom Moore, will always display their constitutional peculiarity in their literary compositions; but Edgar A. Poe never wrote a line that gave expression to a libidinous thought. The female creations of his fancy are all either statues or angels. His conversation, at all times, was as chaste as that of a vestal, and his conduct, while I knew him, was correspondingly blameless.

“Poe, during his lifetime, was feared and hated by many newspaper editors and other literary animalcules, some of whom, or their friends, had been the subject of his searching critiques; and others disliked him, naturally enough, because he was a man of superior intellect. While he lived, these resentful gentlemen were discreetly silent, but they nursed their wrath to keep it warm, and the first intelligence of his death was the signal for a general onslaught. The primal slander against the deceased bard was published in a leading journal of Philadelphia, the ‘literary editor’ of which had formerly received not only a critical rebuke, but something like personal chastisement also from the hands of the departed poet.”¹

¹ Our Press Gang, pp. 243-5.





In spite of the large circulation of "The Baltimore Visitor," not a single file of it is known to exist. The attention of rare-book hunters might well be called to the value of the unique number (October 12) in which the "MS. Found in a Bottle" appeared, as well as to that of the other numbers to which, for six months, Poe is said to have contributed.

The announcement of his winning of the prize at once surrounded Poe with a blaze of publicity, in which, afterwards, he never ceased to live. He had emerged out of the *penumbra* into the full light of day, a vexatious apocalypse which enabled the critics to turn their microscopes upon him and subject his every thought, attitude, and gesture to minute investigation. The vivisection has gone on for three-quarters of a century, while the "subject" lies in a haunted sleep, and mutters anathemas against the anatomists!

The "Visitor" of October 12, 1833, contained the following notice:

"Amongst the prose articles [submitted for the prize] were many of various and distinguished merit, but the singular force and beauty of those sent by the author of 'The Tales of the Folio Club' leave us no room for hesitation in that department. We have accordingly awarded the premium to a tale entitled 'The MS. Found in a Bottle.' It would hardly be doing justice to the writer of this collection to say that the tale we have chosen is the best of the six offered by him. We cannot refrain from saying that the author owes it to his own reputation, as well as to the gratification of the community, to publish the entire volume ['Tales of the Folio Club']. These tales are eminently distinguished by a wild, vigorous, and poetical

imagination, a rich style, a fertile invention, and varied and curious learning.

“(Signed) JOHN P. KENNEDY,
J. H. B. LATROBE,
JAMES H. MILLER.”

How this tale came to be selected may be seen from the ¹Reminiscences of Poe by John H. B. Latrobe :

“About the year 1833 there was a newspaper in Baltimore called ‘The Saturday Visitor’ — an ephemeral publication, that aimed at amusing its readers with light literary productions rather than the news of the day. One of its efforts was to procure original tales, and to this end it offered on this occasion two prizes, one for the best story and the other for the best short poem — one hundred dollars for the first and fifty for the last. The judges appointed by the editor of the ‘Visitor’ were the late John P. Kennedy, Dr. James H. Miller (now deceased), and myself, and accordingly we met, one pleasant afternoon, in the back parlor of my house, on Mulberry Street, and seated round a table garnished with some old wine and some good cigars, commenced our critical labors. As I happened then to be the youngest of the three, I was required to open the packages of prose and poetry, respectively, and read the contents. Alongside of me was a basket to hold what we might reject.

“I remember well that the first production taken from the top of the prose pile was in a woman’s hand, written very distinctly, as, indeed, were all the articles submitted, and so neatly that it seemed a pity not to

¹ Edgar Allan Poe Memorial Volume. By Sara Sigourney Rice. Baltimore : Turnbull Brothers : 1877.

award to it a prize. It was ruthlessly criticised, however, for it was ridiculously bad — namby-pamby in the extreme — full of sentiment and of the school known as the Laura Matilda school. The first page would have consigned it to the basket as our critical guillotine beheaded it. Gallantry, however, caused it to be read through, when in it went along with the envelope containing the name of the writer, which, of course, remained unknown. The next piece I have no recollection of, except that a dozen lines consigned it to the basket. I remember that the third, perhaps the fourth, production was recognized as a translation from the French, with a terrific *dénouement*. It was a poor translation too ; for, falling into literal accuracy, the writer had, in many places, followed the French idioms. The story was not without merit, but the Sir Fretful Plagiary of a translator deserved the charge of Sheridan in the ‘ Critic,’ of being like a beggar who had stolen another man’s child and clothed it in his own rags. Of the remaining productions I have no recollection. Some were condemned after a few sentences had been read. Some were laid aside for reconsideration — not many. These last failed to pass muster afterwards, and the committee had about made up their minds that there was nothing before them to which they would award a prize, when I noticed a small quarto-bound book that had until then accidentally escaped attention, possibly because so unlike, externally, the bundles of manuscript that it had to compete with. Opening it, an envelope with a motto corresponding with one in the book appeared, and we found that our prose examination was still incomplete. Instead of the common cursive manuscript, the writing was in Roman characters — an imitation of printing.

I remember that while reading the first page to myself, Mr. Kennedy and the Doctor had filled their glasses and lit their cigars, and when I said that we seemed at last to have a prospect of awarding the prize, they laughed as though they doubted it, and settled themselves in their comfortable chairs as I began to read. I had not proceeded far before my colleagues became as much interested as myself. The first tale finished, I went to the second, then to the next, and did not stop until I had gone through the volume, interrupted only by such exclamations as 'capital!' 'excellent!' 'how odd!' and the like, from my companions. There was genius in everything they listened to; there was no uncertain grammar, no feeble phraseology, no ill-placed punctuation, no worn-out truisms, no strong thought elaborated into weakness. Logic and imagination were combined in rare consistency. Sometimes the writer created in his mind a world of his own and then described it—a world so weird, so strange —

“ ‘Far down by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Wier;
Far down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir;’ ”

and withal so fascinating, so wonderfully graphic, that it seemed for the moment to have all the truth of a reality. There was an analysis of complicated facts — an unravelling of circumstantial evidence that won the lawyer judges — an amount of accurate scientific knowledge that charmed their accomplished colleague — a pure classic diction that delighted all three.

“ When the reading was completed there was a difficulty of choice. Portions of the tales were read again,

and finally the committee selected "A MS. Found in a Bottle." One of the series was called "A Descent into the Maelström," and this was at one time preferred.¹ I cannot now recall the names of all the tales — there must have been six or eight — but all the circumstances of the selection ultimately made have been so often since referred to in conversation that my memory has been kept fresh, and I see my fellow-judges over their wine and cigars, in their easy-chairs — both genial, hearty men, in pleasant mood, as distinctly now as though I were describing an event of yesterday.

"Having made the selection and awarded the one hundred dollar prize, not, as has been said, most unjustly and ill-naturedly, because the manuscript was legible, but because of the unquestionable genius and great originality of the writer, we were at liberty to open the envelope that identified him, and there we found in the note, whose motto corresponded with that of the little volume, the name, which I see you anticipate, of Edgar Allan Poe.

"The statement in Dr. Griswold's life prefixed to the common edition of Poe's works, that 'It was unanimously decided by the committee that the prize should be given to the first genius who had written legibly; not another MS. was unfolded,' is absolutely untrue.

"Refreshed by this most unexpected change in the character of the contributions, the committee refilled their glasses and relit their cigars, and the reader began upon the poetry. This, although better in the main

¹ This at once establishes the fact that "A Descent into the Maelström" was one of the sixteen "Tales of the Folio Club," and enables us to correct Professor Woodberry's statement (*Poe's Works*, IV., p. 283) that the "sixteenth Tale is unidentified."

than the prose, was bad enough, and, when we had gone more or less thoroughly over the pile of manuscript, two pieces only were deemed worthy of consideration. The title of one was 'The Coliseum,' the written printing of which told that it was Poe's. The title of the other I have forgotten, but, upon opening the accompanying envelope, we found that the author was Mr. John H. Hewitt, still living in Baltimore, and well known, I believe, in the musical world, both as a poet and composer. I am not prepared to say that the committee may not have been biased in awarding the fifty dollar prize to Mr. Hewitt by the fact that they had already given the one hundred dollar prize to Mr. Poe. I recollect, however, that we agreed that, under the circumstances, the excellence of Mr. Hewitt's poem deserved a reward, and we gave the smaller prize to him with clear consciences.

"I believe that up to this time not one of the committee had ever seen Mr. Poe, and it is my impression that I was the only one that ever heard of him. When his name was read I remembered that on one occasion Mr. William Gwynn, a prominent member of the bar of Baltimore, had shown me the very neat manuscript of a poem called 'Al Aaraaf,' which he spoke of as indicative of a tendency to anything but the business of matter-of-fact life. Those of my hearers who are familiar with the poet's works will recollect it as one of his earlier productions. Although Mr. Gwynn, being an admirable lawyer, was noted as the author of wise and witty epigrams in verse, 'Al Aaraaf' was not in his vein, and what he said of the writer had not prepared me for the productions before the committee. His name, I am sure, was not at the time a familiar one.

“The next number of the ‘Saturday Visiter’ contained the ‘MS. Found in a Bottle,’ and announced the author. My office, in these days, was in the building still occupied by the Mechanics’ Bank, and I was seated at my desk on the Monday following the publication of the tale, when a gentleman entered and introduced himself as the writer, saying that he came to thank me, as one of the committee, for the award in his favor. Of this interview, the only one I ever had with Mr. Poe, my recollection is very distinct indeed, and it requires but a small effort of imagination to place him before me now, as plainly almost as I see any one of my audience. He was, if anything, below the middle size, and yet could not be described as a small man. His figure was remarkably good, and he carried himself erect and well, as one who had been trained to it. He was dressed in black, and his frock-coat was buttoned to the throat, where it met the black stock, then almost universally worn. Not a particle of white was visible. Coat, hat, boots, and gloves had very evidently seen their best days, but so far as mending and brushing go, everything had been done, apparently, to make them presentable. On most men his clothes would have looked shabby and seedy, but there was something about this man that prevented one from criticising his garments, and the details I have mentioned were only recalled afterwards. The impression made, however, was that the award in Mr. Poe’s favor was not inopportune. *Gentleman* was written all over him. His manner was easy and quiet, and although he came to return thanks for what he regarded as deserving them, there was nothing obsequious in what he said or did. His features I am unable to describe in detail. His forehead was high,

and remarkable for the great development at the temple. This was the characteristic of his head, which you noticed at once, and which I have never forgotten. The expression of his face was grave, almost sad, except when he was engaged in conversation, when it became animated and changeable. His voice, I remember, was very pleasing in its tone and well modulated, almost rhythmical, and his words were well chosen and unhesitating. Taking a seat, we conversed a while on ordinary topics, and he informed me that Mr. Kennedy, my colleague in the committee, on whom he had already called, had either given, or promised to give him, a letter to the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' which he hoped would procure him employment.¹ I asked him whether he was then occupied with any literary labor. He replied that he was engaged on a voyage to the moon, and at once went into a somewhat learned disquisition upon the laws of gravity, the height of the earth's atmosphere, and the capacities of balloons, warming in his speech as he proceeded. Presently, speaking in the first person, he began the voyage: after describing the preliminary arrangements, as you will find them set forth in one of his tales, called 'The Adventure of One Hans Pfaall,' and leaving the earth, and becoming more and more animated, he described his sensation, as he ascended higher and higher, until, at last, he reached the point in space where the moon's attraction overcame that of the earth, when there was a sudden bouleversement of the car and a great confusion among its tenants. By this time the speaker had become so

¹ There is some confusion of dates here: the *Messenger* was not established until August, 1834, nearly ten months after this interview. — ED.

excited, spoke so rapidly, gesticulating much, that when the turn up-side-down took place, and he clapped his hands and stamped with his foot by way of emphasis, I was carried along with him, and, for aught to the contrary that I now remember, may have fancied myself the companion of his aerial journey. The climax of the tale was the reversal I have mentioned. When he had finished his description he apologized for his excitability, which he laughed at himself. The conversation then turned upon other subjects, and soon afterward he took his leave. I never saw him more. Dr. Griswold's statement 'that Mr. Kennedy accompanied him (Poe) to a clothing store and purchased for him a respectable suit, with a change of linen, and sent him to a bath,' is a sheer fabrication.

"That I heard of him again and again, and year after year, in common with all English-speaking people, more and more, it is unnecessary to say — heard of him in terms of praise sometimes, sometimes in terms of censure, as we all have done, until now, that he has passed away, leaving his fame behind him, to last while our language lasts, I have grown to think of him only as the author who gave to the world the 'Raven' and the 'Bells,' and many a gem beside of noble verse; who illustrated that power of the English tongue in prose composition not less logical than imaginative; and I forget the abuse, whether with or without foundation, that ignorance, prejudice, or envy has heaped upon his memory. Unfortunately in the first biography following his death, where the author, with a temper difficult to understand, actually seemed to enjoy the depreciation of the poet's life, Edgar Allan Poe was seen by a malignant eye, and

his story was told by an unkindly tongue ; and the efforts since made by friends to do him justice are slowly succeeding in demonstrating that there was in him an amount of good which, in all fairness, should be set off against that which we must regret while we attempt to palliate.

“ To Poe, there well may be applied the verse of one of the most gifted of our poetesses, addressed to a great name in a very different sphere :

“ ‘ The moss upon thy memory, no !
Not while one note is sung
Of those divine, immortal lays
Milton and Shakspeare sung ;
Not till the gloom of night enshroud
The Anglo-Saxon tongue. ’ ”

Poe of course became the talk of the town. Mr. Kennedy (author of “ Swallow Barn,” recently published, and, later, of “ Horse-Shoe Robinson,” and other works) immediately interested himself in the forlorn young genius, invited him to dinner, gave him clothing and free access to his house and table, and “ brought him up,” as he records in his diary, “ from the very verge of despair.”

In a letter often quoted, but which never loses its intense pathos, Poe wrote to Kennedy at this time :

“ Your invitation to dinner has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come for reasons of the most humiliating nature — my personal appearance. You may imagine my mortification in making this disclosure to you, but it is necessary.”

The other judges also, Messrs. Latrobe and Miller, were kind to him, and he sustained himself precari-

taly by "jobs" for the "Visiter," and for Mr. Kennedy. Wilmer was his frequent companion in walks and talks about the suburbs, and testifies, as we have noted, to his good conduct. He was living with his aunt Mrs. Clemm, who had married a widower, William Clemm, with a son and a daughter. The lady is said to have supported herself by teaching and dressmaking, and to have resided first in Wilkes Street and then at No. 3 Amity Street, Baltimore. There is no reason to doubt Poe's statement that the "MS. Found in a Bottle" was written and "Politian" already begun, in 1831.

We now approach one of the most vexed and obscure controversies of Poe's vexed existence — his rupture with the Allans. We are fortunately enabled for the first time to give an authentic statement of the events from a member of the Allan family, giving the Allan version of the affair.

Mr. Allan died of dropsy March 27, 1834. Three children had been born to him by the second marriage, and the birth of these children had of course been a death-blow to Poe's hopes of becoming Mr. Allan's heir. Still some lingering expectation of one kind or another must have haunted the poet's brain, for while Mr. Allan was ill he appeared in Richmond and went to the house, having been there previously only once in four years. In justice to Mrs. Allan, who was a most estimable woman, and who apparently had never seen Poe but once, we print — perhaps indiscreetly — the following letter from her niece as giving her side of the unfortunate occurrence, premising that in certain Virginia circles the view prevails to this day that Poe was utterly bad, that on his return from the University he gambled with Mr. Allan's servants, and that when

he demanded money of one of the Allan ladies, stoned the house and smashed the windows on being refused; adding, however, that the same accusation of forgery was brought against Poe, later, in Philadelphia, was tried in a court of justice, and triumphantly refuted, heavy damages being awarded the poet:

"I am afraid I can give you very little assistance about Edgar Allan Poe, for he has been so often written up, and there are none of his contemporaries now living that I know of, and all that I could write you would be family tradition, and that, you know, is not always authentic. Mr. John Allan had no children during his first marriage, and after he adopted Poe he became as devoted to him and as proud of his talents as if he were his own son, sparing no expense on his education, dress, and living. Poe, expecting to be his heir, began at the University a wild and reckless career, and was guilty of conduct so unbecoming a gentleman that it offended Mr. Allan seriously. That, however, did not break the ties that had so long existed, and Mr. Allan tried in every way to reform him. Poe, however, continued the same dissolute life, breaking good resolutions and promises often and over, and ended by forging Mr. Allan's name. The money was paid, but then it was that Poe was discarded and forbidden the house of his benefactor, and all intercourse was refused. Mr. Allan married, secondly, my aunt, Miss Patterson of New Jersey, and she told me that Poe had never been to their house but twice, and she only saw him once. It was when her eldest son was three weeks old. He came upstairs to her bedroom, and began in an abusive manner to rail at herself and baby. She asked her nurse to ring the bell. It was answered by the butler, and

she said: 'James, put this drunken man out of the house,' which he did. The next time he visited the house must have been about four years afterwards, for it was during the last illness of Mr. Allan. He was sitting in a large chair trying to read a newspaper when the door opened, and Poe came in. Mr. Allan became very much excited, shook his cane at him, and ordered him out of the house, using very strong language, for he had never forgiven him, and whether he came to plead for forgiveness, or to upbraid, no one knew, for the old gentleman did not give him a chance to say a word. My aunt always felt it bitterly that the public so often blamed her for the estrangement when she had nothing to do with it, and rarely spoke of him. Of course these things happened long before my day."

The palliation for such conduct could only be the unfortunate manner in which the orphan waif had been reared. Bitter indeed must have been the anguish and despair of such a spirit as Poe's on finding himself thus publicly cut off without even a mention in the will, the laughing-stock of the town where he had lived nearly all his life. In a moment of supreme agitation he was doubtless misled to commit acts which in cold blood would have been atrocious, and this must be his excuse.

Thrown upon his own resources, Poe despairingly turned to a Philadelphia publishing house (Carey & Lea), and sent them the "Tales of the Folio Club," following his friend Kennedy's advice; and, consulting with Wilmer, he and the young editor of the "Visiter" determined to issue the prospectus of a first-class literary journal, of the usual "fearless, independent, and sternly just" kind, an ideal about which

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Poe at least was really in earnest, and which he cherished up to his dying breath.

Virginia Clemm, meanwhile, — the poet's cousin, — had developed into a beautiful girl of twelve or thirteen, whose charms, intelligence, and refinement had captivated the heart of Edgar, thirteen years older. A proposition of marriage followed, which was strenuously opposed by Neilson Poe, a third cousin, who had married Virginia's step-sister, and who offered to care for Virginia until she was of a suitable age to marry. This Poe vigorously opposed, and, with Mrs. Clemm's consent, they were licensed to marry, according to the Marriage Records of the City of Baltimore, September 22, 1834. The records of St. Paul's Church Parish, Baltimore, show that Virginia Clemm was born August 22, 1822.

Whether the marriage was actually performed by a minister, after the license was obtained, cannot be positively ascertained. An unfounded tradition affirms that Rev. John Johns (afterwards Bishop of Virginia) performed the ceremony ; but the writer has taken the trouble to make careful inquiries of the Johns family, as well as of the registrar of St. Paul's Church, with the following result :

Bishop Johns's son writes :

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR, — Replying to your favor of Nov. 1st, let me say that the records of marriages performed by Rev. Dr. Johns, in Balto., are, I presume, to be found at Christ Church, Balto., Rev. Dr. Niver, rector. . . . We have no traditions or other information.

Very truly,

A. S. JOHNS.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we *Edgar A Poe* and *Thomas W Cleland* _____

are held and firmly bound unto *Hyndham Robertson* ^{acting as governor} Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in the just and full sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, to the payment whereof, well and truly to be made to the said Governor or his successors, for the use of the said Commonwealth, we bind ourselves and each of us, our and each of our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents Sealed with our seals, and dated this *16th* day of *May* 1836.

THE CONDITION OF THE ABOVE OBLIGATION IS SUCH, That whereas a marriage is shortly intended to be had and solemnized between the above bound *Edgar A Poe* _____ and *Virginia E. Clemm* _____ of the City of Richmond. Now if there is no lawful cause to obstruct said marriage, then the above obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, sealed and delivered }
in the presence of

Chas Howard

Edgar A Poe

SEAL.

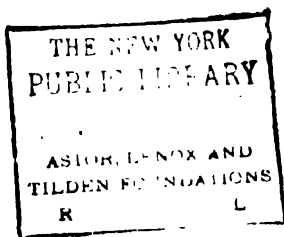
Thos. W. Cleland

SEAL.

CITY OF RICHMOND, To wit:

This day *Thomas W Cleland* _____ above named, made oath before me, as *Deputy* Clerk of the Court of Hustings for the said City, that *Virginia E. Clemm* _____ is of the full age of twenty-one years, and a resident of the said City. Given under my hand, this *16.* day of *May* 1836

Chas Howard



CHRIST CHURCH, Nov. 9th, 1900.

DEAR SIR, — There is no record of Poe's marriage in the books of Christ's Church in the years 1834, 5, or 6.

I would suggest that you write to Dr. Hodges at St. Paul's Church. They may have it recorded there, as Christ's Church is a daughter of St. Paul's Church.

ROBERT B. NELSON, Assistant.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 15, 1900.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your letter of the 12th inst. to Rev. Dr. Hodges, rector of St. Paul's Parish, has been handed to me, as Registrar of the Parish, for reply in reference to the marriage of Edgar Allan Poe and Virginia Clemm.

In reply I would say that as long ago as Sept., 1884, I made a careful examination of the Records of St. Paul's Parish for Mr. Geo. E. Woodberry, who was about to publish a life of E. A. Poe, and then told him that no record of Poe's marriage appeared in our books, though there were several records of the Clemm family. I forget now the year of the marriage, but think it was prior to 1828 [an error: 1834 was the year. — ED.], for in that year Christ Church was set off from St. Paul's Parish, and any marriage after that time should appear in Christ Church Records, and not in ours. . . .

Yours truly,

CHAS. HANDFIELD WYATT.

There is no complete legal proof that the marriage took place, because there is no return of the minister officiating. This is doubtless the reason why, some months later, May 16, 1836, as seen in the marriage bond, a second license was secured, and the ceremony was performed in Richmond, Va., by the Rev. Amasa Converse, a Presbyterian minister who edited "The Southern Religious Telegraph."

The cause of the removal to Richmond at this time was the establishment of the famous "Southern Literary Messenger," and Poe's engagement, first as a casual contributor to the magazine, and then as its literary editor.

This engagement had been brought about by the kind offices of his good friend Kennedy, to whom T. W. White, editor and proprietor of the "Messenger," had written for a contribution, and who recommended Poe as a very remarkable young man.

Poe sent White some of his "Tales of the Folio Club," one of which — "Berenice" (not, however, one of those named below) — appeared in the number for March, 1835, attracting wide attention. The stories known to have been among "The Tales of the Folio Club" were the "MS. Found in a Bottle," "Lionizing," "The Visionary ("Assignment"), "Siope," "Epimanes," and "A Descent into the Maelström" (the latter on the authority of Mr. J. H. B. Latrobe, in Miss Rice's Baltimore Memorial Volume, p. 59). Poe seems to have had ten other "Tales of the Folio Club" ready, which he did not use in the competition: "Berenice" (above mentioned), "Morella," "Hans Phaall" (so spelled in the "Messenger" for June, 1835, though repeatedly, in his correspondence, with one / only), "Bon-Bon," "Shadow," "Loss of Breath," "King Pest," "Metzengerstein," "Duc de l'Omelette," and "A Tale of Jerusalem."

These tales must have been those described by Mr. J. P. Kennedy in his note to Poe's letter of November, 1834, as then in the hands of Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, for consideration: "being two series submitted for the prize, for which one was chosen,

and two others at my suggestion sent to Carey & Lea."

One of these tales was sold to Miss Leslie, for the "Souvenir," at \$15. Letters dated December, 1834, and March, May, June, and July, 1835, show the author in lively correspondence with Kennedy and White on matters largely pertaining to his new connection with the "Messenger" as critical reviewer. In one of these letters to White he writes: "I must insist on your not sending me any remuneration for services of this nature [aiding the circulation of the "Messenger" by notices in the Baltimore "Republican," "American," etc.]. They are a pleasure to me, and no trouble whatever."

Occasional sums from White of \$5 or \$20 reached Poe through the mails, and were welcome additions to his purse. Number 10 of the "Messenger" contained thirty-four columns by the new contributor, including "Hans Pfaall" (which, he asserts, "was written especially for the 'Messenger'").

In September, 1835, his correspondence shows that he was already in Richmond, probably at Mrs. Yarrington's boarding-house, and, a little later, was receiving a salary of \$520 a year as editor of the "Messenger," increased to \$800 by Mr. White's liberality for extra work. This was to be still further increased to \$1,000 the next year. He writes exultantly that "his friends had received him with open arms," asks Kennedy's advice as to his course in the "Messenger," and finds that his reputation is increasing in the South.

Already, however, a note of warning sounds from White in September, 1835. "No man is safe that drinks before breakfast. No man can do so and attend to business properly." Poe was beginning to complain

of "ill-health," and had contracted this unfortunate habit of morning potations, either from the delicacy of his constitution or from the hereditary "blue devils" from which he suffered. Just after his arrival in Richmond, indeed, when everything seemed bright, and he had been employed by White at something more than \$40 a month, he fell into low spirits, and wrote Kennedy a despairing letter in which he says: "I am suffering under a depression of spirits, such as I have never felt before. I have struggled in vain against the influence of this melancholy; *you will believe me*, when I say that I am still miserable, in spite of the great improvement in my circumstances. . . . I am wretched, and know not why. Console me, — for you can. But let it be quickly, or it will be too late. . . . Persuade me to do what is right. . . . Urge me to do what is right. . . . Fail not, as you value your peace of mind hereafter."

Kennedy replied in consoling words and lulled the rasped spirit of the poet as well as he could, fearing that the constitutional hypochondria might drive him to desperation. In later life Poe affirmed that to Kennedy he owed life itself, possibly referring to the admirable conduct of the Baltimore novelist in lending him money at critical periods of his existence and giving him the sound advice which he so much needed.

The bibliography of Poe's writings will show the variety and multiplicity of his work during the eighteen months he resided in Richmond, two whole volumes alone of the present edition being devoted to the uncollected reviews and essays in the "Messenger." He showed himself a most industrious and indefatigable editor, author, and critic, pouring forth a tide of reviews, critiques, poems (revised or original), stories,

satires, and romances such as hardly any two men could have been expected to supply. These are treated more fully in the following chapter and show the epoch-making character of Poe's work as an imaginative writer and scientific critic.

In the early stage of the Richmond period, after the marriage, the Poes seem to have kept house and taken boarders, borrowing money from Kennedy and the Poe family to establish themselves. The evil habit of borrowing began to grow on Poe in spite of the abundant support his "Messenger" connection gave him. One is loath, however, to believe that there was any sharp practice connected with it. That Poe abundantly understood the humorous side and the practices of the "dead beat" is plain from his "Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences."

CHAPTER VI.

1837-1840.

ADRIFT: NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

THE last leaf of the "Southern Literary Messenger" for January, 1837, contained the following announcement:

To the Patrons of the Southern Literary Messenger:

"In issuing the present number of the 'Messenger' (the first of a new volume) I deem it proper to inform my subscribers, and the public generally, that Mr. Poe, who has filled the editorial department for the last twelve months with so much ability, retired from that station on the 3d inst., and the entire management of the work again devolves on myself alone. Mr. P., however, will continue to furnish its columns, from time to time, with the effusions of his vigorous and popular pen, — and my old contributors, among whom I am proud to number some of the best writers in our state and country, will doubtless continue to favor me with their valuable contributions. . . .

"It is perhaps due to Mr. Poe to state, that he is not responsible for any of the articles which appear in the present number, except the reviews of 'Bryant's Poems,' 'George Balcombe,' 'Irving's Astoria,' 'Reynolds's Address on the South Sea Expedition,' 'Anthon's Cicero,' — the first number of 'Arthur Gordon Pym,' a sea story, and *two poetical effusions* to which



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his name is prefixed.' . . . — RICHMOND, January 26, 1837.

In an earlier number, for December, 1835, the publisher had said :

"Among these [contributors], we hope to be pardoned for singling out the name of Mr. EDGAR A. POE; not with design to make any invidious distinction, but because such a mention of him finds numberless precedents in the journals on every side, which have rung the praises of his uniquely original vein of imagination, and of humorous, delicate satire."

Page 72 of the "Southern Literary Messenger" for January, 1837, contained a foot-note printed in small type attached to the review of "Anthon's Cicero," to the following effect :

"Mr. Poe's attention being called in another direction, he will decline, with the present number, the Editorial duties on the 'Messenger.' His Critical Notices for this month end with Professor Anthon's 'Cicero'—what follows is from another hand. With the best wishes to the Magazine, and to its few foes as well as many friends, he is now desirous of bidding all parties a peaceable farewell."

Whatever may have been the cause of the "peaceable farewell," — the rupture between Poe and White, — it is absolutely incredible that it could have been the "idleness" or "irregularity" of the former, for in this final number for January, 1837, fully *one-third* of the ninety-six pages is occupied by the eight contributions of the poet-critic, nor is it correct to say (Woodberry, 103) that "Poe furnished no more installments of his serial narrative, 'Arthur Gordon Pym,' which had just been begun in 'The Messenger.'"

The very next number of the "Messenger," for

February, 1837, contains over fifteen columns more of the serial narrative! *Quis credat?*

The previous two years of the "Messenger" had been crowded — enriched beyond compare — with a prodigious variety of work from Poe's ever-fertile, ever-flying pen. If he ventured to republish occasionally what had appeared in his first three timid, scarce, and unknown volumes of 1827, 1829, and 1831, he seldom reproduced an old poem without embellishing it and reducing it to a shape and form that have remained incomparable. The literary perfection which he demanded from his contemporaries was no less sternly exacted from his own writings: with the result that he has yet to be convicted of a technical error in his finished works. The 1827 volume of Poe was suppressed immediately after its publication by C. F. S. Thomas of Boston, and is now so rare that the McKee copy sold in New York, November, 1900, for \$2,050. The 1829 "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" became almost as great a rarity, and the West Point "Poems" of 1831 — in which the forty pages of 1827 had grown to one hundred and twenty-four — are likewise a bibliographical rarity, doubtless even more so then than now when an occasional copy can be picked up at a fabulous price.

To the "Messenger" for 1834-35 (beginning August, 1834, and extending to September, 1835) Poe contributed nine articles; in the "Messenger" for 1835-36 (from December to the following November) Poe had no less than eighteen contributions; and in the volume for 1837, nine contributions, many of them of great length, appear by him: an almost incredible array of work for a young man of "idle,"

"drunken," and "irregular" habits, encumbered with a delicate wife and mother-in-law !

Of the fourteen long prose pieces contributed during these three years, seven are Poe classics: "A MS. Found in a Bottle"; "Berenice"; "Morella"; "Hans Pfaall"; "The Visionary (Assignment)"; "Shadow"; "Metzengerstein"; seven are the remarkable "A Tale of Jerusalem," "Lionizing," "Bon-Bon," "Loss of Breath," "King Pest," "Duc de l'Omelette," and "Four Beasts in One (Epimanes)".

Besides this striking abundance of prose masterpieces, some of which have placed themselves among the rarest prose-poems in the language, there were numerous metrical poems in their early stages—"The Coliseum," "Irene," "Politian," "Israfil," "Pæan," "To Helen," "To Science," "The Valley of Nis," and others: enough to make in all an average of four each month during the period of Poe's incumbency as editor.

There is no doubt, however, that Poe was addicted to drugs and stimulants at irregular intervals and under strong temptations. That he was either an habitual drunkard or an habitual opium-eater is contradicted both by the unanimous testimony of his intimate friends—those who really *knew* him—and by the piles of exquisitely-written manuscript, manuscript written at all hours of the day and night, under all circumstances of good and bad health, hurriedly or deliberately, that have remained behind to attest a physical condition absolutely the opposite of that of a victim of *delirium tremens*.¹ No opium sot, no

¹ The author (who had formed this view independently) was glad to see it confirmed by Mr. Appleton Morgan, "The Personality of

habitual victim of spirituous liquors, could have written this firm, clear, steady, delightfully legible feminine hand-writing. Poe's case has never been scientifically diagnosed by a competent neurologist who possessed the combined pathological and literary equipment and freedom from prejudice necessary to render his case — more singular than "The Case of M. Valdemar" — intelligible to the reading world. Poe himself comes nearest to it in his ghastly tale of "Hop-Frog," in which he describes — autobiographically, one cannot but think — the frightful effects of a single glass of wine on the deformed cripple. His brain was always at fever-heat, a volcano raging with inward fires and full of the molten lava of nervous irritability: to add a single drop of external stimulant to it was to cause it to overflow, and destroy or ravage everything within reach. There are temperaments that come into the world intoxicated, like the "God-intoxicated Spinoza" — so brimming with spiritual fire that there is no room for anything more. Such temperaments are perilously allied to hysteria and madness, but one needs only to glance over the literary annals of the globe to pick out the Sapphos, the Lucans, the Tassos, the Pascals, the Burnses, the Hölderlins, the Collinses. That Poe maintained his absolute sanity to the last, and increased the lofty reasonableness and perfection of his style up to the very gates of Death, is an historical fact illuminative alike to the literary historian and the pathologist.

Poe's position, first as contributor to the "Messenger," then as its editor, had never been a bed of roses. Almost at the outset a confidential correspondent of

Poe" (*Munsey's Magazine*, July, 1897), and by the experts in handwriting to whom he submitted Poe's MSS.

Mr. T. W. White (its proprietor) wrote to him as follows:

"June 22, 1835. James M. Garnett, Essex, to Mr. Thomas W. White, Editor 'South. Lit. Mess.' With respect to Mr. Poe, if I am to judge by his last communication, I should determine that he will rather injure than benefit your Paper. His sole object in this seems to be, to inform your Readers how many Authors he knows, — at least by name. That he may be 'a scholar of the very highest grade' I will not question; but it is not always the best scholars that write best, or have the best taste and judgment. Read his piece over again, and I think you will agree with me that it has neither wit nor humor; or that if it has any, it lies too deep for common understanding to follow it." (MS. letter in the Virginia Historical Society's Library, Richmond, Va.)

Envy and jealousy followed the gifted and unfortunate man wherever he went, and Richmond was no exception. That he did splendid and epoch-making work for White was shown in the enormous increase (from 700 to 5,000) in circulation of the magazine and the great attention that was paid to its literary and critical judgments all over the North and South.

Mr. White himself was an excellent man and business manager who had the sense to see the value of Poe to his journal and to retain these invaluable services as long as he could.

Of Mr. White himself Dr. B. B. Minor (one of the editors of the "Messenger") writes the author under date of November 16, 1900:

"Mr. Thomas W. White, founder and proprietor of the 'Southern Literary Messenger,' was not a man of education or self-culture; but a practical printer.

He was small and of unprepossessing presence ; yet pleasant, kind-hearted, and conciliatory : so that he could enlist others in what he proposed to them. In establishing the 'Messenger,' he probably had an advantage that he would not have had as a literary man. He had a printing office and needed only patronage enough to pay him for a good monthly job. In appealing to the pride and patriotism of our people, which he did sincerely, he could evoke the assistance and co-operation of literary men. Thus he obtained for a whole year, gratuitously, the faithful and efficient editorial services of Mr. James E. Heath, grandfather of Professor Richard Heath Dabney. Mr. Heath had a good salary as 2nd Auditor of the State of Virginia and could and did afford to help Mr. White's approved enterprise.

"Mr. Heath was recognized as a literary man and had published a Virginian novel entitled (I think) 'Edge Hill.' I would like to read it again. Mr. White could write a very good and coaxing letter and drew other influential men to the support of his praiseworthy adventure. At first he announced himself as 'printer and proprietor' of the 'Messenger.'

"In Vol. II. he announced himself 'proprietor,' but said that the 'intellectual department was under the conduct of the proprietor, assisted by a gentleman of distinguished literary talents.' He also said : 'The gentleman referred to in the 9th Number of the 'Messenger' as filling its Editorial chair, retired thence with the 11th Number.'

"In Vol. I., No. 9, p. 481, most cordial thanks are given to the gentleman (Mr. Heath) who had up to that time rendered gratuitously such valuable services to the 'Messenger,' and it was stated that 'an

Editor of acknowledged capacity had been engaged, who would devote his whole attention to the work.' This was the person who so soon retired, — with the 11th Number. I do not *know* who this was. I believe that Lucian Minor was of great assistance to Mr. White, after both Mr. Heath and Mr. Poe. Mr. White thought all the world of Mr. Lucian Minor and the 'Messenger' once gave him the highest sort of notice. I think it was in connection with Mr. Minor's Eulogy on Professor John A. G. Davis and his fine picture of a Model Lawyer.

"As early as Vol. III., Mr. White announced himself as 'Editor and Proprietor,' and continued to do so. He died January 19, 1843, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was a native of Virginia, but was engaged for some time as a printer in Boston, which may have been a benefit to him in his subsequent work in Richmond. It was once stated somewhere that he was a Northern man, but he had this corrected in the 'Messenger,' which declared that he was a Tuckahoe.

"Mr. White's Editors were James E. Heath, Lucian Minor, Edgar A. Poe; Judge Henry St. George Tucker, for a short time, upon the testimony of Colonel Thomas H. Ellis; and Lieutenant Mathew F. Maury, U. S. N. I must have become acquainted with him soon after I settled in Richmond, in 1841. Mr. John W. Fergusson has reminded me that he took to my law office proof-sheets which Mr. White sent and asked me to correct for the 'Messenger.' My first contribution was published in January, 1842, and must have been written some time before. It was in behalf of my Alma Mater, the University of Virginia, and was edited by Lieutenant Maury, as his writing on the MS. plainly shows. I still have it."

Mr. White's daughter, Eliza, to whom Poe addressed the stanzas "To Eliza," was said to be a beautiful girl who visited the Clemms and Poes after they removed to Philadelphia, and afterwards became a well-known Shaksperian reader, dying unmarried in 1888, seventy-six years of age.

After the severance of his connection with the "Messenger," in January, 1837, Poe is found some months after in New York, at a Carmine Street house numbered with the unfortunate figure 113½. It will be remembered that he occupied the dormitory No. 13 West Range, while he was at the University, a fact in which the superstitious seers of signs and wonders may revel.

The house was a wretched wooden shanty, abundantly large for the little party of three and a few boarders whom the indefatigable Mrs. Clemm decided to take as a help in the household expenses.

Invaluable testimony as to Poe's sobriety at this time is rendered by one of these boarders, a Mr. William Gowans, "the wealthy and eccentric bibliopolist," who lived eight months with the Poes in the Carmine Street house.¹ Mr. Gowans joins N. P. Willis, Frances Sargent Osgood, George R. Graham, and many others with whom Poe was intimately associated in social life and in literary office work, in the assertion that he was never otherwise seen than as the courteous and perfect gentleman whose manners, to women especially, were almost reverential, and to his employers habitually respectful and considerate.

In his letter Mr. Gowans says :

"For eight months or more 'one house contained us, as one table fed.' During that time I saw much

¹ *New York Evening Mail*, December, 1870 ; Ingram, I., 143.

of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him often, and I must say, that I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor even descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly, and intelligent companions I have met with during my journeyings and haltings through divers divisions of the globe ; besides, he had an extra inducement to be a good man as well as a good husband, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness ; her eye could match that of any houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate ; a temper and disposition of surpassing sweetness ; besides, she seemed as much devoted to him and his every interest as a young mother is to her first-born. . . . Poe had a remarkably pleasing and prepossessing countenance, what the ladies would call decidedly handsome."

Poe himself had carefully trained the beautiful young Baltimore girl, and under his loving and patient tuition—reversing the position of Morella and Ligeia, whose "profound erudition" instructed their husbands—she became an expert linguist. Her mother speaks of her rare musical powers and beautiful voice :

"Of all the women I have ever known, she, the outwardly calm, the ever-placid Ligeia [that mingled reminiscence of wife and mother] was the most violently a prey to the tumultuous vultures of stern passion. And of such passions I could form no estimate, save by the miraculous expression of those eyes which at once so delighted and appalled me—by the almost magical melody, modulation, distinctness, and placidity of her very low voice."

"Eddie," declares Mrs. Clemm, "was domestic in all his habits, seldom leaving home for an hour un-

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less his darling Virginia, or myself, were with him. He was truly an affectionate, kind husband, and a devoted son to me. He was impulsive, generous, affectionate, and *noble*. His tastes were very simple, and his admiration for all that was good and beautiful very great. . . . We three lived only for each other."¹

And here again arises the exquisite form of Eleonora — the loveliest of all Poe's fable-autobiographies:

"She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these reminiscences, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon the vale; for it lay far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and, to reach our happy home, there was need of putting back, with force, the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers.

"Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley,—I, and my cousin, and her mother."

With this we may combine two other autobiographic touches — for Poe may best be interpreted by himself — one from "Berenice," the other, the remarkable opening lines of "Eleonora":

"I am come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence: whether much that is glorious,

¹ Ingram, I., 146.

whether all that is profound, does not spring from disease of thought, — from *moods* of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awaking, to find that they have been on the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however rudderless or compassless, into the vast ocean of the 'light ineffable'; and again, like the adventures of the Nubian geographer, '*agressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi.*'

"We will say, then, that I am mad." (*Eleanora.*)

"To muse for long unwearied hours, with my attention riveted to some frivolous device on the margin or in the typography of a book; to become absorbed, for the better part of a summer's day, in a quaint shadow falling aslant upon the tapestry or upon the floor; lose myself, for an entire night, in watching the steady flame of a lamp or the embers of a fire; to dream away whole days over the perfume of a flower; to repeat, monotonously, some common word, until the sound, by dint of frequent repetition, ceased to convey any idea whatever to the mind; to lose all sense of motion or physical existence, by means of absolute bodily quiescence long and obstinately persevered in: such were a few of the most common and least pernicious vagaries induced by a condition of the mental faculties, not, indeed, altogether unparalleled, but certainly bidding defiance to anything like analysis or explanation." (*Berenice.*)

Here is Poe drawing his own silhouette out of the cloudland of memory and self-analysis: the dreamer, the poet, the madman, the monomaniac, if you will, passionately addicted to revery, as passionately as the Hindoo who fixes his lifelong glance on the mystic lotus, the ineffable flower, that lifts its chalice above the slime of Life; the ardent lover, the remnant of an ancient race feverishly enamored of the Beautiful, the solitary deluged with poetic visions, whose eye for the Unknown is almost celestially clear, while every step in the Actual is a stumble.

“Berenice and I were cousins, and we grew up together in my paternal halls. Yet differently we grew — I, ill of health, and buried in gloom — she, agile, graceful, and overflowing with energy; hers, the ramble on the hill-side — mine, the studies of the cloister; I, living within my own heart, and addicted, body and soul, to the most intense and painful meditation — she, roaming carelessly through life, with no thought of the shadows in her path, or the silent flight of the raven-winged hours. Berenice! — I call upon her name — Berenice! and from the gray ruins of memory a thousand tumultuous recollections are startled at the sound. Ah, vividly is her image before me now, as in the early days of her light-heartedness and joy! O gorgeous yet fantastic beauty! O sylph amid the shrubberies of Arnheim! O Naiad among its fountains! And then — then all is mystery and terror, and a tale which should not be told. Disease, fatal disease, fell like the simoom upon her frame; and even while I gazed upon her, the spirit of change swept over her, pervading her mind, her habits, her character, and in a manner the most subtle and terrible, disturbing even the identity of her person.”

Here is the premonition of the ill husband, solitary, introspective, Hamlet-like in his profuse soliloquizing on Death and the Eternal, — a more than Werther in the fiery intensity of his monologue, — and of the mortally stricken wife ten or twelve years before the dread catastrophe of his illness and her death came to pass, — a prophetic realization, in advance, of what was to happen in 1847.

The early New York period was devoted to the completion of "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," a story of an Antarctic Cruise as far south as the 84th parallel, made up of equal ingredients of Poe, "The Ancient Mariner," and Benjamin Morell's "Narrative of Four Voyages to the South Seas and Pacific" (New York: 1832: pp. 183 *seq.*). To give realism to the adventures, Poe paraphrased Morell largely as to facts, but had only to draw on his own marvellous imagination to explain them or to conceive situations full of graphic horror and exquisite though terrible landscape-painting, alternately Claudelike and Salvatoresque in their poetic or their supernatural beauty. Such was the realism of the narrative that it was taken for genuine and, after its appearance in book form in 1838, it was reprinted by the Putnams in England.

The period from 1838 to 1844 Poe and his little family spent in Philadelphia, then the literary metropolis of the Union. While he was in Richmond he is said to have received an invitation from Dr. F. L. Hawks of North Carolina to come to New York and collaborate with him on the newly projected "New York Review." His one contribution to this theological quarterly — then in the throes of the financial panic of 1837-38 — was a review of Stephens'

"Travels in Arabia Petraea," partly original, partly compiled from the book itself and from Keith's work on Prophecy. Professor Anthon contributed the Hebrew learning of the article.

In a faded and time-stained copy of the "Baltimore Book" for 1839, edited by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur, now lying before us, we find:

Siope — A Fable.

[In the manner of the Psychological Autobiographists]

By Edgar Poe.

Ours is a world of words : Quiet we call
Silence — which is the merest word of all.

(*Al Aaraaf.*)

— the earliest form of an allegory which is perhaps Poe's most majestic piece of prose, worthy of Jean Paul Richter in its music and magnificence. This earliest form of the fable is destitute of the fine lines from the Greek of Alcman and their English interpretation by Poe, found in later editions, and shows that "Arthur Gordon Pym" did not wholly occupy the poet's time at this period.

Philadelphia in the late thirties and forties was an interesting place intellectually. Here the first monthly magazine, the first daily newspaper, the first religious magazine, the first religious weekly, the first penny paper, mathematical journal, juvenile magazine, and illustrated comic paper, ever published in the United States, had started on their career about the middle of the eighteenth century.

We have several pleasant glimpses of the Poes during this period of their sojourn in Philadelphia, even

Griswold paying a tribute to the beauty of their home life :

"It was while he resided in Philadelphia that I became acquainted with him.

"His manner, except during his fits of intoxication, was very quiet and gentlemanly. He was usually dressed with simplicity and elegance, and when once he sent for me to visit him, during a period of illness caused by protracted and anxious watching at the side of his sick wife, I was impressed by the singular neatness and the air of refinement in his home.

"It was in a small house in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the centre of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished, everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius."

"The residence described," adds Gill,¹ "was a small, brick tenement in North Seventh Street, in that part of the city then known as Spring Garden. The house was on the rear portion of the lot, leaving a large vacant space in front, affording Poe and his gentle invalid wife opportunity for indulging their penchant for plants and flowers."

Mr. C. W. Alexander, publisher of the "Gentleman's Magazine," and a founder of the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," wrote a year after Poe's death of his association with him on the magazine :

"I had long and familiar intercourse with him, and very cheerfully embrace the opportunity which you now offer of bearing testimony to the uniform *gentleness of disposition* [italics Mr. A.'s] and kindness of heart which distinguished Mr. Poe in all my inter-

¹ Life of Edgar A. Poe, p. 100; Chatto and Windus: 1878.

course with him. With all his faults, he was a gentleman ; which is more than can be said of some who have undertaken the ungracious task of blacking the reputation which Mr. Poe, of all others, esteemed the 'precious jewel of his soul.'

"That Mr. Poe had faults," he continues, "seriously detrimental to his own interests, none, of course, will deny. They were, unfortunately, too well known in the literary circles of Philadelphia, were there any disposition to conceal them. But he alone was the sufferer, and not those who received the benefit of his pre-eminent talents, however irregular his habits or uncertain his contributions may occasionally have been."

There is a continuous array of testimony of this kind, acknowledging indeed Poe's infirmities — though there is far from unanimity as to these, some absolutely denying them — but almost universally emphasizing his essential goodness of heart. His continual necessities made him an incessant borrower, and his accounts occasionally became entangled ; but no one familiar with his published and unpublished correspondence will deny his equally incessant anxiety to pay his whole indebtedness to the very last penny.

Another pleasing glimpse of the domestic life of the Poes at this time is given by one who knew them well :

" Their little garden in summer, and the house in winter, were overflowing with luxuriant grape and other vines, and liberally ornamented with choice flowers of the poet's selection. Poe was a pattern of social and domestic worth. It was our happiness to participate with them in the occasional enjoyment of the beauty of the flowers, and to watch the enthusiasm

with which the fondly attached pair exhibited their floral taste. Here, too, we were wont to participate in the hospitality which always rendered Poe's home the home of his friends. We call to mind some incidents in the pleasantly remembered intercourse that existed between the ladies of our families, especially in the hours of sickness, which rendered so much of Virginia's life a source of painful anxiety to all who had the pleasure of knowing her, and of witnessing the gradual wasting away of her fragile frame.

"But she was an exquisite picture of patient loveliness, always wearing upon her beautiful countenance the smile of resignation, and the warm, ever-cheerful look with which she ever greeted her friends.

"How devotedly her husband loved the gentle being is touchingly illustrated in the Griswold description of his visit [quotation]. . . . This, coming from the malignant Griswold, is an eloquent tribute to the kindly and tender spirit of Poe, whose devotion no adversity, not even the fiend that haunted him in the fatal cup, could warp or lessen, and this attachment, intense as it was, was equally strong and enduring in the soul of his 'Annabel Lee,' his gentle mate, whose affection that poem so touchingly and sadly commemorates :

" 'And this maiden, she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.'

" 'She was a child,' sings the poem; and, indeed, Poe himself was little else in the everyday perplexities and responsibilities of life. On leaving Philadelphia for New York, when breaking up their simple, fairy-like home, we were favored with some of their pet flowers, which, preserved and framed, remain in our

household to this day as interesting relics of those happy days with Edgar and Virginia."

The author of this pretty pen-picture of the Poe home life was T. Cottrell Clarke, first editor of the famous Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which had been founded in 1821 by Atkinson & Alexander and was published in the office once occupied by Benjamin Franklin, back of No. 53 Market Street.

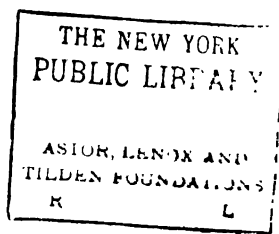
In fact, no one ever came *very near* the Poes without being struck by the wholesomeness, sanity, beauty, and brightness of their surroundings. The direst poverty might reign — as it did through life — in their immediate vicinity, yet there is none of the squalor or moral degradation, irresponsibility or seedy neglect which the health of both husband and wife and the frequent extremity of their needs might well have excused. The Imp of the Perverse ruled there rarely, only as the Imp of the Cup — the hereditary fiend which William Poe, his cousin, in a well-known letter to Edgar, declared to be "a great enemy to our family":

"There is one thing I am anxious to caution you against, and which has been a great enemy to our family, — I hope, however, in your case, it may prove unnecessary, — 'a too free use of the bottle.'"¹

In Philadelphia it was Poe's singular fortune to fall in with the Good and the Evil Angel of his life — with George R. Graham and Rufus Wilmot Griswold — two persons whose influence on his career during critical periods was profound and far-reaching. The dead French Academician is usually eulogized by his successor; the dead man of letters is sometimes kicked by his expected eulogist.

¹ *Century Magazine*, Sept., 1894, p. 737.





The story of "Graham's Magazine," which exercised an influence on American ante-bellum letters unequalled by any other periodical, not even excepting the younger "Atlantic Monthly," is condensed by Mr. A. H. Smyth from Mr. Graham's own lips, as follows:¹

"Graham was the owner and editor of 'Atkinson's Casket,' when, in 1841, William E. Burton, the actor, came to him with the request that he should buy 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' of which Burton had been the proprietor for four years. Burton explained that money was needed for his new theatre, that the magazine must be sold, that it numbered 3,500 subscribers, and that it would be sold outright for \$3,500. Graham, who at that time had 1,500 subscribers to his own magazine, accepted the offer, and 'The Gentleman's Magazine' was transferred to him. 'There is one thing more,' said Burton, 'I want you to take care of my young editor.' That 'young editor' who, in this manner, entered the employ of George Graham was Edgar Allan Poe."

Mr. Graham bore clear and willing testimony to the efficient service rendered by Poe to the new magazine, which, now combined with the "Casket," took the name of its new owner. From 5,000 subscribers, the number soon increased to over 37,000 (Smyth),—certainly a good sign of a new editor! Graham found little in Poe's conduct to reprove, nor did he remember (continues Mr. Smyth) any cause beyond envy and malice for Griswold's truculent slanders. A quarrel of an hour led to Poe's dismissal, but the friendly relations between the poet and his former em-

¹ A. H. Smyth: Philadelphia Magazines and their Contributors: 1892.

ployer remained unsevered. From New York, Poe sent Graham the manuscript of a story for which he asked and received \$50. The story remained unpublished for a year, when Poe again appeared in the editorial room and begged for the return of the manuscript, that he might try with it for the prize of \$100 offered by the "Dollar Magazine" for the best prose tale. Graham showed his "love and friendship" for the author by surrendering the story, and the judges awarded to Poe the prize for "The Gold-Bug."

The "Dollar Magazine" began its career in January, 1843, and its publishers were the publishers of the "Ledger." When George W. Childs purchased the "Ledger," he bought also the "Dollar Magazine," and changed its name to the "Home Weekly and Household Newspaper." In it Hawthorne published, in 1851, "The Unpardonable Sin."

Meanwhile, after the resignation of Poe, the magazine, still under Graham's management, was edited by Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson, until Rufus Wilmot Griswold sat in the responsible chair. James Russell Lowell was a subordinate editor of the magazine as early as 1843 and invited Hawthorne, at the instance of Poe, to become a contributor. Graham himself took a large hand in the editorial conduct of his magazine, though after Griswold's dismissal, the well-known critic E. P. Whipple wrote the editorial reviews of more important books.

Beginning with Volume XVIII., being the addition of the ten volumes of Atkinson's "Casket," and the seven volumes of Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine," Graham's first volume, in 1841, was distinguished by the appearance of Poe's "Descent into the Mael-

ström," and his "Murders in the Rue Morgue." On the cover of Volume XXI., 1842, appears the name of Griswold; and Bayard Taylor and Charles Godfrey Leland were successive editors.

According to Graham's own statement (Smyth, 223), the circulation of the magazine at the height of its popularity never exceeded 35,000, or 37,000. He sold the magazine in 1848, but bought it back in 1849, parting with it definitely only in 1854.

No publication of the day, on this side of the water, had so many and such remarkable contributors, Washington Irving being the only prominent literary American of the day who held aloof. He was the editor of the rival "Knickerbocker," which is said jealously to have guarded the productions of its one great writer. In "Graham's" appeared Longfellow's "Spanish Student," "Belfry of Bruges," "Nuremberg," "Childhood," "The Arsenal at Springfield," and other poems. Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" largely appeared first in "Graham's." George D. Prentice, Fanny Forrester, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Grace Greenwood, William Gilmore Simms, Miss Sedgwick, Frances S. Osgood, N. P. Willis, J. K. Paulding, Park Benjamin, W. W. Story, Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Albert Pike (of "Isadore" fame) were among the writers who aided to surround the new venture with a halo of literary glory.

And this glory came from Graham's honest recognition of the fact that his contributors must be well paid: the first American magazine manager that recognized such business responsibilities. The popularity of the new magazine, under the new management and with such a corps of contributors, was almost instantaneous.

The other—the Evil—angel of Poe's life was Griswold, who succeeded him in the editorial chair of "Graham's."

The Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, D.D., was a Baptist minister who divided his time between literature and religion. Born in Vermont in 1815, he was of excellent Puritan and English lineage, with marked literary tastes and acquirements and so indefatigable as a compiler and editor that though dying at the early age of forty-two, in 1857, he left behind an immense mass of work in history, memoirs, editions, and compilations creditable to his taste and skill. Among the journals he edited were "The New Yorker," "The Brother Jonathan," "The New World," "Graham's Magazine" (1842-1843), and "The International Magazine." His contributions to journalism alone would fill a dozen octavo volumes, while he wrote six or eight independent works on history, biography, philosophy, and theology, with poems, and a novel.

But the work which of all others has endowed Griswold's name with immortality—an "immortality of infamy," as George R. Graham calls it—is "The Works of Edgar A. Poe; Poems, Tales, and Miscellanies; with a Memoir;" two vols., 1849, followed by a third containing the notorious suppressed biography, and a fourth, completing the publication.

All the authorities of the time gave unstinted praise to Griswold as a compiler; the poet Campbell, Whipple, Irving, Poe, Prescott the historian, Bryant, Tuckerman, and other eminent *literati* praised the collections dedicated to the American poets and prose writers of the first jubilee of the century, works which are, indeed, invaluable for the facts they contain and for what they have rescued from oblivion. Griswold

possessed, too, a brilliant and pungent style, which reveals itself often in the Poe Memoir and a critical gift — delicate, incisive, penetrating — of no mean order. With all the masculine strength and untiring industry that he displayed was mingled, however, one soft, one weak spot: he believed himself to be a poet; and on this spot Poe — as might have been expected — infallibly put his finger.

But in contrasting these good and evil demons of Poe's existence so much at length, the conscientious biographer should not overlook the smaller but likewise significant agencies that contributed to mould and round out existence for him at this time.

Among these were Dr. N. C. Brooks of Baltimore and his "American Museum," published in the Monumental City, "The Gift" (Miss Leslie's "Annual"), the Pittsburg "Literary Examiner," and Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine."

Instead of writing a review of Irving, whom he did not like but considered an "overrated writer" of "surreptitious and adventitious reputation," of "tame propriety and faultlessness of style" — as Dr. Brooks had requested him — Poe sent the freshest and most powerful of his tales — the dream-tale "Ligeia," said on the margin of Ingram's copy, in a MS. note, to have been *dreamed*, like Kubla Khan, while he was asleep.

In December, 1838, Poe contributed to "The American Museum," "The Signora Zenobia," and "The Scythe of Time" (rechristened, later, "How to Write a Blackwood Article," and "A Predicament").

"The Gift" for 1839 energized him into writing his story of dualism, the favorite *Doppelgänger* idea

of German literature, "William Wilson," in which he dramatizes Conscience and makes it subordinate to the animal nature. The old balladry of England and Germany is full of the story of the man of two natures so loosely amalgamated that they slip asunder and the evil one goes forth to roam at the midnight hour, or the good one fiercely incarnates itself and confronts the other: ideas as old as the ancient Persian dualism of Light and Darkness, of Ormuzd and Ahriman dallied with by Shelley, and Hawthorne, and Calderon, and Stevenson, and Goethe (whose Faust *and* Mephisto appear simply radiations of the good and the evil in a naturally combined Faust-Mephisto). Poe has artistically slipped the razorlike edge of his analysis in between these twin natures, separated their sutures without the spilling of blood, and set them adrift as marvellous automata, to play over against each other.

"The Museum" for April contained "The Haunted Palace," and the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September "The Fall of the House of Usher," two masterpieces which by a sort of magnetic affinity ultimately ran together and were combined in one story. Of this combined masterpiece Lowell said in "Graham's" for February, 1845:

"As an example of his style we would refer to one of his tales, 'The House of Usher,' in the first volume of his 'Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque.' It has a singular charm for us, and we think that no one could read it without being strongly moved by its serene and sombre beauty. Had its author written nothing else it would alone have been enough to stamp him as a man of genius, and the master of a classic style. In this tale occurs one of the most beautiful of his poems. It loses greatly by being taken out of

its rich and appropriate setting, but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying it here. We know no modern poet who might not have been justly proud of it." [Here he quotes "The Haunted Palace," and adds:]

"Was ever the wreck and desolation of a noble mind so musically sung?"

In a note evidently inspired by Poe himself this number of "Graham's" (p. 52) says:

"Since the publication of the 'Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque,' Mr. P. has written, for this and other journals, the following *tales*, independently of essays, criticisms, etc.: 'The Mystery of Marie Rogêt,' 'Never Bet Your Head' [*sic*], 'A Tale of the Ragged Mountains,' 'The Masque of the Red Death,' 'The Colloquy of Monos and Una,' 'The Landscape Garden' [*sic*], 'The Pit and the Pendulum,' 'The Tell-Tale Heart,' 'The Black Cat,' 'The Man of the Crowd,' 'The System of Doctors Tarr and Fether' [*sic*], 'The Spectacles,' 'The Elk,' 'The Business Man,' 'The Premature Burial,' 'The Oblong Box,' 'Thou Art the Man,' 'Eleonora,' 'Three Sundays in a Week,' 'The Island of the Fay,' 'Life in Death,' 'The Angel of the Odd,' 'The Literary Life of Thingum-Bob,' 'The Descent into the Maelström,' 'The 1002-Tale of Scheherazade,' 'Mesmeric Revelation,' 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Purloined Letter,' and 'The Gold-Bug.' He is also the author of the late Balloon-Hoax. The 'Grotesque and Arabesque' included twenty-five tales."

"The Haunted Palace" appeared in April, and in the following November appeared Longfellow's "Beleaguered City" in the "Southern Literary Mes-

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senger." A furious controversy arose in which Poe accused the New England poet of stealing his idea. The reader may judge for himself by comparing the two poems.

There was no reason for Poe's jealousy of Longfellow since the poems are as unlike as charcoal and diamond. Poe never seems to have realized that he *could* not be plagiarized, that he was too unique and original to be copied, that Poe could not under any circumstances be Longfellow. The pretty and picturesque conceit of "The Beleaguered City," is as different from the glory and ghostliness of "The Haunted Palace" as the solemn, almost insane head of Dante is from that of a cherub afloat in one of Correggio's ceilings.

The year 1839 was signalized by two events, — one unimportant, but remarkable as showing the spirit of his enemies, the publication of "The Conchologist's First Book"; the other as witnessing the issue of perhaps the most original volume of short stories ever published — the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."

As we write, the first and second editions of the manual on conchology (1839, 1840: Philadelphia: Haswell, Barrington, & Haswell) are before us. The facsimile of the title-page of the edition of 1839 reveals all the minutæ of the descriptive title once in vogue. This is followed by a preface signed E. A. P., explaining the terms Malacology and Conchology, with acknowledgments to Mr. Isaac Lea of Philadelphia and Mr. Thomas Wyatt, "and his late excellent 'Manual of Conchology.'" Three pages of introduction, with quotations from De Blainville, Parkinson, and Bergman — pages very agreeably written — intro-



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duce twelve pages of engraved plates of shells, their parts, hinges, etc. Chapters on "Explanation of the Parts of Shells," and on "Classification," then fill up fourteen or fifteen pages more; when at p. 25 the body of the text begins, and extends to p. 146 inclusive. A "Glossary" and "Index" complete the volume, which contains ten pages fewer than the slightly enlarged edition of 1840. The outside cover has a stamped illustration of shells, weeds, and grasses, and the book is bound in paper boards, and copyrighted in Poe's name.

Poe's course in the composition of this work up to page 20 was undoubtedly irregular and reprehensible in not calling attention to the fact that the first twenty pages of the work, including preface, introduction, and explanation of the shells, were a close paraphrase of Captain Thomas Brown's "Conchologist's Text-Book," published in Glasgow in 1837, — whence also Poe's plates are drawn. The remainder of the book is a bit of "job work" arranged between Professor Wyatt, Professor McMurtrie, and Poe, — Poe's "name being put to the work, as best known and most likely to aid its circulation." "I wrote the Preface and Introduction, and translated from Cuvier the accounts of the animals, etc. All schoolbooks are necessarily made in a similar way. The very title-page acknowledges that the animals are given 'according to Cuvier.'" (Poe, February, 1847.)

Wyatt, it seems, had published through the Harpers an expensive work that would not sell; hence, turning to Poe as a brilliant and necessitous *littérateur* of the day, willing and anxious for a "pot-boiler," he engaged the poet to popularize the work and issue an edition under his own (Poe's) name. Wyatt sold the

book himself and is, jointly with Poe, responsible for it and its exhibition of moral obliquity.

The translation and digest of Lemmonnier's "Natural History," attributed to Poe, cannot now be traced to him, though he speaks of his intimate knowledge of it in Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1839.

In July, 1839, he became associate-editor with the comedian Burton of "The Gentleman's Magazine and American Monthly Review," the enterprise of a histrionic Englishman who claimed to be a graduate of Cambridge University. Some of his old poems, book-notices, reviews of various kinds, "The Man That Was Used Up," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion" (the last three appearing for the first time) summed up his contributions to "Burton's" from July to December, the last two alone being sufficient to make the reputation of an unknown writer.

At this point, in a two-volume publication copyrighted in 1839, published by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, and dedicated to Colonel William Drayton, the student reaches the first golden milestone in the poet's career. At thirty years of age, before George Eliot or Emerson or, one might say, Walter Scott had begun to write, Poe had produced most of the prose and much of the verse upon which his enduring fame will rest.

All the Poe types reveal themselves in these volumes and stand before us in statuesque perfection: the lonely forlorn woman stricken with early disease and death; the tale of terror and conscience; the old-world romance charged with poetic German mediævalism; the story whose germ is found in an exquisite

poem imbedded in the text, like the Mignon poems of the Wilhelm Meister; the wonderful fictions of pseudo-science in which imagination scarce outdoes reality; the eloquent Platonic dialogue discussing the high themes of immortality, the emotions and sensations of death and the death-chamber, or the destruction of the globe; the humorous grotesque in which whims and vices are scored with a fun and fancy that recall the quaint mythologic life and quainter landscapes on the walls of a Pompeian villa; life-in-death with its dramatic self-realization and infinitely subtle self-analysis; and the wondrous fables of Silence and Shadow that recall the marvellous allegories of Novalis or of Schleiermacher. The ratiocinative tale alone is absent from these 500 pages,—a *genre* soon to develop with swift and magic force in “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” “The Mystery of Marie Rogêt,” and “The Gold-Bug.” What Poe did in the remaining decade of his life was to refine, polish, amplify this already ample achievement, and to add those inimitable “jingle” poems which Emerson, having no sense of rhythm himself, strove vainly to sneer out of existence with an epithet.

To have accomplished all this in three decades, handicapped as Poe was by disease, illness, poverty, want, and persecution, was to achieve a high and noble distinction that places him even above the young immortals, Keats and André Chénier, who possessed solely the gift of song.

The 1840 edition of the “Tales” was entered in the clerk’s office for the eastern district of Pennsylvania in 1839. The following is the title-page copied from the original:

“Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. | By

Edgar A. Poe. | (Seltsamen tochter Jovis seinem schosskinde Der Phantasie. — GÖTTE.) | In two volumes. | Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1840.

“*Dedication.* — These Volumes are Inscribed to Colonel William Drayton, of Philadelphia, with every Sentiment of Respect, Gratitude, and Esteem, By his obliged Friend and Servant, THE AUTHOR.

“*Preface.* — The epithets ‘Grotesque’ and ‘Arabesque’ will be found to indicate with sufficient precision the prevalent tenor of the tales here published. But from the fact that, during a period of some two or three years, I have written five-and-twenty short stories whose general character may be so briefly defined, it cannot be fairly inferred — at all events it is not truly inferred — that I have, for this species of writing, any inordinate, or indeed any peculiar taste or prepossession. I may have written with an eye to republication in volume form, and may, therefore, have desired to preserve, as far as a certain point, a certain unity of design. This is, indeed, the fact; and it may even happen that, in this manner, I shall never compose anything again. I speak of these things here, because I am led to think it is this prevalence of the ‘Arabesque’ in my serious tales, which has induced one or two critics to tax me, in all friendliness, with what they have pleased to term ‘Germanism’ and gloom. The charge is in bad taste, and the grounds of the accusation have not been sufficiently considered. Let us admit, for the moment, that the ‘phantasy-pieces’ now given *are* Germanic, or what not. Then Germanism is ‘the vein’ for the time being. Tomorrow I may be anything but German, as yesterday I was everything else. These many pieces are yet one book. My friends would be quite as wise in taxing

an astronomer with too much astronomy, or an ethical author with treating too largely of morals. But the truth is that, with a single exception, there is no one of these stories in which the scholar should recognize the distinctive features of that species of pseudo-horror which we are taught to call Germanic, for no better reason than that some of the secondary names of German literature have become identified with its folly. If in many of my productions terror has been the thesis, I maintain that terror is not of Germany, but of the soul — that I have deduced this terror only from its legitimate sources, and urged it only to its legitimate results.

“There are one or two of the articles here, (conceived and executed in the purest spirit of *extravaganza*,) to which I expect no serious attention, and of which I shall speak no farther. But for the rest I cannot conscientiously claim indulgence on the score of hasty effort. I think it best becomes me to say, therefore, that if I have sinned, I have deliberately sinned. These brief compositions are, in chief part, the results of matured purpose and very careful elaboration.

“*Contents of Vol. I.* — Morella ; Lionizing ; William Wilson ; The Man that was Used Up ; The Fall of the House of Usher ; The Duc de l’Omelette ; MS. Found in a Bottle ; Bon-Bon ; Shadow ; The Devil in the Belfry ; Ligeia ; King Pest ; The Signora Zenobia ; The Scythe of Time.

“*Contents of Vol. II.* — Epimanes ; Siope ; Hans Phaall [*sic*] ; A Tale of Jerusalem ; Von Jung ; Loss of Breath ; Metzengerstein ; Berenice ; Why the Little Frenchman wears his Hand in a Sling ; The Visionary ; The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion.

“Appendix [containing a criticism of R. A.

Locke's famous 'Moon Hoax,' in addition to Poe's short note to 'Hans Phaall']."

Of these prose romances Mr. Andrew Lang, in his "Letters to Dead Authors," writes:

"An English critic . . . has described them as 'Hawthorne and delirium tremens.' I am not aware that extreme orderliness, masterly elaboration, and unchecked progress towards a predetermined effect are characteristics of the visions of delirium. If they be, then there is a deal of truth in the criticism, and a good deal of delirium tremens in your style. But your ingenuity, your completeness, your occasional luxuriance of fancy and wealth of jewel-like words, are not, perhaps, gifts which Mr. Hawthorne had at his command. He was a great writer — the greatest writer in prose fiction whom America has produced. But you and he have not much in common, except a certain mortuary turn of mind and a taste for gloomy allegories about the workings of conscience.

"For your stories has been reserved a boundless popularity, and that highest success — the success of a perfectly sympathetic translation. By this time of course you have made the acquaintance of your translator, M. Charles Baudelaire."

CHAPTER VII.

1840-1844.

PHILADELPHIA: NEW YORK; BURTON'S "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE;" "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE."

IN 1840 the great Republic rejoiced in a population of more than 17,000,000, among whom were a vast number of travelled and cultured persons profoundly interested in reading and in things of the spirit. A wave of idealism had passed over New England, woven of the study of German mysticism, the worship of Carlyle and Goethe, and a healthy reaction against the overwhelming materialism of the age.

As far back as 1824, 1825, and 1827, indeed when Carlyle unsealed the deep fountains of German ideology, romance, and poetry with his translations of Wilhelm Meister, his "German Romance," and his biography of Schiller, — fortified by the works of Sir Walter Scott as a translator, and the immense influence of Coleridge, — the subtle spirit of German philosophy, metaphysics, and mediævalism had begun to spread like an invisible oil, — tenuous, expansive, all-pervading, — over the English and American mind, aided by the numerous translations of Tieck, La Motte Fouqué, Chamisso, the Schlegels, Schiller, Schelling, Heine, and Uhland that began to pour

from the press, opening up a wonder-world of picturesque "Germanism" that had before been inaccessible.

Where or how, precisely, Poe became first inoculated with this spirit of occult Germany : whether it was bred in him and born with him, naturally, as part of his constitutional heritage from a mixed and high-strung ancestry ; or whether he drank it in with his Morellas and Eleanoras and Ligeias as he read and studied with them in the enchanted castles of his fancy, is not clear : Poe nowhere reduces his beliefs — "Eureka" alone excepted — to a system, and he revels in occultism, in mesmerism, in the miraculous revelations of science merely for the intellectual delight of the moment. That somehow — somewhere — he became saturated with the doctrines of Schelling and founded some of his finest tales and " dialogues of the dead " (" Monos and Una " and " Eiros and Charmion," for example) on their poetic mysticism, there can be no doubt.

Poe indeed was constitutionally disposed to "the flight into the land of the supernatural and the miraculous ;" "a wilder'd being from his birth," he never ceased to see visions and dream dreams ; along with all the great poets that have ever lived — Homer, Virgil, Dante, Caedmon, Chaucer, Langland, Tennyson — his dreams were his most vivid realities, and he was of the dreaming race — the Germanic — the race of Novalis and Schelling, his masters across the German sea.

With the publication of "The Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" in 1840, Poe found himself in an environment of unexampled richness, not only for what it had already accomplished, but also for

what it promised. Lowell, Hawthorne, Motley, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Irving, were his immediate contemporaries and brethren in art ; all about him the glades — the magazines — were vocal with the male and female songsters to whom he was now to turn a biting or a flattering pen ; literary animalcules thirsting for recognition swarmed in every hedge-row and flooded the press with their pipings.

Among these Poe soon towered as a giant ; even the lordly Irving, who had so long figured as the supreme pontiff of American letters, acknowledged his genius — Irving, who was to America, in the forties, what Goethe had been to Germany and Voltaire had been to France. Possessed of a fearless and independent mind, of extensive knowledge, and of a definite, individual, and sententious system of criticism, Poe lived in an exceedingly trying age — certainly that part of it which extended from 1840 to 1849 — when circumstances forced him to turn his attention — critically — to his contemporaries. He believed himself to be a great critic ; and he spoke from his judicial throne with a “cock-sure” Macaulayan infallibility that was exceedingly irritating to the mob ; as surprising, indeed, as his belief in his own infallible powers of solving puzzles and enigmas, of the cryptographic kind which he now began contributing to Alexander’s “Weekly Messenger ;” asserting that “human ingenuity cannot construct any cryptograph human ingenuity cannot decipher.”

Our preceding chapter contained a brief notice of Burton and his “Gentleman’s Magazine,” with an account of its ultimate purchase by George R. Graham and its absorption, with “The Casket,” into “Graham’s Magazine.”

The partnership of Poe and Burton — never amicable — appears in their joint names in the title-page of the "Gentleman's Magazine,"¹ for 1840. He had been appointed editor of this in July, 1839, and to the September number he contributed one of the most thrilling and artistic of his tales, "The Fall of the House of Usher," incidentally, in the portrait of Roderick Usher, painting the following portrait of himself :

"The character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion ; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison ; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve ; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations ; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy ; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity : these features, with an inordinate expansion of the temple [see the Cole portrait of Poe] made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten."

The *Israfel motif* appears in the couplet from Béranger, which introduces this spectral sonata in words :

"Son cœur est un luth suspendu ;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne."

During the remainder of 1839 Poe reprinted in the "Gentleman's" "William Wilson" and "Morella," some of his short poems, short reviews of books, and in the December number, an original contribution, "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion," a dia-

¹ The author is much indebted to Mr. John Thomson, Librarian of the Free Library, Philadelphia, for the loan of files of this magazine and of Graham's : 1839-1849.

logue intensely dramatic in its word-painting, carrying to a rare point of perfection a literary form in which he indulged but three times, though each time masterfully : "The Colloquy of Monos and Una," "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion," and "The Power of Words." In "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion" one sees the calm Platonic dialogue, surcharged with a frightful meaning and working up to its acme by means of terrific supernatural machinery undreamt of in the days and in the dreams of Plato : certainly no more plausible theory — *vision* — one may truly call it — of the ultimate destruction of the globe was ever imagined or conjured up in words.

All his life Poe pursued the will o' the wisp idea of establishing a literary journal that should be fearless, independent, critical, and classical in style and spirit ; the last journey of his restless and fevered life being undertaken with this object. In Philadelphia the demon pursued him while he was in the employ of Burton and Graham ; it pursued him in New York ; and his correspondence is full of it. The Philadelphia "Saturday Chronicle" for June 13, 1840, contained the announcement that "The Penn Monthly," edited by Edgar A. Poe, would appear January 1, 1841, and prospectuses were widely distributed. It is supposed that a quarrel arose between Poe and Burton on account of the new magazine ; Poe was accused of stealing Burton's subscription list and of neglecting his office duties on "The Gentleman's," and a rupture ensued. That he neglected these duties is emphatically denied by Mr. C. W. Alexander, publisher of the magazine, who in October, 1850 (Gill, p. 97), wrote :

"The absence of the principal editor [Burton] on professional duties left the matters frequently in the

hands of Mr. Poe, whose unfortunate failing may have occasioned some disappointment in the preparation of a particular article expected from him, but never interfering with the regular publication of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' as its monthly issue was never interrupted upon any occasion, either from Mr. Poe's deficiency, or from any other cause, during my publication of it, embracing the whole time of Mr. Poe's connection with it."

This candid and clear statement is ingeniously twisted by one of Poe's biographers into a confirmation of the poet's intemperance and into a refutation of the following admirable letter to his old friend Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, in which he describes his habits at Richmond and Philadelphia:

PHILADELPHIA, April 1, 1841.

MY DEAR SNODGRASS,—I fear you have been thinking it was not my design to answer your kind letter at all. It is now April Fool's Day, and yours is dated March 8th; but believe me, although, for good reason, I may occasionally postpone my reply to your favors, I am never in danger of forgetting them.

In regard to Burton. I feel indebted to you for the kind interest you express; but scarcely know how to reply. My situation is embarrassing. It is impossible, as you say, to notice a buffoon and a felon, as one gentleman would notice another. The law, then, is my only resource. Now, if the truth of a scandal could be admitted in justification—I mean of what the law terms a *scandal*—I would have matters all my own way. I would institute a suit, forthwith, for his personal defamation of myself. He would be unable to prove the truth of his allegations. I could

prove their falsity and their malicious intent by witnesses who, seeing me at all hours of every day, would have the best right to speak — I mean Burton's own clerk, Morrell, and the compositors of the printing office. In fact, I could prove the scandal almost by acclamation. I should obtain damages. But, on the other hand, I have never been scrupulous in regard to what I have said of him. I have always told *him* to his face, and everybody else, that I looked upon him as a blackguard and a villain. This is notorious. He would meet me with a cross-action. The truth of the allegation — which I could [as] easily prove as he would find it difficult to prove the truth of his own respecting me — would not avail me. The law will not admit, as justification of my calling Billy Burton a scoundrel, that Billy Burton is really such. What then can I do? If I sue, he sues : you see how it is.

At the same time — as I may, after further reflection, be induced to sue, I would take it as an act of kindness — not to *say justice* — on your part, if you would see the gentleman of whom you spoke, and ascertain with accuracy all that may legally avail me ; that is to say, what and when were the words used, and whether your friend would be willing for your sake, for my sake, and for the sake of truth, to give evidence if called upon. Will you do this for me?

So far for the matter inasmuch as it concerns Burton. I have now to thank you for your defence of myself, as stated. You are a physician, and I presume no physician can have difficulty in detecting the *drunkard* at a glance. You are, moreover, a literary man, well read in morals.

You will never be brought to believe that I could write what I daily write, *as* I write it, were I as this

villain would induce those who know me not, to believe. In fine, I pledge you, before God, the solemn word of a gentleman, that I am temperate even to rigor. From the hour in which I first saw this basest of calumniators to the hour in which I retired from his office in uncontrollable disgust at his chicanery, arrogance, ignorance and brutality, *nothing stronger than water ever passed my lips.*

It is, however, due to candor that I inform you upon what foundation he has erected his slanders. At no period of my life was I ever what men call intemperate. I never was in the *habit* of intoxication. I never drank drams, &c. But, for a period, while I resided in Richmond, and edited the "Messenger," I certainly did give way, at long intervals, to the temptation held out on all sides by the spirit of Southern conviviality. My sensitive temperament could not stand an excitement which was an every-day matter to my companions. In short, it sometimes happened that I was completely intoxicated. For some days after each excess I was invariably confined to bed. But it is now quite four years since I have abandoned every kind of alcoholic drink — four years, with the exception of a single deviation, which occurred shortly *after* my leaving Burton, and when I was induced to resort to the occasional use of *cider*, with the hope of relieving a nervous attack.

You will thus see, frankly stated, the whole amount of my sin. You will also see the blackness of that heart which could *revive* slander of this nature. Neither can you fail to perceive how desperate the malignity of the slanderer must be — how resolute he must be to slander, and how slight the grounds upon which he would build up a defamation — since he can

find nothing better with which to charge me than an accusation which can be disproved by each and every man with whom I am in the habit of daily intercourse.

I have now only to repeat to you, in general, my solemn assurance that my habits are as far removed from intemperance as the day from the night. My sole drink is water.

Will you do me the kindness to repeat this assurance to such of your own friends as happen to speak of me in your hearing?

I feel that nothing more is requisite, and you will agree with me upon reflection.

Hoping soon to hear from you, I am,

Yours most cordially,

DR. J. E. SNODGRASS.

EDGAR A. POE.¹

It is thus seen that it was the occasional convivial glass, not the habitual slip, that was the bane of the poet's existence — a view confirmed by his friend Tucker's testimony when they were boys at the University of Virginia, and reasserted all through his later life by those nearest to him. Mrs. Clemm asserted positively, "For years I know he did not taste even a glass of wine," the period embraced being that between 1837 and 1841; testimony confirmed by L. A. Wilmer ("Our Press-Gang," p. 284), by William Gowans, "the eccentric book-miser of Nassau Street, who bought so many volumes, and sold so few, that both cellar and attic of his place of business were found, at his death, packed with forgotten purchases;"² and by many others.

Mr. Appleton Morgan, president of the New York

¹ Poe to Snodgrass, *Baltimore American*, April, 1881.

² Appleton Morgan, *Munsey's Magazine*, July, 1897, p. 529.
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Shakspeare Society, which interested itself successfully in getting the New York legislature to pass a bill establishing Poe Park and removing to it the Fordham cottage where Virginia died, writes : ¹

“ From those who claim to have been Poe’s neighbors at Fordham (1846-49), or who said that their parents had been, there came curiously contradictory statements as to the poet’s character and habits. I heard it asserted that he was a shiftless, careless, unhappy man, with a kind word for nobody — a drunkard who was pointed out to strangers as he reeled home at night. On the other hand, people who knew him personally, or whose fathers and mothers have so testified to them, have assured me that Poe never drank liquor simply because his stomach was so delicate that a single glass of wine was poison to him, and that he could not, even by a physical effort, swallow, much less retain, a drop of ardent spirits.

“ I have been assured by this latter group of witnesses, that Edgar Poe was a sweet and lovable gentleman, with a smile and a courteous word or gesture for every one who met him ; that he dressed with scrupulous care, and that, however threadbare his garments, he was always precise and dainty, even dapper, in his neatness and in his gait ; that, far from pointing him out with scorn and reproach, his neighbors loved to see him, spoke highly of him, sympathized with his misfortunes, and, had they dared, would have openly offered him the assistance which they did, as often as possible, clandestinely render him.”

Dr. J. J. Moran, who attended him in his dying hours, asserted solemnly that there was no smell of liquor on his breath, and that he recoiled with horror

¹ Appleton Morgan, *Munsey’s Magazine*, July, 1897, p. 529.

from the offer to take what the physician thought was a necessary stimulant ; and the attention of the reader is called to the statement of the official who administered the oath of temperance to Poe when he joined the society just before his death.

Another most interesting letter from Poe to Burton, dated June 1, reveals clearly Poe's lack of vanity as to his writings, his precision and punctiliousness in money matters, the large amount of work he contributed to the "Gentleman's Magazine" during his twelve months' connection with it, and his exculpation of himself from the charge of underhanded dealing in "The Penn Monthly" affair. Though the total number of pages he contributed is inaccurately added up, the correct number of pages being 123 (not "132") still this leaves Poe an average of ten pages per month, not eleven, as he sums it up, for his usual monthly contribution to the magazine. The letter, whatever be its temper, is an epistolary masterpiece, clear, eloquent, and convincing. That Burton was really a good fellow, — that Poe was not justified in denouncing him to Snodgrass as "a buffoon and a felon" — is plain from what we printed in a previous chapter where, when Graham is about to purchase the "Gentleman's Magazine" and combine it with "The Casket," Burton makes a special condition that his "young editor [Poe] is to be taken care of." Poe wrote to Burton as follows :

SIR, — I find myself at leisure this Monday morning, June 1, to notice your very singular letter of Saturday. . . . I have followed the example of Victorine and slept upon the matter, and you shall now hear what I have to say. In the first place, your attempts to bully me excite in my mind scarcely any

other sentiment than mirth. When you address me again, preserve, if you can, the dignity of a gentleman. . . . I shall feel myself more at liberty to be explicit. As for the rest, you do me gross injustice; and you know it. As usual, you have wrought yourself into a passion with me on account of some imaginary wrong; for no real injury, or attempt at injury, have you ever received at my hands. As I live, I am utterly unable to say why you are angry, or what true grounds of complaint you have against me. You are a man of impulses; have made yourself, in consequence, some enemies; have been in many respects ill-treated by those whom you had looked upon as friends — and these things have rendered you suspicious. You once wrote in your magazine a sharp critique upon a book of mine — a very silly book — *Pym*. Had I written a similar criticism upon a book of yours, you feel that you would have been my enemy for life, and you therefore imagine in my bosom a latent hostility towards yourself. This has been a mainspring in your whole conduct towards me since our first acquaintance. It has acted to prevent all cordiality. In a general view of human nature your idea is just — but you will find yourself puzzled in judging me by ordinary motives. Your criticism was essentially correct, and therefore, although severe, it did not occasion in me one solitary emotion either of anger or dislike. But even while I write these words, I am sure you will not believe them. Did I not still think you, in spite of the exceeding littleness of some of your hurried actions, a man of many honorable impulses, I would not now take the trouble to send you this letter. I cannot permit myself to suppose that you would say to me in cool blood what you said in your letter of yes-

terday. You are, of course, only mistaken, in asserting that I owe you a hundred dollars, and you will rectify the mistake at once when you come to look at your accounts.

Soon after I joined you, you made me an offer of money, and I accepted \$20. Upon another occasion, at my request, you sent me enclosed in a letter \$30. Of this \$30, I repaid \$20 within the next fortnight (drawing no salary for that period). I was thus still in your debt \$30, when not long ago I again asked a loan of \$30, which you promptly handed to me at your own home. Within the last three weeks, three dollars each week have been retained from my salary, an indignity which I have felt deeply but did not resent. You state the sum retained as \$8, but this I believe is through a mistake of Mr. Morrell. My postage bill, at a guess, might be \$9 or \$10 — and I therefore am indebted to you, upon the whole, in the amount of about \$60. More than this sum I shall not pay. You state that you can no longer afford to pay \$50 per month for 2 or 3 pages of MS. Your error here can be shown by reference to the magazine. During my year with you I have written — in July, 5 pp.; in August, 9 pp.; in Sept., 16 pp.; in Oct., 4 pp.; in Nov., 5 pp.; in Dec., 12 pp.; in Jan., 9 pp.; in Feb., 12 pp.; in March, 11 pp.; in April, 17 pp.; in May, 14 pp., plus 5 copied — Miss Michael's MS.; in June, 9 pp., plus 3 copied — Chandler's. Total, 132 pp. [*sic*].

Dividing this sum by 12, we have an average of 11 pp. per month — not 2 or 3. And this estimate leaves out of question everything in the way of extract or compilation. Nothing is counted but *bonâ fide* composition. Eleven pages, at \$3 per page, would be

\$33, at the usual magazine prices. Deduct this from \$50, my monthly salary, and we have left \$17 per month, or \$4.25 per week, for the services of proof reading; general superintendence at the printing office; reading, alteration and preparation of MSS., with compilation of various articles, such as plate articles, field sports, &c. Neither has anything been said of my name upon your title-page, a small item — you will say — but still something, as you know. Snowden pays his editresses \$2 per week each for their names *solely*. Upon the whole, I am not willing to admit that you have greatly overpaid me. That I did not do four times as much as I did for the magazine was your own fault. At first I wrote long articles, which you deemed inadmissible, and never did I suggest any to which you had not some immediate and decided objection. Of course I grew discouraged, and could feel no interest in the journal.

I am at a loss to know why you call me selfish. If you mean that I borrowed money of you — you know that you offered it, and you know that I am poor. In what instance has any one ever found me selfish? Was there selfishness in the affront I offered Benjamin (whom I respect, and who spoke well of me) because I deemed it a duty not to receive from any one commendation at your expense? . . . I have said that I could not tell why you were angry. Place yourself in my situation and see whether you would not have acted as I have done. You first “enforced,” as you say, a deduction of salary: giving me to understand thereby that you thought of parting company. You next spoke disrespectfully of me behind my back — this as an habitual thing — to those whom you supposed your friends, and who punctually retailed me,

as a matter of course, every ill-natured word which you uttered. Lastly, you advertised your magazine for sale without saying a word to me about it. I felt no anger at what you did — none in the world.

Had I not firmly believed it your design to give up your journal, with a view of attending to the Theatre, I should never have dreamed of attempting one of my own. The opportunity of doing something for myself seemed a good one — (and I was about to be thrown out of business) — and I embraced it. Now I ask you, as a man of honor and as a man of sense — what is there wrong in all this? What have I done at which you have any right to take offence? I can give you no definitive answer (respecting the continuation of Rodman's Journal) until I hear from you again. The charge of \$100 I shall not admit for an instant. If you persist in it our intercourse is at an end, and we can each adopt our own measures.

In the meantime, I am,

Yr. Obt. St.,

WM. E. BURTON, Esq.

EDGAR A. POE.

In a previous chapter we have recounted from Graham's own lips the story of the origination of "Graham's Magazine," which was destined for the next ten years to exercise an almost preponderating influence on American letters. No one can look over the files of the magazine for these years without being struck with the wealth and distinction of remarkable names which embellish its pages and with the immediate success which from February, 1841, began to attend Poe's critical and, finally, editorial responsibility for its contents. In his "Chapter on Autography," Poe expressed himself thus of Mr. Graham :

"Mr. Graham is known to the literary world as the editor and proprietor of 'Graham's Magazine' the most popular periodical in America, and also of the 'Saturday Evening Post' of Philadelphia. For both of these journals he has written much and well. His MS. generally is very bad, or at least very illegible. At times it is sufficiently distinct, and has force and picturesqueness, speaking plainly of the *energy* which particularly distinguishes him as a man."

"Energy" indeed was Graham's characteristic, reinforced by exceptional good nature and a kindliness of feeling for his "young editor" which made him come out after Poe's death in an eloquent defence of him.

Of Burton he goodnaturedly wrote in the same "Autography":

"Mr. Burton is better known as a comedian than as a literary man, but he has written many short prose articles of merit, and his quondam editorship of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' would, at all events, entitle him to a place in this collection. He has, moreover, published one or two books. An annual issued by Carey and Hart in 1840 consisted entirely of prose contributions from himself, with poetical ones from Charles West Thompson, Esq. In this work many of the tales were good."

"The Penn Monthly" scheme went up in the usual smoke to which illness, indigence, and financial panic — chronic in those times — so often reduced the journalistic dreams of the poet. Its ambitious prospectus — Prospectus of "The Penn Magazine," a monthly literary journal, to be edited and published in the city of Philadelphia by Edgar A. Poe — was

all that ever appeared of it. It was a *Poe* journal that Poe craved; a journal that would give free play to his own individuality such as he had not been allowed to show in the "Messenger;" a journal that would deal out critical justice in a calm yet stern and fearless manner, guided by the purest rules of Art, impersonal in its judgments, avoiding the "involute and anonymous cant of the *Quarterlies*" and the arrogance of the cliques and Mutual Admiration Societies; versatility, originality, pungency would enable it to please; there should be "no tincture of the buffoonery, scurrility, or profanity, which are the blemish of some of the most vigorous of the European prints."

It was, however, perhaps just as well that Poe's time should not have been taken up at this moment with the harassing responsibilities of an independent journal; otherwise he might never have made the striking record or produced the profound impression on contemporary literature which his contributions to "*Graham's*" up to 1842 began to show. To the last number of the "*Gentleman's*" before it became "*Graham's*" he had contributed "*The Man of the Crowd*," a Hugoësk sketch filled with the power, the terrors, the shadows of unknown and un-conjecturable crime; the cipher papers in Alexander's "*Weekly Messenger*" had at this time created a great sensation, ninety-nine of the cryptographs (he says) sent in by his correspondents being solved by him; and there were contributions (untraced as yet) to the "*United States Military Magazine*."

In "*Graham's Magazine*" for July, 1841, he speaks in an entertaining way about his cryptographic studies and challenge:

"In the discussion of an analogous subject, in one

of the weekly papers [Alexander's "Weekly Messenger"] of this city [Philadelphia], about eighteen months ago, the writer of this article had occasion to speak of the application of a vigorous *method* in all forms of thought, of its advantages, of its extension, of its use even to what is considered the operation of pure fancy—and thus, subsequently, of the solution of cipher. He even ventured to assert that no cipher, of the character above specified, could be sent to the address of the paper which he would not be able to resolve. This challenge excited, most unexpectedly, a very lively interest among the numerous readers of the journal. Letters were poured in upon the editor from all parts of the country; and many of the writers of these epistles were so convinced of the impenetrability of their mysteries as to be at great pains to draw him into wagers on the subject. At the same time, they were not always scrupulous about sticking to the point. The cryptographs were, in numerous instances, altogether beyond the limits defined in the beginning. Foreign languages were employed. Words and sentences were run together without interval. Several alphabets were used in the same cipher. One gentleman, but moderately endowed with conscientiousness, inditing us a puzzle composed of pot-hooks and hangers to which the wildest typography of the office could afford nothing similar, went even so far as to jumble together no less than *seven distinct alphabets* without intervals between the letters or between the lines. Many of the cryptographs were dated in Philadelphia, and several of those which urged the subject of a bet were written by gentlemen of this city. Out of, perhaps, one thousand ciphers altogether received, there was only one which we did not immediately

succeed in resolving. This was one we *demonstrated* to be an imposition — that is to say, we fully proved it a jargon of random characters, having no meaning whatever. In respect to the epistle of the seven alphabets, we had the pleasure of completely non-plussing its inditer by a prompt and satisfactory translation.

“The weekly paper mentioned was, for a period of some months, greatly occupied with the hieroglyphic and cabalistic-looking solutions of the cryptographs sent us from all quarters. Yet, with the exception of the writers of the ciphers, we do not believe that any individuals could have been found among the readers of the journal who regarded the matter in any other light than in that of a desperate humbug. One party averred that the mysterious figures were only inserted to give a *queer* air to the paper, for the purpose of attracting attention. Another thought it more probable that we not only solved the ciphers, but put them together ourselves for solution. This having been the state of affairs at the period when it was thought expedient to decline further dealings in necromancy, the writer of this article avails himself of the present opportunity to maintain the truth of the journal in question, to repel the charges of rigmarole by which it was assailed, and to declare, in his own name, that the ciphers were all written in good faith, and solved in the same spirit.” (Article on “Cryptography,” “Graham’s,” July, 1841.)

But up to his abrupt departure from Philadelphia for New York in the spring of 1844, Poe wrote almost as assiduously for Graham and “Graham’s” as he had written in 1834, ’35, ’36, and ’37 for White and the “Messenger.” Tales, poems,

critiques flowed from his ever-facile pen, which copied also and reprinted — we can see nothing “flagrant” about the action — some of his already printed poems. Poe rarely printed a poem without improving it; but for this reprinting and embellishing process we should miss the final and exquisite forms of “Lenore,” “To Helen,” “The Raven” “Israel,” “The Bells,” and a number of other beautiful things. What Poe reprinted was not old trumpery: it was the new and dainty coinage of a mind ruminating in its maturity over immature *juvenilia* and retouching them with a magician’s wand.

The overflow of Poe’s genius, — what did not appear in “Graham’s” — appeared in “The Saturday Evening Post” (owned by Graham), Snowden’s “Lady’s Companion,” the “Saturday Museum,” Lowell’s “Pioneer,” Miss Leslie’s “Gift,” “The Dollar Newspaper,” “The United States Saturday Post” (a new form of the old “Saturday Post”), and Willis’s “Opal,” besides lectures delivered once in Baltimore and once in Philadelphia on “The Poets and Poetry of America.”

These fruitful years developed in Poe — probably as a corollary from his cryptographic studies, in which his faculty of concentrated reasoning grew almost visibly — the power of writing the ratiocinative tale, a *genre* in which he has never been excelled. An exhibition of this power startled Charles Dickens when, in the “Saturday Evening Post” for May, 1841, he predicted the plot of “Barnaby Rudge” from data furnished by the book itself. Poe’s power, hitherto, had been descriptive, mystic, emotional; he had revelled in the senses and in sense-products — rhythm, landscape, psychologic phenomena of a dim

and terrible yet sensualistic character, borderlands betwixt life and death, flashes of the subliminal consciousness whence well up mysterious telepathic communications between the Seen and the Unseen, fateful and funereal scenes of ruin, desolation, and decay draped in the utmost pomp and magic of style.

Now his mind developed a strange and lucid power of analytical reasoning, like a sixth sense suddenly superadded to a brain already abnormally developed. The absurd statement that the poet left West Point because he could not learn mathematics, or the *technique* of mathematics, would be refuted, if refutation it required, by the mathematically clear reasoning of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Gold-Bug," belonging to this period.

During the wonderfully productive period of his stay in Philadelphia, Poe wrote or published the following items:

"Siope — a Fable [Silence]," "Ligeia," "How to Write a Blackwood Article [The Signora Zenobia]," "A Predicament [The Scythe of Time]," "The Devil in the Belfry," "The Man that was Used Up," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "William Wilson," "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion," "Mystification [Von Jung]," "Why the Little Frenchman Wears his Hand in a Sling," "The Business Man [Peter Pendulum]," "The Man of the Crowd," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "A Descent into the Maelström," "The Island of the Fay," "The Colloquy of Monos and Una," "Never Bet the Devil your Head," "Three Sundays in a Week [A Succession of Sundays]," "Eleonora," "The Oval Portrait [Life in Death],"

"The Masque of the Red Death," "The Landscape Garden [part of "The Domain of Arnheim"]," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Gold-Bug," "The Black Cat," "The Elk [Morning on the Wissahiccon]."

This long list does not include literary hack-work like "The Conchologist's First Book," or "Arthur Gordon Pym" (in book form), "The Journal of Julius Rodman," (first unearthed by Mr. J. H. Ingram in Burton's) and the very numerous and brilliant critiques and poems in "The Gentleman's," "Graham's," "The Pioneer," and other periodicals; nor "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," "The Spectacles," "Diddling Considered as one of the Exact Sciences," "The Balloon-Hoax," "Mesmeric Revelation," "The Premature Burial," "The Oblong Box," "Thou art the Man," and the "Literary Life of Thingum-Bob": all of which were probably composed in Philadelphia but came out in 1844, after Poe left the town.

There are here enumerated thirty-six pieces, all highly original, six or eight standing among the most celebrated of Poe's masterpieces. Ordinary brains impelled to this extent must needs have felt the "fag" which follows inevitably upon overworked mental processes; "his daring critiques, his analytic essays, and his weird stories, following one another in quick succession, startled the public and compelled it to an acknowledgment of his powers;" but Poe — at least for a time — seemed to possess a mind bathed in perpetual vigor and rejuvenation. With admirable good humor he worked through the quires of puzzles, ciphers, enigmas and cryptographs that poured down upon him

after his famous challenge; for fifteen or eighteen months he reigned as the absolute sovereign of "Graham's," dispensing critical justice to Longfellow, Hawthorne, Dickens, Bulwer, Bolingbroke, "The Quacks of Helicon," "L. E. L.," the Davidson Sisters, Campbell's "Petrarch," "The Vicar of Wakefield," Heber, Walpole, Christopher North, Brainerd, Lever, Brougham, Howitt, and others; and his creative powers as a storyteller revelled in the long list of works we have enumerated.

He made three contributions to Lowell's "Pioneer," a Boston monthly, which unsuccessfully aspired to the calm, courageous place dreamed of by Poe. It was unsuccessful in that it lived through only three numbers.

Lowell, like Poe, was thus pursued by the vision of an impossible magazine which should altruistically — at \$3 per annum — substitute for the "namby-pamby love-tales and sketches poured forth" on the long-suffering public, a "healthy and manly Periodical Literature," such as it could digest.

But the well-deserving enterprise failed, and Lowell was to reserve his strength for the "Atlantic Monthly," some fourteen years later.

Nothing in Poe's career is more creditable to him than his letters to and his true courtesy toward Lowell on the falling through of the unfortunate undertaking, creditable alike to head and heart and purse, when we know how sorely pressed Poe was at this time — and at all times — for his daily bread. When Lowell, overwhelmed with debt and suffering from ophthalmia, gave up "The Pioneer," Poe wrote, March 27, 1843:

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have just received yours of the 24th and am deeply grieved that you should have been so unfortunate, and, secondly, that you should have thought it necessary to offer me any apology for your misfortunes. As for the few dollars you owe me [it was \$30 or \$40] give yourself not one moment's concern about *them*. I am poor, but must be very much poorer, indeed, when I even think of demanding them.

"But I sincerely hope all is not so bad as you suppose it, and that, when you come back to look about you, you will be able to continue 'The Pioneer.' Its decease, just now, would be a most severe blow to the good cause — the cause of Pure Taste. I have looked upon your magazine, from its outset, as the best in America, and have lost no opportunity of expressing the opinion."¹

In April he ceased to be editor of "Graham's."

Why he resigned is not circumstantially known, but the following quotation from Gill (pp. 109, 110) is suggestive :

"Speaking of the severing of Poe's connection with 'Graham's Magazine,' Dr. Griswold writes, 'The infirmities which induced his separation from Mr. White and Mr. Burton at length compelled Mr. Graham to find another editor;' and also in the same connection, 'It is known that the personal ill-will on both sides was such that for some four or five years *not*

¹ Dr. E. E. Hale's "James Russell Lowell and his Friends," 1898, contains an interesting account of "The Pioneer," as does also Vol. 5 of the "New England Magazine" (new series).

a line by Poe was purchased for 'Graham's Magazine.' The italics are Dr. Griswold's. . . .

"Mr. Graham, from whom the magazine was named, is now [1878] living, and when we last saw him, December, 1873, he was in excellent health. We were then, of course, intent upon securing data in regard to the life of Poe; and in a conversation with Mr. Graham, some peculiarly significant facts touching Griswold's veracity in particular were elicited.

"Mr. Graham states that Poe never quarrelled with him; never was *discharged* from 'Graham's Magazine;' and that during the 'four or five years' italicized by Dr. Griswold as indicating the personal ill-will between Mr. Poe and Mr. Graham, over fifty articles by Poe were accepted by Mr. Graham.

"The facts of Mr. Poe's secession from 'Graham's' were as follows:

"Mr. Poe was, from illness or other causes, absent for a short time from his post on the magazine. Mr. Graham had, meanwhile, made a temporary arrangement with Dr. Griswold to act as Poe's substitute until his return. Poe came back unexpectedly, and, seeing Griswold in his chair, turned on his heel without a word, and left the office, nor could he be persuaded to enter it again, although, as stated, he sent frequent contributions thereafter to the pages of the magazine."

Griswold himself, according to Gill (p. 112), was shortly afterwards dismissed by Mr. Graham from the editorship of the magazine for writing a scurrilous anonymous attack on Mr. Charles J. Peterson, a gentleman prominently connected with many American magazines, who was associated with Griswold in the same office, apparently on the friendliest terms.

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Though out of immediate editorial work, Poe continued to write with fiercest energy, and naturally recurred to his hope of establishing an independent "Poe" magazine. The following unpublished letter, kindly copied by Dr. B. W. Green for us from a MS. in the State Library, Richmond, is one of many explaining the projected enterprise :

PHILADELPHIA, March 24, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — With this letter I mail to your address a number of the "Philadelphia Saturday Museum," containing a Prospectus of "The Stylus," a Magazine which I design to commence on the first of July next, in connection with Mr. Thomas C. Clarke of this city.

My object in addressing you is to ascertain if the list of "The South : Lit : Messenger " is to be disposed of, and, if so, upon what terms. We are anxious to purchase the list and unite it with that of "The Stylus," provided a suitable arrangement could be made. I should be happy to hear from you on the subject.

I hear of you occasionally, and most sincerely hope that you are doing well. Mrs. Clemm & Virginia desire to be remembered to all our old acquaintances. Believe me,

Yours truly,

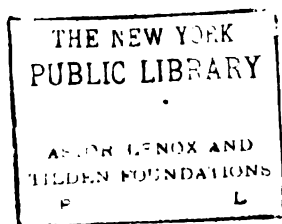
P. D. BERNARD, ESQRE.¹

EDGAR A. POE.

Poe was never famous for his tact, and it is doubtful whether a review announced with such a battailous flourish of trumpets — so denunciatory in its character, especially of the "dull" and "dishonest" Quarterlies — so fierce, stern, uncompromising, and ideal in its aims as the new-born "Stylus" was to be — could

¹ This Mr. Bernard was the husband of one of Mr. T. W. White's daughters, the brother-in-law of the "Eliza" to whom Poe addressed a poem. He was a prominent printer, publisher, and author connected with "The Messenger."





ever have succeeded — with Poe as manager. It did succeed admirably, afterwards, in the seventies as “The New York Nation,” but a wider, wiser, and more enlightened public opinion had taken the place of the acrimonious cliques and silly little “corners in literature” that then disfigured Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Richmond.

At the same time, feeling more or less keenly the despatch of his situation, he fell into eager correspondence with his friend F. W. Thomas, a Baltimorean of literary proclivities who was an office-holder at Washington under President Tyler, as to the possibility of procuring some small government place as a support for Virginia, Mrs. Clemm, and himself. Thomas was an amiable man, deeply interested in his friend's welfare; but his efforts to secure Poe even the humblest place, though his early friend Kennedy was then a high-placed official in Washington, were unavailing. Burns got into the excise, Lamb into the India House, Hawthorne into a consulship, but official patronage was not for Poe. The unfortunate man journeyed to the capital nevertheless and returned in terrible plight, mentally and physically unbalanced. His “Imp of the Perverse,” so graphically pictured in “The Black Cat,” had made him present himself in Washington in the most unfavorable light and shatter such opportunities or outlook as there may have been for him by an access of wild conduct.

What was really the matter with Poe during a part of this tragic period may be gathered from a heart-rending letter dated six years after the occurrence.¹

“In this letter to an old and esteemed correspondent, dated January 4, 1848, Poe thus unbosoms him-

¹ Ingram, I., p. 215.

self of his secret — a secret as gruesome as any told in the most terrible of his tales:

“ ‘You say, Can you *bint* to me what was the “terrible evil” which caused the “irregularities,” so profoundly lamented? Yes, I can do more than hint. This “evil” was the greatest that can befall a man. Six years ago, a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of a year, the vessel broke again. I went through precisely the same scene. . . . Then again — again — and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death — and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive — nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank — God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink, rather than the drink to the insanity. I had, indeed, nearly abandoned all hope of a permanent cure, when I found one in the *death* of my wife. This I can and do endure [Virginia died January 30, 1847] as becomes a man. It was the horrible, never-ending oscillation between hope and despair which I could *not* longer have endured, without total loss of reason. In the death of what was my life, then, I received a new but — Oh God! — how melancholy an existence.’ ”

This, then, was the worm that gnawed relentlessly at Poe’s heart for six years, and well-nigh drove him

mad — did madden him, if we read between the lines of this letter. As a writer in "Scribner's Monthly," reviewing Gill's "Life of Poe," puts it :

"It is now well ascertained that Poe's intoxication was a thing caused by even the smallest quantity of wine, and took the form of terrible despondency or of strange and highly intellectual but deranged orations on abstruse subjects, and that he was a kind husband, gentle-mannered in his associations with many persons, and exceedingly industrious about his writing. Still, that he was subject to intoxication, and was at times intensely irritable, are facts sufficiently attested. The excessive susceptibility to liquor is to be charged probably to his father, who was a drinker; and Poe's descent from an old line of Italian nobles who went to Normandy and thence to Ireland, mixing their peculiar traits with the ardor, the simplicity, the powerful affections of the Irish character, may account for his keen sensitiveness, as well as for some of his metrical predilections. When we reflect that, in addition, he was bred in our high-tempered South, we have another factor in the difficult problem of his life."

The critic then goes on to show that the other writers of note of the time or a little later had extraneous help in their literary struggles : Longfellow and Lowell became professors ; Irving and Prescott, Motley and Bancroft, Bayard Taylor and G. P. Marsh rose to be ministers plenipotentiary ; Bryant and Whittier were successful journalists ; Hawthorne was snugly ensconced in government positions at Salem and Liverpool ; and Holmes practised medicine. " But Poe had not the business talents requisite to gain even their transient and harassed ascendancy. It is not difficult for any one who knows the literary life, to

conceive how great was the strain, therefore, to which Poe was subjected. With his delicate and emotional organization it would hardly have been wonderful had he sunk into the depths where Griswold's unsympathetic report placed him. All things considered, then, it must be admitted that he made a brave fight, but was overborne by a legacy of drink, by an overweight of genius naturally morbid, and by the asperity of circumstances."

Poe himself wrote passionately to Mrs. Whitman: "I have absolutely *no* pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life and reputation and reason. It has been in the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories."

In "Graham's Magazine" for March, 1850, Mr. Graham himself wrote of him at this period:

"I shall never forget how solicitous of the happiness of his wife and mother-in-law he was, whilst one of the editors of 'Graham's Magazine;' his whole efforts seemed to be to procure the comfort and welfare of his home. Except for their happiness, and the natural ambition of having a magazine of his own, I never heard him deplore the want of wealth. The truth is, he cared little for money, and knew less of its value, for he seemed to have no personal expenses. What he received from me in regular monthly instalments went directly into the hands of his mother-in-law for family comforts; and *twice* only I remember his purchasing some rather expensive luxuries for his house, and then he was nervous to the degree of misery until he had, by extra articles, covered what he considered an imprudent indebtedness. His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the

spirit of beauty, which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born — her slightest cough causing in him a shudder, a breast chill, that was visible. I rode out one summer evening with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes, eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face, haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain. It was this hourly *anticipation* of her loss that made him a sad and thoughtful man, and lent a mournful melody to his undying song."

The worship of Woman indeed — *das ewig Weibliche* — was an absorbing feature of the domestic as well as of the literary life of Edgar Poe. Women are the most eager and impassioned defenders of his bedraggled memory; women were the idols and the guardian angels of his household; women are the themes of his most exquisite poems; women have erected, in Baltimore, the most costly monument to his memory. No writer has described, analyzed, viewed Poe more sympathetically, with deeper insight, than Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Weiss, "Stella," Mrs. Shelton, or Mrs. Shew, four of them at least women of genius capable of describing and analyzing what they saw.

In the "Poetic Principle," after quoting Byron's

"Though the day of my destiny's o'er,"

Poe adds: "No nobler *theme* ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea, that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate while, in his adversity, he still retains the unwavering love of woman." And later, in the same lecture, he continues:

“He feels it [true Poetry] in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the lustre of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments, in her burning enthusiasms, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devotional endurances ; but above all — ah! far above all — he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her *love*.”

It is this *love* which Mrs. Frances S. Osgood so beautifully depicts in the following words :¹

“I believe she [Virginia] was the only woman whom he ever truly loved ; and this is evidenced by the exquisite pathos of the little poem, lately written, called ‘Annabel Lee,’ of which she was the subject, and which is by far the most natural, simple, tender, and touchingly beautiful of all his songs. I have heard it said that it was intended to illustrate a late love affair of the author ; but they who believe this have, in their dulness, evidently misunderstood or missed the beautiful meaning latent in the most lovely of all its verses, where he says :

“ ‘A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her bigborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me.’ ”

“There seems a strange and almost profane disregard of the sacred purity and spiritual tenderness of this delicious ballad, in thus overlooking the allusion to the *kindred angels* and the heavenly *Father* of the lost and loved and unforgotten wife.”

And surely no loveless son-in-law could ever have

¹ See Vol. XVII.

addressed to his mother-in-law such a sonnet as Poe addressed to Mrs. Clemm — his “more than mother” — who was

“— dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.”

Poets do not usually celebrate their mothers-in-law in strains like these.

“It was during their stay there” [in Spring Garden, Philadelphia], relates Mr. A. B. Harris in “Hearth and Home,” 1870, “that Mrs. Poe, while singing one evening, ruptured a blood-vessel, and after that she suffered a hundred deaths. She could not bear the slightest exposure, and needed the utmost care; and all those conveniences as to apartment and surroundings which are so important in the case of an invalid were almost matters of life and death to her. And yet the room where she lay for weeks, hardly able to breathe, except as she was fanned, was a little place with the ceiling so low over the narrow bed that her head almost touched it. But no one dared to speak, Mr. Poe was so sensitive and irritable; ‘quick as steel and flint,’ said one who knew him in those days. And he would not allow a word about the danger of her dying; the mention of it drove him wild.”

And yet, wrung in heart and soul as he was during these melancholy Philadelphia years (1842-44), he continued to pour forth a rich volume of work in “The Mystery of Marie Rogêt,” “The Purloined Letter,” “The Gold-Bug,” “The Oblong Box,” “The Pit and the Pendulum,” and many reviews of Horne, Channing, Halleck, Cooper, Griswold’s “Poets,” etc., the poem “Dreamland,” “The Balloon-Hoax,” etc., etc.

In 1843 an attempted edition in parts, of "The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe" fell through, only "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Man that was Used Up," appearing in paper covers.

Poe's Parthian dart — his fatal offence — before leaving Philadelphia, was flung at Griswold in the shape of a lecture on "The Poets and Poetry of America," delivered in November, 1843: a caustic excoriation of the compiler who yet had done much admirable work in his self-imposed function of *Old Mortality* to the unknown.

In April, 1844, Poe found himself again in New York whither he seemed inevitably to drift. The seven years from 1837, when he gave up the editorship of the "Southern Literary Messenger," to April, 1844, during which he had successfully edited — and abandoned — Burton's "Gentleman's Magazine" and "Graham's," had been the most fruitful of his career. This period was the high-water mark period of the publication of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," and of the editorship of the chief literary journal of the country: a period of many friendships and many enmities, of constant struggle, of varied and continuous authorship, of rapid and remarkable intellectual advance. The health of the family had suffered terribly in Philadelphia; Virginia had entered on the course of lingering illness which was to terminate fatally in 1847 when she was hardly more than a girl; and Poe, unstrung by her alarming hemorrhages, by over-work, and by semi-starvation, gave up to the fearful temptation which assaulted him at times with irresistible force and made him seek oblivion in drugs and drink. Philadelphia had become a disenchanted place: the family moved to New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

1844-1845.

NEW YORK; "THE BROADWAY JOURNAL."

CONSCIENCE is an awkward ingredient to mingle with things. The conscientious man is always a terror to the community. Let it be known that a man has a conscience, that he means to exercise it, that neither fear nor favor will intimidate him from his sense of duty to himself and to that community: and instantly such a man becomes a bugbear, a scarecrow, an offence, and a scourge to the evil-doer and the unconscientious.

When he settled in New York, for the second time, in April, 1844, Poe had become this incarnation of the literary conscience of the time. From the moment he had reviewed "Norman Leslie" in the "Southern Literary Messenger" and pricked the spangled bubbles that then danced before the public eye, down to the date of his departure from Philadelphia, the critical instinct — the literary conscience — had been growing in him with vast strides. "I have sometimes amused myself," he says in "Marginalia," "by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race. Of course he would be conscious of his own superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifest-

ing his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of *all* mankind — that he would be considered a madman, is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of a being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong."

In his many letters and prospectuses touching upon this subject, Poe had continually referred to the need of a free, independent, and fearless school of criticism in this country. What, in his "*Marginalia*," he describes as the "disgusting spectacle of our subservency to British criticism," was no less painful to him than the indiscriminate laudation of every American poetaster by the native, one might call it the *domestic*, press of the period.

"We *know* the British to bear us little but ill-will; we know that, in no case, do they utter unbiassed opinions of American books; we know that in the few instances in which our writers have been treated with common decency in England, these writers have either openly paid homage to English institutions, or have had lurking at the bottom of their hearts a secret principle at war with Democracy: — we *know* all this, and yet, day after day, submit our necks to the degrading yoke of the crudest opinion that emanates from the fatherland. Now if we *must* have nationality, let it be a nationality that will throw off this yoke."

Year by year the accumulating wrath of his literary conscience, his sense of self-respect and national independence, had gone on growing until it became a lake of fire, and finally broken forth volcanically in "*The Literati*" and the group of studies on "*The Minor*

Contemporaries" extending from 1839, with "George P. Morris," to 1845, with "Elizabeth Oakes Smith."

Not that the "lake of fire" did not illuminate as well as flame, scorch, and burn: much of this criticism is optimistic and sweet-tempered, but into it entered one element of discrimination, of art, of sound literary feeling and sense of proportion that was not to be found in contemporary criticism before. Poe from the start was an analyst of admirable powers: he never wrote from mere "instinct" or intuition, and he was as far from the rhapsodic, ignorant, and egotistical Wilson in temperament as he was distant from him, geographically, in space. If he wrote a fine or a noble poem, he was ready instantly with a "Rationale of Verse" or a "Philosophy of Composition" to explain it; and what one reads, in him, with such exquisite ease, grace and melody, was based upon profound knowledge and subtle analytical reasoning. The "trick" of Poe is easily caught, but it was not easily originated: he was the sovereign of lyrical form in America in his day, and his sovereignty was based upon supreme rhythmical feeling backed by completest poetic knowledge.

Being, like his supposititious critic, "gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race," conscious of this superiority and unable to control the consciousness, with opinions and speculations widely different from those of all mankind, he easily made himself enemies and was hooted at as a madman, as abnormally weak, because he was so abnormally, so unintelligibly, strong. Heine was hooted at in almost the same terms and for almost the same reasons: the man of "accursed conscience" in liter-

ary matters who could not and would not endure the literary sloven.

Apropos of Poe's pungency in criticism, it will be well to quote here a letter from the famous Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers who, on receiving one of Poe's prospectuses, wrote in 1840 as follows :

NO. 47, CANAL STREET, N. Y.,
August 27th, 1840.

DEAR SIR, — I received your letter this evening, containing a Prospectus of the "Penn Magazine," which you intend publishing in the City of Philadelphia. My absence from the City, among the emerald highlands of the beautiful Hudson, prevented my answering it sooner than to-day. In answer to your solicitation for my support for the forthcoming Journal, I must say that I am much pleased with your "Prospectus" — the plan which you have in view — and hope sincerely that you may realize all your anticipations. As it regards myself, I will support you as long as you may continue the Editor of the above-named work. In the *Paradise of Literature*, I do not know one better calculated than yourself to prune the young scions of their exuberant thoughts. In some instances, let me remark, you seemed to me to lay aside the pruning-knife for the tomahawk, and not only to lop off the redundant limbs, but absolutely to eradicate the entire tree. In such cases there is no hope of its afterwards bearing any fruit. In surgical operations we always use a sharp knife, and wish to be as expeditious as possible ; but we never go so far as to cut away so much of a part as to endanger the vitality of the whole. If we find, as in cases of gangrene, that the vital part is so affected that an operation would be unsafe, we

then choose to let the patient die a natural death, rather than hasten it by our surgical art. I have seen a little sapling transplanted before now, which had every appearance of dying until it had undergone a gentle pruning and watering, when, to the astonishment of the gardener, it towered above all the rest in the grove, and remained a living monument of his skill and kind attention. The same thing is true in regard to the literary world. Bad treatment to the human economy will make a chronic disease sooner than a functional one, [and] by its own process, will terminate in organic derangement.¹

Poe's mistake was in using the giant spear and the mighty girdle of Brunhilda in crushing infinitesimal foes: in rushing upon Dawes and Fay and "Flaccus" and Headley, upon Channing, English, and Clark with the fury of a whirlwind when a zephyr would have sufficed. The "Dunciad" and "English Bards" were blown full of futile breath in the same way: flies that would have perished of their own inanity now embalmed in indestructible amber. To use a homely image, it will not do for the barber that shaves us to sever our jugular vein! As a physician, Dr. Chivers understood well the application of his surgical metaphor, and it would have been well for Poe if he had taken the letter to heart.

Up to the present date Poe had been going through the first of the two cycles of psychological preparation which he attributed to the Germany of his day: the "impulsive" and the "critical" stages.

"Germans have not yet passed this first epoch"

¹ Passages from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold. By W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, 1898.

[“the impulsive epoch of literary civilization”]. “It must be remembered that during the whole of the middle ages they lived in utter ignorance of the art of writing. From so total a darkness, of so late a date, they could not, as a nation, have as yet fully emerged into the second or critical epoch. Individual Germans have been critical in the best sense; but the masses are unleavened. Literary Germany thus presents the singular spectacle of the impulsive spirit surrounded by the critical, and, of course, in some measure influenced thereby. . . . For my own part, I admit the German vigor, the German directness, boldness, imagination, and some other qualities of impulse, just as I am willing to admit and admire these qualities in the first (or impulsive) epochs of British and French letters. At the German criticism, however, I cannot refrain from laughing all the more heartily, all the more seriously I hear it praised. Not that, in detail, it affects me as an absurdity — but in the adaptation of its details. It abounds in brilliant bubbles of *suggestion*, but these rise and sink and jostle each other, until the whole vortex of thought in which they originate is one indistinguishable chaos of froth.”

This statement is simply tantamount to saying that Poe had *ripened*, that the richness and luxuriance of his youth had mellowed down into clear vigor and manly strength, that this youth was fading into a mellowed manhood in which the full plenitude of his powers was developing along intellectual lines. Nearly all his early work — up at least to 1839, when he was thirty years old — seems to have come in jets, in instantaneous inspirations, in impulsive spurts, geyser-like in splendor and abundance but bearing all the birthmarks of his theory of the short story, the short

poem—that they must be read at a sitting. When he worked at all he worked with a kind of frenzy, a blind fury, that pursued him day and night until he had rid himself of it by writing it off. In colder moments, he returned to the polishing process, using his delicate emery wheel, his diamond dust, diligently to erase the angles and roughnesses of the earlier sketches or poems; substituting critical for impulsive moods, and turning the cold light of reason upon the imaginative landscapes and emotional tropics which his exuberant youth had evoked.

With the 1840 edition of “The Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque,” Poe had virtually crossed the equatorial line of youth and entered the new territory of deductive reasoning and perfection in rhythmical form. Nothing henceforth passed his pen that did not possess perfection of one kind or another: his prose style simplifies and clarifies to complete lucidity; his poems take on changing lights and lustres that they never had before; his critical sense awakens to a keenness and alertness that did not scruple to analyze Tennyson, Dickens, Macaulay, Miss Barrett, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and show their defects as well as their excellences: in short, Poe was *ripe*; whatever was to come from him henceforth, in the new cycle of existence on which he had entered, was to show this ripeness.

Poe signalized his arrival in New York in April, 1844, by a characteristic bit of fun: the “Balloon-Hoax,” published in the New York “Sun” for April 13.

“About twelve years ago, I think,” he remarks in his critique on Richard Adams Locke, “the New

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York 'Sun,' a daily paper, price one penny, was established in the city of New York by Mr. Moses Y. Beach, who engaged Mr. Richard Adams Locke as its editor. In a well-written prospectus, the object of the journal professed to be that of 'supplying the public with the news of the day at so cheap a rate as to lie within the means of all.' The consequences of the scheme, in their influence on the whole newspaper business of the country, and through this business on the interests of the country at large, are probably beyond all calculation.

" . . . The 'Sun' was revolving in a comparatively narrow orbit when one fine day, there appeared in its editorial columns a prefatory article announcing very remarkable astronomical discoveries at the Cape of Good Hope by Sir John Herschel. The information was said to have been received by the 'Sun' from an early copy of the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science,' in which appeared a communication from Sir John himself. This preparatory announcement took very well (there had been no hoaxes in those days), and was followed by full details of the reputed discoveries, which were now found to have been made chiefly in respect to the moon, and by means of a telescope to which the one lately constructed by the Earl of Rosse is a plaything. As these discoveries were gradually spread before the public, the astonishment of that public grew out of all bounds ; but those who questioned the veracity of the 'Sun' — the authenticity of the communication to the 'Edinburgh Journal of Science' — were really very few indeed ; and this I am forced to look upon as a far more wonderful thing than any 'man-bat' of them all."

This was the celebrated "Moon Hoax" emanating from the pen of Locke about three weeks after the publication of Poe's "Hans Pfaall's Journey to the Moon," in the "Southern Literary Messenger" for June, 1835.

"From the epoch of the hoax, the 'Sun,' " continues Poe, "shone with unmitigated splendor. The start thus given the paper insured it a triumph; it has now a daily circulation of not far from 50,000 copies, and is, therefore, probably the most really influential journal of its kind in the world. Its success firmly established the 'penny system' throughout the country, and (through the 'Sun') consequently, we are indebted to the genius of Mr. Locke for one of the most important steps ever yet taken in the pathway of human progress."

It was in this "Sun," already famous for its astronomical hoax, that Poe appeared one morning (fittingly on April 1), in large capitals, bearing —

"Astounding News by Express, *via* Norfolk! The Atlantic crossed in Three Days!! Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying Machine!!!

"Arrival at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S.C., of Mr. Mason, Mr. Robert Holland, Mr. Henson, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and four others, in the Steering Balloon, 'Victoria,' after a passage of seventy-five hours from Land to Land! Full Particulars of the Voyage!"

"The Balloon-Hoax" produced a prodigious sensation, and once more Poe rode, Triton-like, on the crest of a wave of popularity, blowing his horn and scattering the spray of his laughter in the faces of the

gullible. This lifelong love of hoaxing was, in Poe, curiously intertwined with a continual mystical hankering after the incredible, after the dim borderlands between conscious and subconscious life, after such a literary utilization of science as might half persuade himself and others of things undreamt of in the crude physical philosophies of the day. His tales of pseudo-science were just "pseudo," just false, and just true enough to confuse and becloud the half-educated mob of the "forties," and make them take delight in such transcendental physics and metaphysics as Poe, expressing them in his supremely convincing and strenuous style, could conjure up at will. Poe might talk the most absolute scientific nonsense, as doubtless he often did, but he did it in such forceful and captivating style that none but trained scientists could dissent or protest. How few read "The Power of Words" or "Eiros and Charmion," beautiful and imaginative as these pieces are, with any feeling of the absolute baselessness of the physical theories on which they rest, — lost in admiration of the fantastic energy and pictorial quality of the entirely new language in which all their impossibilities are arrayed.

And this breaks the way into a suggestive line of speculation for us, to wit: in these "Tales of Pseudo-Science," "Hans Pfaall," "MS. Found in a Bottle," "Descent into the Maelström," "The Thousand-and-Second-Tale of Scheherazade," "Some Words with a Mummy," "Mesmeric Revelation," "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," "Power of Words," "Eiros and Charmion" — even in "Eureka" — may not Poe be indulging, as he undoubtedly and confessedly was in "Hans Pfaall" and "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," in a kind of

subtle, subterranean banter, using his physical and scientific knowledge just plausibly enough to bewilder the pseudo-scientific reader and extort from him cries of delight over what probably Poe himself knew, and the twentieth century physicist adjudges to be, the wildest extravaganza? "The fairy tale of science" in the hands of a great verbal artist like Poe could be made a wonderfully prolific source of pleasure to readers who could simply admire and not follow his semi-mystic excursions into the scientific realm. To them every hour of Hans Pfaall's lunar journey would be a rapturous panorama of unfolding facts, every whirl in the Maelström descent would be a shuddering possibility, every toss of the phantom ship on the ghostly foam of the "MS. Found in a Bottle," hurrying to destruction yet never destroyed, would be realizable in imaginative experience.

And the more one recognizes the fact that Poe was a recondite and most exquisite humorist—that he continually preyed with almost morbid pertinacity upon the gullibility of human nature, "accursed" as he was with "the gift of intellect superior to his race"—the more one is inclined to believe that his use of science was not intentionally ignorant or unconsciously false, but that it was another and subtler method of capturing other and subtler intellects to his spells, as he captured many physicians with his "mesmeric revelations," and found "a grave professor of mathematics in a Virginian college" ready to believe the "Moon Hoax" of Locke. The delicious rigmarole, the refined Münchhausenism, of his scientific romances, show an unparalleled fertility of talent in the line of artistic deception, just as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" was so plausibly written that it deceived

the French critics and was looked upon as a true narrative. "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" was republished in London as an actual voyage of discovery.

Hoaxing is thus seen to be an ingrained element of Poe's intellectual make-up, and he has, in our opinion, carried it to a far greater distance and into far more mysterious realms than his students and biographers have hitherto noticed.

Poe's places of residence in New York prior to his final removal to Fordham cottage (now the property of the New York Shakspeare Society), in 1846, were numerous and varied. A writer in "The Ledger Monthly" for December, 1900, speaks of them as follows : —

"Edgar Allan Poe once dwelt with his ailing wife on the upper floor of a small brick house at 195 East Broadway, now replaced by the building of the Educational Alliance, and other neighboring places have piquant associations with this gifted man. Temple Court, in Beekman Street, covers the site of an office of his short-lived 'Broadway Journal'; at the corner of Ann and Nassau streets he was employed by Willis upon the 'Evening Mirror,' and in Greenwich Street, near to Rector, there stands in the shadow of the elevated railway a shabby structure that was his abode when he wrote 'The Balloon-Hoax' and the curious poem of 'Dreamland.'

"Going farther afield one finds on the west side of Carmine Street above Varick the site of the modest frame house in which Poe lived when he gave the finishing touches to the 'Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym,' and had Gowans, the bookseller, for a fellow-

lodger ; later, with Gowans, he had brief occupancy of one of the floors, now darkened by passing trains, of a building in Sixth Avenue, near Waverley Place, and in this forbidding abode produced 'Ligeia' and 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' while in an old-fashioned dwelling lately gone from West Eighty-fourth Street the poet and his family boarded when he wrote 'The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar,' and, if tradition is to be relied upon, his most famous poem, 'The Raven.'"¹

The remainder of the year 1844 was filled out with the following list of literary work : Review of Horne's "Orion," "Graham's," for March ; "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains," "Godey's Lady's Book," April ; Review in "The Pioneer" ; "Dreamland," "Graham's," for June ; "Mesmeric Revelation," "Columbian Magazine," August ; "The Oblong Box," "Godey's," September ; work as sub-editor and paragraphist on "The Evening Mirror" ; "Thou Art the Man," "Godey's," November ; "The Literary Life of Thingum-Bob, Esq., late editor of the 'Goosetherumfoodle,'" "Southern Literary Messenger," December ; "Marginalia," I. and II., "Democratic Review," November and December. "The Premature Burial," "The Purloined Letter," "The System of Doctors Tar and Fether" (as he gives the title in a letter to Lowell, May 28, 1844), were in the hands of different editors, but as yet unpublished.

One of his least amiable biographers, commenting on Poe's industry, writes : —

"The list of the tales still in the hands of editors which this letter gives, brings out strongly one source

¹ From Baltimore *Sun* December 30, 1900.

of the discouragement under which Poe had to bear up. He had been for ten years a writer of untiring industry, and in that time had produced an amount of work large in quantity and excellent in quality, much of it belonging in the very highest rank of imaginative prose; but his books had never sold, and the income from his tales and other papers in the magazines had never sufficed to keep the wolf from the door unless he eked out his resources by editing."

The continual necessity for hackwork of this description injured the poet's spontaneity beyond measure and left him fagged, exhausted, enervated, in the humor to lapse into that fearful addiction to morphine so vividly pictured in "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains." Thinking he had found a congenial spirit in Lowell, he wrote to him at this time: "I have been too deeply conscious of the mutability and evanescence of temporal things to give any continuous effort to anything — to be consistent in anything. My life has been *whim* — impulse — passion — a longing for solitude — a scorn of all things present, in an earnest desire for the future.

"Now profoundly excited by music, and by some poems, — those of Tennyson especially — whom, with Keats, Shelley, Coleridge (occasionally), and a few others of like thought and expression, I regard as the *sole* poets. — Music is the perfection of the soul, or idea, of poetry. The *vagueness* of exaltation aroused by a sweet air (which should be strictly indefinite and never too strongly suggestive) is precisely what we should aim at in poetry. Affectation, within bounds, is thus no blemish."

The "whim, — the impulse, — the passion," rode and ruled him to the last and perhaps con-

stituted the temperamental factor that coined itself into his theory that all phases of literary art, to be *effective*, must be brief, intense, concentrated, impressionistic, just as impulse, whim, and passion are shortlived and ephemeral. His best poems, — of the ante-“Raven” period, — he declared to be “hurried and unconsidered” — “The Sleeper,” “The Conqueror Worm,” “The Haunted Palace,” “Lenore,” “Dreamland,” “The Coliseum,” in the order named; and in similar fashion he names to Lowell as his best tales, “Ligeia,” “The Gold-Bug,” “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” “The Fall of the House of Usher,” “The Tell-Tale Heart,” “The Black Cat,” “William Wilson,” and “A Descent into the Maelström,” also in the order named, adding that perhaps “The Purloined Letter,” forthcoming, was the best of his tales of ratiocination.

Poe’s correspondence with Lowell ranged up and down the whole gamut of greeting, from “My Dear Friend,” “My Dear Mr. Lowell,” to the form which the friendship took — under the cooling influence of Charles F. Briggs’s criticisms and insinuations — in Poe’s review of Lowell’s “Fable for Critics.” Later on, in the “Messenger” for February, 1849, there were indications that this promising friendship had frozen to an icicle. “To show the general manner of the Fable,” he writes, “we quote a portion of what he says about Mr. Poe: —

“ ‘There comes Poe with his Raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make all men of common sense damn metres;
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind.’ ”

In return for this Poe denounced Lowell as "one of the most rabid of the Abolition fanatics; and no Southerner, who does not wish to be insulted, and at the same time revolted by a bigotry the most obstinately blind and deaf, should ever touch a volume by this author. His fanaticism about slavery is a mere local outbreak of the same innate wrong-headedness which, if he owned slaves, would manifest itself in atrocious ill-treatment of them, with murder of any abolitionist who should endeavor to set them free. A fanatic of Mr. Lowell's species is simply a fanatic for the sake of fanaticism, and must be a fanatic in whatever circumstances you place him. . . . All whom he praises are Bostonians. Other writers are barbarians, and satirized accordingly, if mentioned at all."

Just about this time (1844-45) Lowell was engaged on the paper "Our Contributors. — No. XVII: Edgar Allan Poe. With a Portrait. By James Russell Lowell," which appeared in "Graham's" for February, 1845, and which delighted Poe with its laudation. Lowell was ten years younger than Poe, and was at the time a young man who viewed his elder with a reverence and appreciation almost amounting to awe. "Mr. Poe," he remarks, "is at once the most discriminating, philosophical, and fearless critic upon imaginative works who has written in America. It may be that we should qualify our remark a little, and say that he *might be*, rather than that he always *is*, for he seems sometimes to mistake his phial of prussic acid for his inkstand. If we do not always agree with him in his premises, we are, at least, satisfied that his deductions are logical, and

that we are reading the thoughts of a man who thinks for himself, and says what he thinks, and knows well what he is talking about. His analytic power would furnish forth bravely some score of ordinary critics. . . . Had Mr. Poe had the control of a magazine of his own, in which to display his critical abilities, he would have been as autocratic, ere this, in America, as Professor Wilson has been in England ; and his criticisms, we are sure, would have been far more profound and philosophical than those of the Scotsman. As it is, he has squared out blocks enough to build an enduring pyramid, but has left them lying carelessly and unclaimed in many different quarries."

Mr. Lowell then continued in a penetrating comparison of Poe's precocity with that of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Collins, Chatterton, Kirke White, Burns, Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley, and Cowley, ending with, "We call them [the poems] the most remarkable boyish poems that we have ever read. We know of none that can compare with them for maturity of purpose, and a nice understanding of the effects of language and metre. . . . Mr. Poe has that indescribable something which men have agreed to call *genius*."

Alas, that this honey should turn into gall, and that the two quondam friends should live to bespatter each other's reputation !

Professor Woodberry's version of the rupture is as follows : —

"Not long before," June 29, 1845, "being on his way from Philadelphia back to Cambridge, Lowell called on Poe ; but as, in Mrs. Clemm's words to the former, 'he was not himself that day,' none of those golden hopes, indulged in by Poe, and at an earlier

day by Briggs also, were realized from this personal meeting. The interview, however, prepared Lowell for the following passage in Briggs's next letter, in explanation of what seemed a sudden demise of the [Broadway] 'Journal.' " Then follows an account of a "drunken spree," in which Poe had indulged :

" 'Poe's mother-in-law told me that he was quite tipsy the day that you called upon him, and that he acted very strangely; but I perceived nothing of it when I saw him in the morning. He was to have delivered a poem before the societies of the New York University a few weeks since, but drunkenness prevented him. I believe he had not drank [*sic*] anything for more than eighteen months until within the past three months, but in this time he has been very frequently carried home in a wretched condition.' "

That Mrs. Clemm, Poe's guardian angel, the one woman in all the world most anxious to shield her nephew and son-in-law's reputation from the cruel criticism of strangers, should confess to the stranger Briggs that he was "tipsy" is altogether incredible and rests only on the unauthenticated testimony of a man who was now Poe's professed enemy.

Mrs. Clemm, all her life long, showed herself the truest friend of her daughter's husband; and why Willis's style in his famous characterization of her in the "Home Journal" for October 13, 1849, should be stigmatized — except by a determined enemy — as "falsetto," we are at a loss to conceive. This characterization ran as follows : —

" Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused

her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. It was a hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell — sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him, — mentioning nothing but that ‘he was ill,’ whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing — and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, *suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions* [italics ours]. Her daughter died a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel — living with him — caring for him — guarding him against exposure, and, when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unreprieved to, and awoke

from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, *begging* for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love, and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this — pure, disinterested, and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit — say for him who inspired it? ”

Of this venerated and excellent woman the following is a little sketch furnished us by her relative Miss Amelia F. Poe, to whom this edition is also indebted for likenesses of Virginia and Edgar.

“ Maria Poe was a daughter of Gen. David Poe and Elizabeth Cairnes Poe. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland, March 12th, 1790, and was married at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Maryland, July 13, 1817, by the Rev. William Wyatt, to William Clemm, Jr., son of Col. William and Catherine Clemm, of Mount Prospect, now (1901) Walbrook, a suburb of Baltimore. They had children, Henry and Maria, who died young. Virginia, afterwards wife of Edgar Allan Poe, born August 13,¹ 1822, died at Fordham, New York, January 30, 1847. Her father, William Clemm, Jr., died in Baltimore, February 8th, 1826, and was buried in St. Paul's graveyard, Baltimore. His widow, Maria Poe Clemm, died in Baltimore, February 16, 1871. She was first buried in her father's lot, No. 27, Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, and her remains were transferred at the same time as those of her nephew and son-in-law, Edgar Allan Poe, November 17, 1875, and they both lie now under the Poe Monument.”

¹ St. Paul's records say August 22.



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Poe's first engagement in New York seems to have been with Willis, as "mechanical paragraphist" and sub-editor of the latter's "Evening Mirror." Of Willis he had a very kindly opinion, evinced in the following extract from "The Literati":

"As a writer of 'sketches,' properly so called, Mr. Willis is unequalled. Sketches, especially of society, are his *forte*, and they are so for no other reason than that they afford him the best opportunity of introducing the personal Willis; or, more distinctly, because this species of composition is most susceptible of impression from his personal character. The *déjà* tone of this kind of writing, too, best admits and encourages that kind of fancy which Mr. Willis possesses in the most extraordinary degree; it is in fancy that he reigns supreme; this, more than any one other quality, and, indeed, more than all his other literary qualities combined, has made him what he is. It is this which gives him the originality, the freshness, the point, the piquancy, which appear to be the immediate, but which are, in fact, the mediate sources of his popularity. . . . Mr. Willis's career has naturally made him enemies among the envious host of dunces whom he has outstripped in the race for fame; and these his personal manner (a little tinctured with reserve, brusquerie or even haughtiness) is by no means adapted to conciliate. He has innumerable warm friends, however, and is himself a warm friend. He is impulsive, generous, bold, impetuous, vacillating, irregularly energetic — apt to be hurried into error, but incapable of deliberate wrong."

Poe's association with Willis on "The Evening Mirror" left a most agreeable impression on the mind and memory of the latter. In a letter dated Idlewild, October 17, 1859, Willis writes:

“ In our harassing and exhausting days of ‘ daily ’ editorship, Poe, *for a long time*, was our assistant—the constant and industrious occupant of a desk in our office. . . . Poe came to us quite incidentally, neither of us having been *personally* acquainted with him till that time ; and his position towards us, and connection with us, of course unaffected by claims of previous friendship, were a fair average of his general intercourse and impressions. As he was a man who never smiled, and never said a propitiatory or deprecating word, we were not likely to have been seized with any sudden partiality or wayward caprice in his favor. *I should* preface my avowal of an *almost reverence* for the man, as I knew him, by reminding the reader of the strange double, common to the presence and magnetism of a man of genius, the mysterious electricity of mind.

“ It was rather a step downward, after being the chief editor of several monthlies, as Poe had been, to come into the office of a daily journal as a mechanical paragraphist. It was his business to sit at a desk, in a corner of the editorial room, ready to be called upon for any of the miscellaneous work of the day ; yet you remember how absolutely and how goodhumoredly ready he was for any suggestion ; how punctually and industriously reliable in the following out of the wish once expressed ; how cheerful and present-minded his work when he might excusably have been so listless and abstracted. *We loved the man* for the entireness of fidelity with which he served us. When he left us, we were very reluctant to part with him.”

And he goes on :

“ Poe was employed by us, for several months, as critic and sub-editor. This was our first personal

acquaintance with him. . . . With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and, occasionally, a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful, and intellectual face, as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy, and, to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage coloured too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented — far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he, at last, voluntarily gave up his employment with us, and, through all this considerable period, we had seen but one presentment of the man — a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability.”¹

The year 1845 was the “banner” year of Poe’s literary life : never afterwards — never before — did he attain such maturity, such variety, or such ripeness in his intellectual work. The short-lived “Broadway Journal” enabled him to revise and reprint, generally in more finished form, nearly everything that he had yet produced. He has been bitterly reproached and sneered at for this by persons who ought to know better, whose own search for *imperfection* is directly the reverse of Poe’s continual search for perfection. This

¹ Ingram, I., pp. 260-262.

was the only opportunity he ever had — an opportunity for which he perpetually prayed — of running a journal, however shortlived, for himself, *on independent lines*, and, after the paper passed into his hands, he availed himself of it in a way for which posterity can be but grateful, for the “Broadway Journal” form is, first and last, with “The Raven and Other Poems” of 1845, and the “Eureka” of 1848, the final and unchangeable form in which, substantially, the Poe texts have been left to us.

In his sketch of Charles F. Briggs, in “The Literati,” Poe writes :

“In connection with Mr. John Bisco, he was the originator of the late ‘Broadway Journal’ — my editorial connection with that work not having commenced until the sixth or seventh¹ number, although I wrote for it occasionally from the first. . . . Mr. Briggs is better known as ‘Harry Franco,’ a *nom de plume* assumed since the publication, in the ‘Knickerbocker Magazine,’ of his series of papers called ‘Adventures of Harry Franco.’ . . . Mr. Briggs’s manner, however, is an obvious imitation of Smollett; and, as usual with all imitations, produces an unfavorable impression upon those conversant with the original. . . . He is from Cape Cod or Nantucket, . . . and is the centre of a little circle of rather intellectual people, of which the Kirklands, Lowell, and some other notabilities are honorary members.”

The reference to Lowell is significant, as it is to him that after a *fortissimo* of laudation in which super-

¹ Mr. Ingram, I., 270, writes : “‘It was not until Nov. 10 that I had anything to do with this journal as editor,’ is Poe’s endorsement upon our copy, but from its commencement he wrote for it.”

atives seem inadequate, Briggs begins, trickle trickle, drop by drop — *piano*, — *piano*, — *pianissimo* — then with a torrential fury, to swell into a tumult of abuse and denunciation of his editorial assistant.

The laudation began with : " I like Poe exceedingly well ; Mr. Griswold has told me shocking bad stories about him, which his whole demeanor contradicts. . . . I have always strangely misunderstood Poe, from thinking him one of the Graham and Godey species, but I find him as different as possible. I think that you [Lowell] will like him well when you come to know him personally." ¹

"The rift within the lute" began with the unsavory "Longfellow War," in which Poe accused the Maine poet of plagiarism : "Poe has left the 'Mirror.' Willis was too Willis for him. Unfortunately for him (Poe) he has mounted a very ticklish hobby just now, Plagiarism, which he is bent on riding to death, and I think the better way is to let him run down as soon as possible by giving him no check. Wiley and Putnam are going to publish a new edition of his tales and sketches. Everybody has been raven-mad about his last poem, and his lecture, which W. Story went with me to hear, has gained him a dozen or two of waspish foes who will do him more good than harm."

Then, vacillatingly, in a letter a few days later, "Poe has, indeed, a very high admiration for Longfellow, and so he will say before he is done [with the "Outis"-Longfellow controversy]. For my own part I did not use to think well of Poe [compare this with our first extract], but my love for you and implicit confidence in your judgment, led me to abandon

¹ Woodberry, Life, p. 226.

all my prejudices against him when I read your account of him [in "Graham's" for February]. The Rev. Mr. Griswold, of Philadelphia, told me some abominable lies about him, but a personal acquaintance with him has induced me to think highly of him. Perhaps some Philadelphian has been whispering foul things in your ear about him. Doubtless his sharp manner has made him many enemies. But you will think better of him when you meet him."

Later, "I shall haul down Poe's name, he has latterly got into his old habits and I fear will injure himself irretrievably. I was taken at first with a certain appearance of independence and learning in his criticisms, but they are so verbal, and so purely selfish that I can no longer have any sympathy with him."

This is followed by the charges of drunkenness, the temporary suspension of the "Journal," the exclusion of Briggs from its management when it was resumed, and a rigmarole of denunciation of Poe by Briggs as a man utterly destitute of "high motive" — because, apparently, Briggs could not make as much money out of Poe's brains as he had hoped and did not have brains enough himself to make a success.

At all events, Poe succeeded Briggs as editor and Bisco went on with the publishing, allowing Poe until October a one-third interest in the publication. October 24 he became sole proprietor of the "Journal," having bought out Bisco's interest for \$50.

CHAPTER IX.

1845.

"THE RAVEN."

MEANWHILE, it is necessary to retrace our steps and recall a date the most memorable in Poe's history, the 29th of January, 1845. Hitherto he had been a local, an American, writer: henceforth whatever he wrote was to be the world's possession. The medium of this marvellous expansion was "The Raven," first published in Willis's "Evening Mirror" from advanced sheets of the "American Whig Review."

It was introduced by Willis in the following note:

"We are permitted to copy (in advance of publication), from the second number of the 'American Review,' the following remarkable poem by Edgar Poe. In our opinion, it is the most effective single example of 'fugitive poetry' ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. . . . It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book,' which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it."

A few days later "The Raven" appeared in the February number of this magazine and gave both it and "The Evening Mirror" a wonderful "send off." The poem floated over the Atlantic — as the three Parisian romances of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," and

"The Purloined Letter" had done — and called forth the enthusiastic admiration of Miss Barrett and Robert Browning. One "Quarles" commented pseudonymously on the poem in "The Review," but the mystification was soon apparent, and the authorship attributed to the proper source.

"Quarles" had commented as follows — and Quarles is a thinly-veiled Poe: — "The following lines from a correspondent, besides the deep quaint strain of the sentiment, and the curious introduction of some ludicrous touches amidst the serious and impressive, as was doubtless intended by the author, — appear to us one of the most felicitous specimens of unique rhyming which has for some time met our eye. The resources of English rhythm for varieties of melody, measure, and sound, producing corresponding diversities of effect, have been thoroughly studied, much more perceived, by very few poets in the language. While the classic tongues, especially the Greek, possess, by power of accent, several advantages for versification over our own, chiefly through greater abundance of spondaic feet, we have other and very great advantages of sound by the modern usage of rhyme. Alliteration is nearly the only effect of that kind which the ancients had in common with us. It will be seen that much of the melody of 'The Raven' arises from alliteration, and the studious use of similar sounds in unusual places. In regard to its measure, it may be noted that, if all the verses were like the second, they might properly be placed merely in short lines, producing a not uncommon form; but the presence in all the others of one line — mostly the second in the verse — which flows continuously with *only* an aspirate pause in the middle, — like that before the short line

in the Sapphic Adonic, while the fifth has at the middle pause no similarity of sound with any part beside, gives the versification an entirely different effect. We could wish the capacities of our noble language, in prosody, were better understood."

Technically, Poe afterwards, in the "Outis" controversy, explained the verse of "The Raven" as "trochaic octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic."

In "The Philosophy of Composition" he lifts the lid from the cauldron where glowed the constituent elements of his wonderful poem-philtre and reveals to us its mechanism: the poem was to be about one hundred lines long, made up of equal proportions of Beauty and Quaintness intermingled with Melancholy. A strange and thrilling refrain was to impress this combination on the reader by means of long sonorous *o's* and *r's* swelling on the ear and the memory in anthemlike ululations, reverberations of waves on the shore, clothed, the whole, in rhythms whose luxuriance of alliterations, susurrus of honeyed vowels and liquids and rise and fall of Eolian cadences would attune the very soul to melody and make the poem as sweet as the dissolving notes of Apollo's lute. The refrain was to be uttered by a Raven: "I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill-omen—monotonously repeating the one word, 'Nevermore,' at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness* or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—'Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?'

Death — was the obvious reply. ‘And when,’ I said, ‘is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?’ From what I have already explained at some length, the answer here also is obvious — ‘When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*; the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world — and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover.’

“I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word ‘Nevermore.’”

How masterfully this is done the most cursory reading of the poem will show until, as the poet says, the Raven becomes in the last stanza “*emblematical of Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance*,” embalmed in a stanzaic form “each of whose lines, taken individually, has been employed before,” but “what originality ‘The Raven’ has is in their *combination into stanzas*; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.”

The lame efforts of “Outis” to trace the quaint repetition, in the last two lines of many of the stanzas, to a palpable imitation of the manner of Coleridge, in several of the stanzas of “The Ancient Mariner,” produced by running two lines into one, thus :

“For all averred, I had killed the bird that made the breeze to blow,
‘Ah, wretch!’ said they, ‘the bird to slay, that made the breeze to blow!’”

remain lame ; and equally futile are the attempts to trace magic rhythms of "The Raven" into the recesses of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." Mrs. Browning herself was familiar with the American poem and never accused Poe of stealing her metres.¹

Of the genesis and evolution of the poem until it appeared in print little or nothing authentic is known. It was one of Poe's surprises, and we cannot trace its growth as we can that of "The Bells" or "Lenore," from the germ to the perfect flower. In print it went through six stages, all immediately under Poe's eye — "The Evening Mirror," "The American Review," "The Broadway Journal" for February 8, 1845, the poet's edition of 1845 ; the "Southern Literary Messenger ;" and there is a copy of the 1845 edition owned by the Century Association which contains a few of Poe's MS. notes.

The nearest approximation to authenticity in the accounts of an earlier origin for "The Raven" is that given by Mr. Rosenbach, in "The Baltimore American" for February 26, 1887 : "I read 'The Raven' long before it was published, and was in George R. Graham's office when the poem was offered to him. Poe said that his wife and Mrs. Clemm were starving, and that he was in very pressing need of the money. I carried him \$15 contributed by Mr. Graham, Mr. Godey, Mr. McMichael, and others, who condemned the poem, but gave the money as a charity."²

As the poem appeared January 29, 1845, it is evident it must have been composed some weeks before,

¹ See Vol. VII. of this edition for the Poe-Chivers controversy and for a further discussion of "The Raven."

² Woodberry, *Poems*, p. 157.

which would place its composition somewhere within the year 1844.

The following newspaper clipping (newspaper not named) sent the writer by John P. Poe, Esq., of Baltimore, the poet's relative, throws interesting light on this obscure subject and affords a variant reading for one of the lines in the famous "Raven":—

"Judge George Shea, formerly of the Marine Court of New York, has a letter written to his father by Edgar Allan Poe.

"The letter from Poe is written on a glazed paper without lines, the penmanship is clear and legible, the ink is unfaded, and this is the way the letter read, punctuation and capitalization being followed:

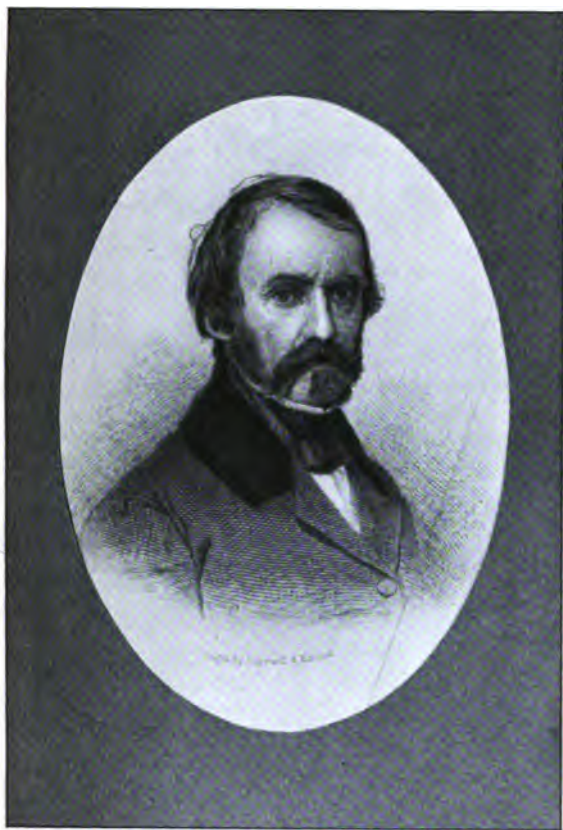
DEAR SHEA,— Lest I should have made some mistake in the hurry I transcribe the whole alteration. Instead of the whole stanza commencing "Wondering at the stillness broken" &c substituting this:

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
 Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore,
 'Nevermore — oh, Nevermore!'"

At the close of the stanza preceding this, instead of "Quoth the raven Nevermore," substitute "Then the bird said 'Nevermore.'" Truly yours, POE.

"On the back of the letter is the address, 'J. Augustus Shea, Esq.,' and the words, 'To be delivered as soon as he comes in.'

"John Augustus Shea in his time was a literary man of ability and industry. His son, Judge Shea, speaking of the Poe letter, said:



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“While at West Point my father and Edgar Allan Poe, who was then a cadet, were the closest associates, and it is probable that in his company Poe received his first poetic impulses, for it was at that time he first began writing verses. Poe left West Point before the time of graduation, and soon after published a volume of poems, now a very rare book, a copy of which was sold in Boston not long since for several hundred dollars. The friendship between the two men continued until Shea's death. Poe often consulted with Shea about the publication of his poems. It was in this way that he committed to Shea the publication, anonymously, of the “Raven” which made its first appearance in the February number of the “American Review,” 1845, under the *nom de plume* of “Quarles.”

“It was at this time that the letter from Poe to Shea, given at the beginning of this article, was written and left at Shea's house during his absence. As you will see it is without date. For a short time among those who knew that Shea caused the poem to be published he was regarded as the author, an inference not at all improbable to those who read his “Address to the Ocean,” his lines to “The Mountain Pine of Scotland,” or “The O’Kavanaugh.”

“Judge Shea himself knew Poe personally, and in the forties was often in his company. Judge Shea said only the other day: ‘Poe was one of the best elocutionists I have ever heard. It was my good fortune to be present when Poe and my father read and recited to each other. I remember distinctly Poe's rendering of “Florence Vane” and “Annabel Lee,” and more than once his own “Raven.” His reading of the “Raven” left upon the mind a very different impression from that which it inspires in

print. It was a weird, rapturous invocation as to an actual presence.

“ ‘Poe was among the first of the authors that took to reading and lecturing as a professional occupation. I heard him in the society library in New York in March, 1845, on ‘The Poets and Principles of Poetry.’ ” But he was at his best in smaller circles of intimate friends. He told me that he recalled me in my early childhood, but I have no recollection of meeting him at West Point. The autograph letter from him to my father was found among my father’s papers after his death. In the summer of 1848 the letter was given to Miss Adelaide Burkle of Oswego, now the wife of Major General John P. Hatch, formerly commandant at West Point and afterward the distinguished military commander at Charleston. Mrs. Hatch retained the letter until 1889, when she gave it to my children as a souvenir properly due to them as showing the relations between Poe and their grandfather. The portraits of Poe represent him with a moustache. I do not recall that he wore one when I saw him. He had a graceful walk, a beautiful olive complexion, was strikingly handsome, but he had a weak chin.’ ”

Additional light is thrown on this period by the following extract from a private letter to the author :

“ ‘I wrote you that I did not have any personal acquaintance with Mr. Poe. I employed him to write for the ‘Messenger’ at his own price, \$3 a printed page. He sent me two or three articles entirely unworthy of him, and the magazine. Still, they were published and paid for.’ ”

“ ‘I have, however, one pleasant thing of him to tell you. When he had published his ‘Raven’ in the

'American Whig Review,' he was dissatisfied and wrote me a very kind and diplomatic letter, requesting me to suspend the well-known rule of the 'Messenger' against republications, to take out the middle dividing line of its pages and let the poem appear in full, in the beautiful typography of the 'Messenger.' I complied with his request. One of his biographers, speaking of his writings, says he never altered his final compositions; that he neither dotted an i nor crossed a t. If this were true, it would only show with what care Mr. Poe prepared his revised versions for the press. But my recollection was that one of the reasons he assigned for wishing me to republish 'The Raven' was, that he desired to make some alterations. Therefore I collated the versions of the 'Whig Review' and the 'Messenger,' and there were alterations—not many; but in my judgment every one was an improvement.

“Yours very truly,

“B. B. MINOR.”

Dr. B. B. Minor is the venerable, still living editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger," who purchased that magazine and edited it from 1843 to 1847. His testimony gives witness to a sixth "state" of "The Raven" hitherto overlooked by commentators, and confirms the statement that Poe never revised without improving: *non tetigit quod non ornavit*, an aphorism which he himself iterates to satiety.

Poe's theory of the death of a beautiful woman being the most poetical of all themes was repeatedly exemplified by him not only in "The Raven," but in "Annabel Lee," "Lenore," "The Sleeper," "Ulalume," and "To One in Paradise"; a theme which haunted him as did the themes of Death, De-

cay, "the worm that dieth not," and the dethroned reason. The "bleak December" of "The Raven" seems a subtle allusion to the death-month of his mother, who died in that month at Richmond, while "Ulalume," with its "sere October," prophetically names his own death-month.

Poe's manner of reciting "The Raven" soon attracted attention and he was frequently called upon to repeat it.

"The other afternoon," writes a correspondent of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" (March 8, 1885), "I asked a lady who knew him to tell me all about Poe; to recall for my benefit the memories of hours passed in his society, and to allow me a sight of her souvenirs. The favor denied others was granted me, and in a few moments we were sitting where the wintry sunlight filtered through the curtains, talking of him; while close at hand was a parcel containing his letters, a portrait, and some 'Marginalia,' all tied together with a faded blue ribbon. There was something inexpressibly touching in her veneration for his memory; friendship for him was too sacred a thing to parade before a curious public. Before opening the parcel she spoke of 'The Raven' and described Poe's manner of rendering that poem; he would turn down the lamps till the room was almost dark, then standing in the centre of the apartment he would recite those wonderful lines in the most melodious of voices; gradually becoming more and more enthused with his new creation, he forgot time, spectators, his personal identity, as the wild hopes and repressed longings of his heart found vent in the impassioned words of the poem. To the listeners came the sounds of falling rain and waving branches; the Raven flapped his

dusky wings above the bust of Pallas, and the lovely face of Lenore appeared to rise before them. So marvellous was his power as a reader that the auditors would be afraid to draw breath lest the enchanted spell be broken.

“He was a distinguished-looking man; his complexion was very odd, at times overcast with an ‘intellectual pallor,’ and again his cheeks were rosier than a child’s; the eyes were marvellous: such orbs, perhaps, as shone in the head of the Lady Ligeia, whilst his mouth wore the sneering expression visible in all portraits of him.

“He was noted for his perfect taste, and was the only person who could render his own poems effectively. He gave lectures and public and private readings; the public readings were given in the ball-room of the Exchange Hotel [Richmond]. He would allow this lady to put some favorite pieces on the programme, and before beginning any of these he would turn towards her seat in the room and preface the reading with a profound bow. One of these favorite pieces was Shelley’s ‘A Name is too often Profaned.’ He would render it exquisitely, blending language with expression, as the music with the words of song.”

Poe himself preferred “The Sleeper,” one of his boyish poems, to “The Raven.”

The following interesting account of the environment within which “The Raven” was written appeared in a recent New York “Mail and Express”:

“In spite of the oft-repeated story that Edgar Allan Poe composed his masterpiece ‘The Raven,’ in the Poe cottage, at Fordham, the most indisputable

tradition proves that the poem was written while Poe was spending the summer at the homestead of Patrick Brennan, father of Deputy-Commissioner Thos. S. Brennan, of the Department of Charities and Correction," said General James R. O'Beirne, a brother-in-law of the Commissioner, to a party of friends a few nights ago.

"Edgar Allan Poe," continued General O'Beirne, "spent the summers of 1843 and 1844 at the homestead of my father-in-law. I have frequently heard the story from my wife's lips, who was about ten years old when she became acquainted with the great poet. In those days, more than half a century ago, Patrick Brennan owned a farm of 216 acres, extending from a point about 200 feet west of Central Park to the Hudson River. It was a picturesque spot, and the neighboring territory was considered a sort of summer-resort whither a number of persons migrated in the hot weather." [Near where the homestead stood, on Eighty-fourth Street between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway, there is at present building a factory which will bear a tablet commemorative of Poe's composition of "The Raven" near that spot.]

"In the summer of 1843, Poe went to the home of Mr. Brennan, taking with him his invalid wife, Virginia, and her mother, Mrs. Clemm. If Poe's biographies, which paint him as a dissipated man, are true, then they must refer to his younger days, for Mrs. Brennan invariably denied these charges when they were made in her presence.

"During two years she knew him intimately and never saw him affected by liquor or do ought that evinced the wild impetuous nature with which he has

been accredited. He was the gentlest of husbands and devoted to his invalid wife. Frequently when she was weaker than usual, he carried her tenderly from her room to the dinner-table and satisfied every whim.

"Mrs. Brennan was noted for her kindheartedness and sympathetic nature, and once I heard her say that Poe read 'The Raven' to her one evening before he sent it to the 'Mirror.'

"It was Poe's custom to wander away from the house in pleasant weather to 'Mount Tom,' an immense rock, which may still be seen in Riverside Park, where he would sit alone for hours, gazing out upon the Hudson.

"Other days he would roam through the surrounding woods, and, returning in the afternoon, sit in the big room, as it used to be called, by a window and work unceasingly with pen and paper, until the evening shadows.

"No doubt it was upon such an evening, when sitting later than usual by the window, 'dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before,' until every one else had retired, and the moon hidden her light behind a cloud, that he 'heard the tapping, as of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.' He starts and listens for a moment and then forces open the door, anticipating some midnight visitor — 'but darkness there and nothing more.' For awhile he peers out into the darkness, but he can see no one and returns to his chair.

"Then again he hears 'the rappings somewhat louder than before.' This time the sound apparently comes from the window and he flings open the shutter, 'when with many a flirt and flutter, in there steps a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.'

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"Above the door opening into the hallway, there stood the 'pallid bust of Pallas.' It was a little plaster cast and occupied a shelf nailed to the door casing, immediately behind the bust, and occupying the space between the top casing and the ceiling; a number of little panes of smoky glass took the place of the partition.

"This bust of Minerva was either removed or broken by one of the Brennan tenants after the family had moved to the city, and no trace of it can be found at the present time.

"Poe was extremely fond of children, and Mrs. O'Beirne used to tell of lying on the floor at his feet and arranging his manuscript. She did n't understand why he turned the written side toward the floor, and she would reverse it and arrange the pages according to the number upon them.

"Mrs. Brennan was never vexed with Poe except on one occasion, when he scratched his name on the mantelpiece in his room. It was a very quaint and old-fashioned affair, with carved fruit and vines and leaves, and Mrs. Brennan always kept it carefully painted. On the day in question Poe was leaning against the mantelpiece, apparently in meditation. Without thinking, he traced his name on the black mantel, and when Mrs. Brennan called his attention to what he was doing he smiled and asked her pardon.

"It seems strange that people will persist in saying that 'The Raven' was written at the Poe cottage in Fordham, while it is well known that the author did not move to Fordham until 1846, and the poem appeared in the New York 'Mirror,' in January, 1845, and was copied the following month in the 'Review.'

“The mantel upon which Poe scratched his name now adorns the library fireplace of Mr. William Hemstreet, at 1332 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, who bought it when the Brennan homestead was demolished, about twelve years ago.

“Mrs. Manley, a daughter of Patrick Brennan, has the lock from Poe’s chamber door. It is an old-fashioned affair and fully six inches long and five wide. Mrs. Manley took it as a souvenir when the Brennan home was taken down.

“The present occupant of the Poe cottage at Fordham makes the assertion that the poem was composed at the latter place, and exhibits to the credulous sight-seers the ‘very window’ where Poe wrote his immortal verses.”

¹ The author is indebted to Dr. William Hand Browne, of Baltimore, for this account.

CHAPTER X.

1845.

TALES: POEMS; LONGFELLOW WAR; END OF
"THE BROADWAY JOURNAL."

THE year 1845 was, of all Poe's years, perhaps the fullest of work: it was distinguished by the publication of "The Raven," by his editorship of "The Broadway Journal," first as subordinate, then as one-third proprietor, finally as editor and proprietor; the appearance of the complete and, in one sense, final edition of his collected poems; and the collection of twelve of his tales selected and edited (presumably) by Duyckinck, whose name however nowhere appears in the rather shabby-looking volume. Poe's best work had been repeatedly rejected by the Harpers; Lea and Blanchard of Philadelphia had shrewdly accepted and published the two-volume "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" in 1840; and now Wiley and Putnam were to immortalize themselves by issuing the twelve Tales and the Poems. The volume of Tales was without preface, extended to 228 pages, and contained the following title-pages and contents (copied from the original edition):

Tales | by | Edgar A. Poe. | New York : | Wiley
and Putnam, 161 Broadway; 1845.

Contents. — The Gold-Bug; The Black Cat; Mesmeric Revelation; Lionizing; The Fall of the House of Usher; A Descent into the Maelström; The

Colloquy of Monos and Una ; The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion ; The Murders in the Rue Morgue ; The Mystery of Marie Rogêt ; The Purloined Letter ; The Man in the Crowd.

Poe objected strongly to the selection because he thought it revealed his ratiocinative side too exclusively, to the detriment of the romantic, poetic, humorous, and imaginative facets of his many-sided authorship.

His own opinion of his prose work as revealed in the well-known letter to Lowell (July 2, 1844) was as follows :

"My best tales are 'Ligeia,' 'The Gold-Bug,' the 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' the 'Tell-Tale Heart,' the 'Black Cat,' 'William Wilson,' and the 'Descent into the Maelström' " — "The Gold-Bug" having attained, shortly after its publication, a circulation of 300,000 copies. Only five of these are contained in the Duyckinck collection, which constituted No. 2 of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books."

Early in the year Poe had become entangled in the notorious "Longfellow War," which had smouldered in a subterranean way ever since the publication of "The Haunted Palace" in the "Southern Literary Messenger," followed six weeks later by Longfellow's "Beleaguered City," and now broke out afresh with renewed fury on the occasion of the appearance of Longfellow's "Waif." Poe was an exceedingly alert and zealous critic, frequently, from his monomania on the subject of plagiarism, pouncing on intangible resemblances or haunting reminiscences as the basis of a long argument in favor of this or that poet's "thefts."

Just as his physical machine was extraordinarily irritable and open to influences inapprehensible to less delicate natures, so his moral and intellectual constitution was like an Eolian cord strung between window sashes, vibrating to whispers inaudible to others, continually a-swing with unseen excitements, the prey of stimulations which in some are called madness, in others, genius.

“What the world calls ‘genius,’” says he in “A Chapter of Suggestions,” “is the state of mental disease arising from the undue predominance of some one of the faculties. The works of such genius are never sound in themselves, and, in especial, always betray the general mental insanity. . . . That poets (using the word comprehensively, as including artists in general) are a *genus irritabile*, is well understood; but the *why*, seems not to be commonly seen. An artist *is* an artist only by dint of his exquisite sense of Beauty — a sense affording him rapturous enjoyment, but at the same time implying or involving, an equally exquisite sense of Deformity, of disproportion. Thus a wrong — an injustice — done a poet who is really a poet, excites him to a degree which, to ordinary apprehension, appears disproportionate with the wrong. Poets *see* injustice *never* where it does not exist — but very often where the unpoetical see no injustice whatever. Thus the poetical irritability has no reference to ‘temper’ in the vulgar sense, but merely to a more than usual clear-sightedness in respect to wrong: — this clear-sightedness being nothing more than a corollary from the vivid perceptions of right — of justice — of proportion — in a word, of τὸ καλόν. But one thing is clear — that the man who is *not* ‘irritable’ (to the ordinary apprehension), is *no poet*.”

Superadded to these reflections came the fact that Poe had all his life lived too fast, in a seventh heaven of imaginative exaltation, fevered by the continual search for Beauty and the impulse to create it, over-energized by a powerful fancy which made him view things in an unreal, almost spectral, light, haunted psychologically by the pale colors of the spectrum—the violets, purples, blues—that enveloped his spirit in a kind of halo and withdrew it from the warm reds and flesh-colors of life as it really was. Out of this nimbus of encircling glooms he never effectually escaped, and his intellectual view became jaundiced and purblind towards many of his contemporaries.

“There are few men of that peculiar sensibility which is at the root of genius,” says he, “who, in early youth, have not expended much of their mental energy in *living too fast*; and, in later years, comes the unconquerable desire to goad the imagination up to that point which it would have attained in an ordinary, normal, or well-regulated life. The earnest longing for artificial excitement, which, unhappily, has characterized too many eminent men, may thus be regarded as a psychal want, or necessity—an effort to regain the lost—a struggle of the soul to assume the position which, under other circumstances, would have been its due.”

In his charges of plagiarism brought in “The Evening Mirror” (January 14, 1845) and reiterated in five instalments (beginning March 1) of “The Broadway Journal,” against Aldrich, Longfellow, and others, Poe was walking on exceedingly thin ice—very dangerous ground in fact—which easily broke in and threatened to swallow up critic as well as criticised. Undoubtedly the cultured reader of Longfellow is con-

tinually teased by haunting reminiscences of things seen and heard and read before, and the more cultured the reader, the more abounding the haunting reminiscences. Longfellow had access to many languages; he spent years of his life teaching these languages and translating artistically from them; and he would have been more than mortal if assimilable particles of the foreign gold had not clung to his memory and inwrought themselves here and there with the filaments of a most malleable and plastic nature. The student of "The Golden Legend," or of "Keramos," feels "Der Arme Heinrich," the Schiller background, of these poems shimmering through the rich texture of woven gold as the bit of verbal Gobelins is being fingered; but then: is there any absolute originality predicable? do we not see the very story of Genesis rooting itself in the Babylonian tablets, and the tragedy of Faust germinating from the fifteenth century Faust Buch? "Outis" easily turned the tables on Poe and showed how readily the Coleridgean rhythms took on a Poëstique tinge when they were arranged in a certain order; and others have shown how the "silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain" might possibly be traceable to the curtains hanging in a certain "Casa Guidi's Windows!"

Poe's criticisms of these poetic contemporaries only made him the more vulnerable in spite of his daily Achillean bath in the waters of self-sufficiency and intellectual pride; and they did not fail to retort on him with cruel detail and pertinacity. The accusation that scenes from "The Spanish Student" imitated parallel scenes from his own "Politian" was altogether unworthy of Poe, and about as true as that Chivers in "Conrad and Eudora," William Gilmore Simms in

"Beauchampe," and Fenno Hoffman in "Greyslaer," all plagiarized from "Politian," because Chivers, Simms, Hoffman, and Poe all drew in common, for their romances and tragedies, from the well-known murder of Sharp, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky, by Beauchampe. Of this murder Poe wrote: "The real events were more impressive than are the fictitious ones. The facts of this remarkable tragedy, as arranged by actual circumstance, would put to shame the skill of the most consummate artist. Nothing was left to the novelist but the amplification of character, and at this point neither the author of 'Greyslaer' nor of 'Beauchampe' is especially *au fait*. The incidents might be better woven into a tragedy."

"Politian" is indeed a delicate idealization of this tragedy, never sufficiently appreciated by the critics.

If Poe, in this ill-tempered and unworthy controversy, had only incidentally called to mind from the stores of his own extensive and accurate reading, Chaucer, all ablaze and a-hum with "reminiscences" of Dante and Boccaccio; Shakspeare, with Plutarch and the Celtic romances behind him; Milton saturated with classical savors; and Tennyson, the beloved of his heart, all compact of Homeric and Virgilian memories, he might not have inveighed so fiercely against Longfellow, the gentlest and most lovable of the chameleon school of poets whose very essence it is to color and flavor themselves with what they feed on. Who, at all events, does not prefer the glistening, silken thread of the cocoon to the original mulberry leaf which has furnished it?

Later on, in a mood of penitence, he wrote in "The Literati" notice of James Aldrich, whom he had accused of plagiarizing from Thomas Hood's "The Death-Bed":

“The charge of plagiarism, nevertheless, is a purely literary one; and a plagiarism even distinctly proved by no means necessarily involves any moral delinquency. This proposition applies very especially to what appear to be poetical thefts. The poetic sentiment presupposes a keen appreciation of the beautiful with a longing for its assimilation into the poetic ideality. What the poet intensely admires becomes thus, in very fact, although only partially, a portion of his own soul. Within this soul it has a secondary origination; and the poet, thus possessed by another's thought, cannot be said to take of it possession. But in either view he thoroughly feels it as *his own*; and the tendency to this feeling is counteracted only by the sensible presence of the true, palpable origin of the thought in the volume whence he has derived it — an origin which, in the long lapse of years, it is impossible *not* to forget, should the thought itself, as it often is, be forgotten. But the frailest association will regenerate it; it springs up with all the vigor of a new birth; its absolute originality is not with the poet a matter even of suspicion; and when he has written it, and printed it, and on its account is charged with plagiarism, there will be no one more entirely astounded than himself. Now, from what I have said, it appears that the liability to accidents of this character is in the direct ratio of the poetic sentiment, of the susceptibility to the poetic impression; and, in fact, all literary history demonstrates that, for the most frequent and palpable plagiarisms, we must search the works of the most eminent poets.”

Corneille and Guillen de Castro, Vergil and Theocritus, Plautus and Menander, Manfred and Faust, Byron and Coleridge, are names that one uncon-

sciously couples together in confirmation of the last sentence.

Poe's other contributions to the magazines during the fourteen months now under consideration were: "The Oblong Box" and "Thou Art the Man" ("Godey's" for September and October), "The Literary Life of Thingum-Bob" ("Southern Literary Messenger" for December), "The Purloined Letter" ("The Gift" for 1845), "Marginalia" ("Democratic Review" for November and December), "The 1002 Tale of Scheherazade" ("Godey," February, 1845), a lecture before the New York Historical Society, February 28, and a connection with "The Broadway Journal," beginning January 4, becoming a co-editorship with Watson and Briggs in March. This connection resulted, during the time that he was co-editor, in the following contributions new and old: "Peter Snook," "The Premature Burial," "Lionizing," "Berenice," "Bon-Bon," "The Oval Portrait," "The Philosophy of Furniture," "Three Sundays in a Week," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "Eleonora," "Shadow," "The Assignment," "Morella," "To F——," "The Sleeper" (rejected by O'Sullivan of "The Democratic Review" 1), "To One in Paradise," "The Conqueror Worm," review of W. W. Lord, miscellaneous papers on "Anastatic Printing," "Street Paving," and a sour-sweet review of Mrs. Browning's (Miss Barrett's) works.

The "Journal" did not monopolize his busy pen. In the April "Whig Review" appeared "The Doomed City," "The Valley Nis," and "Some Words with a Mummy," "The Power of Words" ("Democratic Review"), "The Facts in the Case

of *M. Valdemar*” (“*Whig Review*” — one of the rejected Grotesques), “*Eulalie*” (July “*Whig Review*”), “*The American Drama*” (August “*Whig Review*”), “*The Imp of the Perverse*” (“*Graham’s*”), “*Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether*” (“*Graham’s*”), “*Marginalia I. and II.*” (“*Godey’s*”).

After his assumption of the editorship of the “*Broadway Journal*, October, 1845, he revised and reprinted many of his former publications: “*How to Write a Blackwood Article*,” “*The Masque of the Red Death*,” “*The Literary Life of Thingum-Bob*,” “*The Business Man*,” “*The Man who was Used Up*,” “*Never Bet the Devil your Head*,” “*The Tell-Tale Heart*,” “*William Wilson*,” “*Why the Little Frenchman wears his Hand in a Sling*,” “*The Landscape Garden*,” “*The Tale of Jerusalem*,” “*The Island of the Fay*,” “*MS. Found in a Bottle*,” “*The Duc de l’Omelette*,” “*King Pest*,” “*The Power of Words*,” “*Diddling considered as one of the Exact Sciences*,” “*The Coliseum*,” “*Zante*,” “*Israfil*,” “*Silence*,” “*Science*,” “*Bridal Ballad*,” “*Eulalie*,” “*Lenore*,” “*A Dream*,” “*Catholic Hymn*,” “*Romance*,” “*City in the Sea*,” “*To the River —*,” “*The Valley of Unrest*,” “*To F —*,” “*To —*,” song, “*Fairyland*,” and reviews of Hoyt and Hirst (the young poet who had written a sketch of Poe). Before the year quite ended, and with it (December 26) his editorship, he had added to these, “*Some Words with a Mummy*,” “*The Devil in the Belfry*,” “*A Tale of the Ragged Mountains*,” “*Four Beasts in One*,” “*The Oblong Box*,” “*Mystification*,” “*Loss of Breath*,” and “*The Spectacles*.”

The relentless war which Poe waged on Transcen-

dentalism and its votaries in New England — Emerson, Margaret Fuller, William Ellery Channing, and others — came to a violent and rather discreditable culmination in October (one of Poe's astrologically fatal months) of this year. He had been invited with every courtesy, probably at Lowell's instance, to read a poem before the Boston Lyceum on the evening of the 16th; he accepted; but instead of the expected treat he read, "Al Aaraaf," to the vexation and disappointment of his audience, following up the reading however with an artistic recitation of "The Raven." The papers did not hesitate to vent their spleen on the poet, whose "imp of the perverse" was again in the ascendant, and who retorted from New York in a malicious and inexcusable vein of insult. His vilifiers now streamed from lecture-room, lyceum, and periodical press, and hurled their venom on the unfortunate man whose uncurbable tongue was the root of all his misfortunes. He continually confused independence of speech with dogmatic arrogance on questions about which open-minded men might well disagree; and his imperious tone and temper were anything but conciliatory.

Poe had now received the honor of being pirated and reprinted in England, and pirated, quarrelled over, and translated in France: the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," the "*Charivari*," and other French reviews and journals had noticed, copied, or reviewed him, and his *Morgue* and *Mystery Romances* had created a profound sensation on the Seine. Charles Baudelaire, author of "*Les Fleurs du Mal*," took up Poe as a lifelong study and translated him so perfectly as to leave little to be desired; Mallarmé, later, reproduced "*The Raven*" in magnificent form; and

Poe (Poë, as the Quantin edition prints the name) became a cult with Théophile Gautier and his school.

In a scarce pamphlet now before the writer—"Mesmerism 'in Articulo Mortis,' an Astounding and Horrifying Narrative, shewing the Extraordinary Power of Mesmerism in Arresting the Progress of Death: By Edgar A. Poe, Esq., of New York. London: Short & Co. 1846," we have a curious instance of the intense interest excited by Poe's mesmeric hoax, an interest shared by Miss Barrett and many others, and doubtless heightened by the Advertisement to the pamphlet:

"The following astonishing narrative first appeared in the 'American Magazine,' a work of some standing in the United States, where the case has excited the most intense interest.

"The effects of the mesmeric influence, in this case, were so astounding, so contrary to all past experience, that no one could have possibly anticipated the final result. The narrative, though only a plain recital of facts, is of so extraordinary a nature as almost to surpass belief. It is only necessary to add, that credence is given to it in America, where the occurrence took place."

Poe was certainly the transcendentalist—the Cagliostro—the Apollonius—of the crude practical joke etherealized to a work of art: he juggled with the baubles of science, of the intuitional life, of the Shadowland between sleep and consciousness until, like an Indian fakir, he hoodwinked his gaping audiences before their very faces and made the incredible everyday probabilities.

The crowning achievement, however, of this year of many things accomplished was: "The Raven and

other Poems": New York: Wiley and Putnam: 1845, with its glowing dedication:

"To the Noblest of her Sex — To the Author of 'The Drama of Exile' — To Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, of England, I Dedicate this Volume, with the most Enthusiastic Admiration, and with the most Sincere Esteem. — E. A. P."

The thirty poems of this thin volume (from a copy of the original edition of which we derive these details) are the quintessence of Poe's poetical genius, the decanted spirit of a rare poetic power which was not yet complete indeed, but which was approaching its consummation. "The Raven" alone, of this volume,¹ has given rise to a literature and afforded perhaps the widest discussion of any single poem of its length ever published.

The other poems of the 1845 volume remain as Poe edited them, in their final form for future generations. They had been put through many crucibles of publication and republication — "Southern Literary Messenger," "Graham's," "The Broadway Journal," and what not — until they reached their ultimate crystallization and *avatar* in this form.

"The Broadway Journal," however, was not to extend its fevered and ephemeral existence beyond the year: the January child became the December old man. Appeals to George Poe and others for pecuniary assistance were made in vain; embarrassments came thick and fast though the circulation of the periodical had largely increased, and some things connected

¹ See J. H. Ingram's edition of the poem: London: George Redway: 1885.

with it seemed hopeful. Its collapse was announced the day after Christmas in the following terms : —

Valedictory.— Unexpected engagements demanding my whole attention, and the objects being fulfilled so far as regards myself personally, for which “The Broadway Journal” was established, I now, as its editor, bid farewell — as cordially to foes as to friends.

EDGAR A. POE.

A final number, dated January 3, is said to have been issued under the editorship of Thomas Dunn English.

Among the last words written by Poe this year was the Preface to his Poems : —

Preface.— These trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going at random “the rounds of the press.”¹ If what I have written is to circulate at all, I am naturally anxious that it should circulate as I wrote it. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent upon me to say, that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion ; and the passions should be held in reverence ; they must not — they cannot — at will be excited with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations, of mankind.

E. A. P.

¹ Poe slightly changed the form of this sentence in a MS. note to his copy of the Poems.

CHAPTER XI.

1846.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY LIFE IN NEW YORK:
THE LITERATI.

IT is time now to take a little peep at the social environment by which Poe and his family were surrounded in the winter of 1846, this time through the spectacles of the poet Richard Henry Stoddard, a keen admirer of Poe's genius, but an unsparing foe to what he considers and calls, in season and out of season, Poe's moral delinquencies and mendacity.¹ In a review of Mrs. Botta's (Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch's) *Memoirs*, he writes :

“The best preparation for reading these *Memoirs* of Mrs. Botta is a glance over the first forty or fifty names in the series of papers which Edgar Allan Poe contributed, in 1845, to ‘*The Lady's Book*’ of L. A. Godey. Familiar with the reputation of the ladies and gentlemen who figure in this list, my acquaintance with Mrs. Botta dates back only forty-four years, when, a timid young person of twenty-four, I was introduced into her salon, either by Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, or by Mr. Bayard Taylor. I had scrawled some immature verse, which Mr. Seba Smith and Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland thought not entirely unworthy of the places which they gave it, one in ‘*The Rover*,’ a

¹ *The Independent*, Feb. 1, 1894.

little weekly, the other, in 'The Union Magazine,' a monthly of larger size, with illustrations on wood and steel, mezzotints, if my memory is not at fault, by Mr. John Sartain. Mrs. Botta, who was then Miss Anne Charlotte Lynch, was known to me before the date I have specified through her poems in 'Graham's Magazine' and other periodicals, which were copied in 'The Evening Mirror,' of which Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis was editor-in-chief, and in 'The New York Tribune,' the critical chair of which was filled by Mr. George Ripley. To meet this accomplished gentlewoman was a distinction, since in meeting her one met her friends, the least of whom was worth knowing. She lived, as nearly as I now recollect, on the south side of Ninth Street, not far from Fifth Avenue, and with her was her elderly mother and a young woman who is now Mrs. S. M. C. Ewer, and was a sister of Mr. Charles Congdon, a brilliant humorist, whom I did not know until ten years later.

"Who witnessed my awkward entrance into Miss Lynch's well-lighted parlor? I have forgotten who they were. I only know that the night was a cold one; late in November, I fancy, and that, chilled through and through, in spite of a thick cloak which I wore, I stooped and chafed my hands before her glowing coal fire. Many a day passed before I heard the last story about my blundering gaucherie on that woful night, — a gaucherie which worsened itself in the sharp eyes of Phyllis, who declared that she wondered at her foolish Corydon. The Willises were there, the poet who wrote 'Scripture Sketches' in his youth, and had written much versatile poetry and prose since — letters from all quarters of the world — his second wife and his daughter Imogen. But before these I see Miss

Lynch, tall, gracious, kindly, the woman that she remained until the cold March morning two years ago when she wandered out into the worlds beyond this work-a-day world of ours. Present, also, were two of the swarming sisterhood of American singers, one elderly spinster [Miss Bogart] who was remembered through one of her solemn lyrics, entitled, I think, 'He came too Late,' and a more hopeful married woman, whose songs were of a more cheerful cast. . . .

"On a later occasion, early in the following spring, I met another singer of tender melodies. She came of a poetic family, for, besides herself, I can recall a sister who wrote fairly well. Born in Boston, child of a merchant there named Locke, Frances Sargent spent a portion of her girlhood where I passed my boyhood, in Hingham, Mass., where, in my seventh year, Mr. William Gilmore Simms improvised his 'Atalantis: A Tale of the Sea.' Miss Locke married a painter named Osgood, with whom she sailed for London, where he drew many celebrities, and she warbled her way into their affections, remembering her native land in her first book, 'A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England.' When I met this gentle lady, seven-and-thirty, or it may be, thirty-eight summers had touched her, lightly, as it seemed, but heavily, as it proved; for, always fragile, she was in a decline, reminding her friends, after her soul had taken its flight, of Young's Narcissa, —

"'She sparkled, exhaled and went to Heaven.'

Mrs. Osgood was a paragon. For, loved of all men who knew her, she was hated by no woman who ever felt the charm of her presence. Poe was enamored of her, felt or fancied that he was, which with him was the

same thing. He dedicated a copy of verses to her, a trifle which had served the same purpose twice before. He concealed her name in an effusion of twenty lines, and he reviewed her in his glowing fashion, and no one disputed the accuracy of his verdict, in her case. But Poe had a rival in her affections in Dr. Griswold, whom she transformed for the moment into an impassioned poet. When Edgar Allan was drugged to death in Baltimore, about six months before the time of which I am writing, I scribbled some verse in his memory; and she was good enough to think some of it not unworthy of its theme. She died a few weeks later. . . .

"I return to the list of names in Poe's 'Literati of New York City,' and recover others whom I saw at Miss Lynch's evenings at home. Constantly there was Mr. W. M. Gillespie, a mathematician of eminence, who stammered in his speech; Dr. J. W. Francis, who knew and was known to everybody, a florid gentleman with flowing white locks; and Ralph Hoyt. Then came Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, poetess, writer of stories, and, later, of three or four novels; and next Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Embury, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, and Dr. Thomas Ward, who, under the Horatian signature of 'Flaccus' celebrated 'Passaic, a Group of Poems Touching that River, with other Poems.'

"Greater names were those of Bryant and Halleck, and one lesser, in the person of the bard who entreated the woodman to spare the tree [G. P. Morris]."

In her interesting "Introductory Letter" prefixed to Mr. E. L. Didier's "Life and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe" (W. J. Widdleton: 1876), Mrs. Whitman writes:



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"During the whole of the winter 1845-46, he was residing in the city of New York — I think in Amity Street. He was, at that time, a frequent visitor and ever-welcome guest at the houses of many persons with whom I have long been intimately acquainted — among others, the Hon. John R. Bartlett . . . and Miss Anne C. Lynch, now Mrs. Botta — who were accustomed to receive informally at their houses, on stated evenings, the best intellectual society of the city. To reinforce my memory on the subject, I have just referred to letters received from various correspondents in New York, during the winters of 1845 and 1846, in all of which the name of the poet frequently occurs.

"In one of these letters, dated January 20, 1846, the writer says: 'Speaking of our receptions, I must tell you what a pleasant one we had on Saturday evening, in Waverley Place; or rather I will tell you the names of some of the company, and you will *know*, among others, that of Cassius Clay, Mr. Hart, the sculptor, who is doing Henry Clay in marble; Halleck, Locke (the Man in the Moon), Hunt, of the "Merchant's Magazine"; Hudson, Mr. Bellows, Poe, Headley, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Ellet, and many others more or less distinguished.'

"One of these letters, in which the date of the year is wanting, alludes to a controversy, which took place at one of the soirées between Margaret Fuller (Ossoli) and Poe, about some writer whom, in her lofty, autocratic way, the lady had been annihilating. Miss Fuller was then writing critical papers for the 'New York Tribune.' Poe, espousing the cause of the vanquished, with a few keen, incisive rejoinders, ob-

tained such ascendancy over the eloquent and oracular woman, that somebody whispered, 'The Raven has perched upon the casque of Pallas, and pulled all the feathers out of her cap.'

"In another letter, dated January 7, 1846, I find the following: 'I meet Mr. Poe very often at the receptions. He is the observed of all observers. His stories are thought wonderful, and to hear him repeat "The Raven," which he does very quietly, is an event in one's life. People seem to think there is something uncanny about him, and the strangest stories are told, and, what is more, *believed*, about his mesmeric experiences, at the mention of which he always smiles. His smile is captivating! . . . Everybody wants to know him; but only a few people seem to get well acquainted with him.'

"This was in the spring of 1846, when Poe was at the very acme of his literary and social success among the *litterati* of New York."

And how, one may ask, did Poe comport himself among the *illuminati* of this defunct and mutually admiring generation?

"As a conversationist," remarks Mrs. Whitman, "we do not remember his equal. We have heard the veteran Landor (called by high authority the best talker in England) discuss with scathing sarcasm the popular writers of the day, convey his political animosities by fierce invectives on the 'pretentious coxcomb Albert' and 'the cunning knave Napoleon,' or describe, in words of strange depths and tenderness, the peerless charm of goodness, and the *naïve* social graces in the beautiful mistress of Gore House, 'the most gorgeous Lady Blessington.' We have heard the Howadji talk of the gardens of Damascus till the

air seemed purpled and perfumed with its roses. We have listened to the trenchant and vivid talk of the Autocrat ; to the brilliant and exhaustless colloquial resources of John Neal and Margaret Fuller. We have heard the racy talk of Orestes Brownson in the old days of his freedom and power, have listened to the serene wisdom of Alcott, and treasured up memorable sentences from the golden lips of Emerson. Unlike the conversational power evinced by any of these, was the earnest, opulent, unpremeditated speech of Edgar Poe.

“Like his writings, it presented a combination of qualities rarely met with in the same person, —a cool, decisive judgment, a wholly unconventional courtesy and sincere grace of manner, and an imperious enthusiasm, which brought all hearers within the circle of its influence.

“J. M. Daniel, Esq., United States Minister at Turin, who knew Poe well during the last years of his life, says of him : ‘His conversation was the very best we have ever listened to. We have never heard any so suggestive of thought, or any from which one gained so much. On literary criticism it was the essence of correct and profound criticism divested of all formal pedantries and introductory ideas — the kernel clear of the shell. He was not a brilliant talker in the common, after-dinner sense of the word ; he was not a maker of fine points, or a frequent sayer of funny things. What he said was prompted entirely by the moment, and seemed uttered for the pleasure of uttering it. In his animated moods he talked with an abstracted earnestness, as if he were dictating to an amanuensis ; and, if he spoke of individuals, his ideas ran upon their moral and intellectual qualities, rather

than upon the idiosyncrasies of their active, visible phenomena, or the peculiarities of their manner.'

"We have said that the charm of his conversation consisted in its genuineness, its wonderful directness, and sincerity. We believe, too, that, in the artistic utterance of poetic emotion, he was at all times passionately genuine. His proud reserve, his profound melancholy, his unworldliness — may we not say his *unearthliness* — of nature made his character one very difficult of comprehension to the casual observer. The complexity of his intellect, its incalculable resources, and his masterly control of those resources when brought into requisition for the illustration of some favorite theme or cherished creation, led to the current belief that its action was purely arbitrary, that he could write without emotion or earnestness at the deliberate dictation of the will."¹

The year 1846 was the beginning of Poe's "descent" into the moral and physical "Maelström," in which he was finally swallowed up. All his brilliant literary and social successes had been in vain, had proved incapable of lifting him to a prosperous plane, had made him indeed only a shining mark for malice and malignity.

"In his white ideal
All statue-blind."

Even while he was frequenting these delightful *salons*, with his gentle Virginia by his side, he was personally and anatomically studying its frequenters with a view to presenting them in full-length life-like

¹ Mrs. Whitman, "Edgar Poe," &c., pp. 36-38.

portraits for the fashionable journal of a neighboring city.

"In the series of papers which I now propose," he writes, in his Introduction, "my design is, in giving my own unbiassed opinion of the *literati* (male and female) of New York, to give at the same time very closely, if not with absolute accuracy, that of conversational society in literary circles. It must be expected, of course, that, in innumerable particulars, I shall differ from the voice, that is to say, what appears to be the voice, of the public; but this is a matter of no consequence whatever.

"New York literature may be taken as a fair representation of that of the country at large. The city is itself the focus of American letters. Its authors include, perhaps, one-fourth of all in America, and the influence they exert on their brethren, if seemingly silent, is not the less extensive and decisive. As I shall have to speak of many individuals, my limits will not permit me to speak of them otherwise than in brief; but this brevity will be merely consistent with the design, which is that of simple opinion, with little of either argument or detail. With one or two exceptions, I am well acquainted with every author to be introduced. . . . Each individual is introduced absolutely at random."

Thirty-eight of these accomplished gentlemen and gentlewomen of a past generation pass panoramically before us, make their brief curtsy, and, as briefly, pass into the oblivion devoted to the Dilettanti. Poe's manner is sharp, French, epigrammatic; the crisp distinction of his style, the absolutely lucid form of his statement in these papers, has never been surpassed and seldom equalled; and yet he contrives to bring within

it just enough of the vanishing personality of his subject to pique attention and avoid offence.

Only a few reputations were assailed by the critic : coarse personalities were altogether absent ; the women were treated with chivalrous respect and discrimination — even the dreaded Margaret Fuller was discussed with Castilian courtesy ; and the fellow-journalists — Briggs, Willis, Colton, Hoffman, Locke — were almost universally appreciated and praised. Notes of discord sounded in the case of Aldrich and “ Thomas Dunn Brown ” and Lewis Gaylord Clark. “ Mr. Clark, as a literary man, has about him no determinateness, no distinctiveness, no saliency of point ; an apple, in fact, or a pumpkin has more angles. He is as smooth as oil, or a sermon from Dr. Hawkes ; he is noticeable for nothing in the world except for the markedness by which he is noticeable for nothing.”

Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Bogart, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Mowatt, and Margaret Fuller are the “ immortelles ” beaded on Poe’s eternal scroll ; Halleck, Willis, and Fenno Hoffman (founder of “ The Knickerbocker ”) are the only poets still distinguishable from the throng of minor contemporaries.

It is a curious fact that the two great historic foes of this period of American literature should also have been the Supreme Court of the time for the adjudication of literary reputations. Griswold revelled in anthologies, in volumes of prose and poetical selections, in old-fashioned *florilegiums* and “ elegant extracts ” sealed with the seven seals of Solomon’s wisdom. Poe was the taster — and tester — in these cellars of Amon-tillado, often delicately and derisively sceptical of its

being Amontillado at all. Both men were phenomenally industrious, and both have left monuments of erudition. Rivals even in their surreptitious loves, they worked shoulder to shoulder in the bustling forties amid the noise of presidential campaigns and the far-off mutterings of the Mexican War; and the one bequeathed his reputation to the other—to be ravenously devoured! Griswold's cohort of friends—Horace Greeley, Raymond, Hoffman, Donald G. Mitchell, Bayard Taylor, C. G. Leland, the Carys, James T. Fields, etc., was offset by Poe's cohort of foes made in his self-imposed task as a *censor morum* of more than Catonian severity. Vermont and Virginia were certainly reflected in their temperaments: the one keen, cold, incisive, indefatigable, resourceful, devoting an entire lifetime to the altruistic presentation of others' claims to literary recognition, a Dryasdust of a superior kind whose labors in collecting and in commentary were informed by an intelligent spirit, if not by a flaming zeal; the other, warm, imaginative, high-strung, impelled by an irresistible genius that never let him rest, imperiously creative, haughtily egotistic, forced rather to the presentation of his own claims than to the recognition of others.

CHAPTER XII.

1846-1847.

FORDHAM: THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA POE.

THE sensation caused by the successive issues of "The Literati" was very great, and when the series reached "Thomas Dunn Brown" [English], a violent explosion ensued. English published in "The Evening Mirror" (then managed by Fuller & Co.) a libellous and slanderous article, full of filth and indecency, accusing Poe of forgery, theft, and drunkenness: "he is not alone thoroughly unprincipled, base, and depraved, but silly, vain, and ignorant,—not alone an assassin in morals, but a quack in literature," etc., etc.

It is needless to say that Poe brought suit and recovered damages for defamation of character. The old gentleman (author of "Ben Bolt" and ex-member of the United States Congress) died in Newark April 1, 1902.

The controversy,¹ coarse and abusive as it was on both sides, had one good consequence for Poe: it resulted in a verdict of \$225 in his favor, the costs and all running up a bill of \$492 for the other party. With this money, apparently, Poe furnished the little

¹ English's letter appeared in the New York *Mirror* of June 23-July 13, 1846, and Poe's reply in the Philadelphia *Spirit of the Times* July 10, 1846. See Vol. XVII. p. 233.

Dutch cottage at Fordham, Westchester Co., New York, a suburb of the city, whither he now moved from Amity Street.

Mr. F. M. Hopkins thus describes the little home in "The Review of Reviews" for April, 1896:

"At the top of Fordham Hill, on the Kingsbridge Road, in the recently annexed or northern district of New York City, is a little old Dutch cottage known to fame as the home of Edgar Allan Poe during the last four [three ?] years of his life. The building is a small one containing only three rooms, a porch extending along its entire front, and standing with its gable end to the street. Instead of being clapboarded, it was shingled, as was customary in the early days in which it was built, making a good specimen of the dignified little homes that dotted northern New York, but which have almost wholly disappeared before the march of modern improvements.

"In Poe's time the cottage was pleasantly situated on a little elevation in a large open space, with cherry-trees about it. Many literary workers of his day visited him here, and mention was quite frequently made of the cosy home which Virginia Poe made, notwithstanding her limited means and contracted quarters. The surroundings have somewhat changed with passing years. The cherry-trees are gone, and neighboring houses elbow the cottage quite closely, but the poet's old home remains the same as a half century ago, aside from the neglect of recent years.

"The hallway entrance leads directly to the main room of the house, — a good-sized, cheerful apartment with four windows, two opening on the porch. Between these stood the poet's table, at which much of his reading and editorial work was done. In the little

sleeping-room facing towards the street, Virginia died.¹ At the left of the little hallway is an old-fashioned winding staircase to the attic above. In this low-roofed room Poe had a writing-table and his meagre library. Here in seclusion his more ambitious work was done. 'The musical 'Bells,' the pathetic 'Annabel Lee,' the weird 'Ulalume,' and the enigmatic 'Eureka,' as well as some of his best fiction were written here."

Hither, then, came the poet in the early summer of 1846, while the "Literati" excitement was raging, and here doubtless many of the articles were written.

Mrs. Whitman, in a few words describing these "lonesome latter years," paints graphically the charm of the new residence :

"It is well known to those acquainted with the parties, that the young wife of Edgar Poe [she was only twenty-four or five] died of lingering consumption, which manifested itself even in her girlhood. All who have had opportunities for observation in the matter have noticed her husband's tender devotion to her during her prolonged illness. . . . It is true that, notwithstanding her vivacity and cheerfulness at the time we have alluded to, her health was even then rapidly sinking ; and it was for her dear sake, and for the recovery of that peace which had been so fatally perilled amid the irritations and anxieties of his New York life, that Poe left the city, and removed to the little Dutch cottage in Fordham, where he passed the three remaining years of his life. It was to this quiet haven, in the beautiful spring of 1846, when the fruit-trees were all in bloom and the grass in its

¹ She died, according to all descriptions, upstairs, in a room where the ceiling sloped.

freshest verdure, that he brought his Virginia to die. Here he watched her failing breath in loneliness and privation through many solitary moons, until, on a desolate, dreary day of the ensuing winter, he saw her remains borne from beneath its lowly roof to a neighboring cemetery. It was towards the close of the year following her death, his most "immemorial year," that he wrote the strange threnody of "Ulalume." This poem, perhaps the most original and weirdly suggestive of all his poems, resembles at first sight some of Turner's landscapes, being apparently 'without form and void, and having darkness on the face of it.' It is, nevertheless, in its basis, although not in the precise correspondence of time, simply historical. Such was the poet's lonely midnight walk; such, amid the desolate memories and sceneries of the hour, was the newborn hope enkindled within his heart at sight of the morning star —

" 'Astarte's bediamonded crescent —'

coming up as the beautiful harbinger of love and happiness yet awaiting him in the untried future; and such the sudden transition of feeling, the boding dread, that supervened on discovering that which had at first been unnoted — that it shone, as if in mockery or in warning, directly over the sepulchre of the lost 'Ulalume.'

" 'A writer in the 'London Critic,' after quoting the opening stanzas of 'Ulalume,' says: 'These to many will appear only *words*. But what wondrous words! What a spell they wield! What a withered unity there is in them! The instant they are uttered, a misty picture, with a tarn dark as a murderer's eye below, and the thin yellow leaves of October fluttering

above, — exponents of a misery which scorns the name of sorrow, — is hung up in the chambers of your soul forever.’

“An English writer, now living in Paris [1860], the author of some valuable contributions to our American periodicals, passed several weeks at the little cottage in Fordham in the early autumn of 1847, and described to us, with a truly English appreciativeness, its unrivalled neatness, and the quaint simplicity of its interior and surroundings. It was at the time bordered by a flower-garden, whose clumps of rare dahlias and brilliant beds of fall flowers showed, in the careful culture bestowed upon them, the fine floral taste of the inmates.

“An American writer who visited the cottage during the summer of the same year [1847], described it as half buried in fruit-trees, and having a thick grove of pines in its immediate neighborhood. The proximity of the railroad, and the increasing population of the little village, have since wrought great changes in the place. Round an old cherry-tree, near the door, was a broad bank of greenest turf. The neighboring beds of mignonette and heliotrope, and the pleasant shade above, made this a favorite seat. Rising at four o’clock in the morning for a walk to the magnificent Aqueduct bridge over Harlem River, our informant found the poet, with his mother, standing on the turf beneath the cherry-tree, eagerly watching the movements of two beautiful birds that seemed contemplating a settlement in its branches. He had some rare tropical birds in cages, which he cherished and petted with assiduous care. Our English friend described him as giving to his birds and his flowers a delighted attention that seemed quite inconsistent with the gloomy

and grotesque character of his writings. A favorite cat, too, enjoyed his friendly patronage ; and often, when he was engaged in composition, it seated itself on his shoulder, purring as in complacent approval of the work proceeding under its supervision.

“During Mr. Poe’s residence at Fordham, a walk to High Bridge was one of his favorite and habitual recreations. The water of the Aqueduct is conveyed across the river on a range of lofty granite arches, which rise to the height of 145 feet above high-water level. On the top a turfed and grassy road, used only by foot-passengers and flanked on either side by a low parapet of granite, makes one of the finest promenades imaginable.

“The winding river, and the high, rocky shores at the western extremity of the bridge, are seen to great advantage from this lofty avenue. In the last melancholy years of his life — ‘the lonesome latter years’ — Poe was accustomed to walk there at all times of the day and night, often pacing the then solitary pathway for hours without meeting a human being. A little to the east of the cottage rises a ledge of rocky ground, partly covered with pines and cedars, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, and of the picturesque college of St. John’s, which had at that time in its neighborhood venerable old trees. This rocky ledge was also one of the poet’s favorite resorts. Here through the long summer days, and through solitary, star-lit nights, he loved to sit, dreaming his gorgeous waking dreams, or pondering the deep problems of ‘The Universe,’ — that grand ‘prose poem’ to which he devoted the last and maturest energies of his wonderful intellect.”

Along with the “Literati” sketches of this sum-
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mer went "The Philosophy of Composition," and instalments of "Marginalia" to "Graham's" and "The Democratic Review," for collecting and publishing which Poe has been taunted by a recent biographer, because some of them consisted of paragraphs already used in his printed reviews of this or that notability — or nonentity. The fact is, that the "Marginalia" and the neglected "Pinakidia" of the early "Southern Literary Messenger" are among the most interesting products of Poe's mind, giving his most intimate thoughts about men and things, treasuring his favorite quotations from a wide world of reading, and singling out remarkable sayings such as one finds imbedded in the prose of Pascal or the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. In them Poe often strikingly exemplifies his powers of sarcasm, satire, pith and epigram, not to speak of his sardonic humor — a mental feature altogether denied Poe by one of his most sympathetic critics — James Hannay.¹ "He has, for instance, no Humor — had little sympathy with the various forms of human life. But he is perfectly poetic in his own province. If his circle was a narrow, it was a magic one. His poetry is sheer poetry, and borrows nothing from without, as Didactic Poetry does. For Didactic Poetry he had a very strong and very justifiable dislike."

This same critic singularly errs when he says (in the first of the following sentences): "Traces of spiritual emotion are not to be found there [in his youthful poems]. Sorrow there is, but not divine sorrow. There is not any approach to the Holy — to the Holiness which mingles with all Tennyson's

¹ The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe, by James Hannay: London, 1863.



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poetry — as the Presence with the Wine. And yet, when you view his poems simply as poems, this characteristic does not make itself felt as a Want. It would seem as if he had only to deal with the Beautiful as a human aspirant. His soul thirsted for the ‘supernal loveliness.’ That thirst was to him Religion — all the Religion you discover in him. But if we cannot call him religious, we may say that he supplies the materials to worship. You want flowers and fruit for your altar; and wherever Poe’s muse has passed, flowers and fruits are fairer and brighter.

“With all this passion for the Beautiful, no poet was ever less voluptuous. He never profaned his genius whatever else he profaned. ‘Irene,’ ‘Ullalume,’ ‘Lenore,’ ‘Annabel Lee,’ ‘Annie,’ are all gentle, and innocent, and fairy-like. A sound of music — rising as from an unseen Ariel — brings in a most pure and lovely figure, — sad, usually; so delicate and dreamy are these conceptions, that, indeed, they hint only of some transcendent beauty — some region where passion has no place, where

“ ‘Music, and moonlight, and feeling are one,’

as Shelley says.

“Poe loved splendour — he delighted in the gorgeous — in ancient birth — in tropical flowers — in southern birds — in castellated dwellings. The hero of his ‘Raven’ sits on a ‘violet velvet lining’; they have ‘crested palls.’ He delighted, as Johnson said of Collins, ‘to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.’ His scenery is everywhere magnificent. His Genius is always waited upon with the splendour of an Oriental monarch.”

The "Marginalia" of which we have been speaking were in all likelihood paragraphs originally transferred from Poe's note-books to this or that review as occasion called for them, and then reclaimed from these reviews for an independent purpose, later.

"We know now that the charge," says Mr. Appleton Morgan, "that Poe resold his manuscripts is a lie, circumstantially nailed by the publisher, still fortunately living, from whose reminiscences the allegation originated. This publisher did, it seems, pay Poe three times for three versions of 'The Bells,' himself insisting on so doing, because the poems were substantially distinct pieces. The statement that Poe stole the theme, metre, rhythm, and technique of 'The Raven' from a certain lunatic in a certain madhouse has also fallen to the ground, it having been ascertained that there never was either such a lunatic or such a madhouse.

"The truth is, perhaps, that Poe's greatest crime was his poverty — often abject, and always extreme."

Echoes of this misery reverberated pathetically through the Griswold correspondence. "I know nothing of the Poe family," writes Miss M. L. Seward to Mrs. Osgood, New York, November 23d, 1846, "except that they are in great poverty."

"The Poes are in the same state of physical and pecuniary suffering — indeed worse, than they were last summer," writes Mrs. M. E. Hewitt to the same correspondent, under date of December 20, 1846; "for now the cold weather is added to their accumulation of ills. I went to inquire of Mr. Post [publisher of the "Columbian Magazine"] about them. He confirmed all that I had previously heard of their condition. Although he says Mrs. Clemm has never

told him they were in want, yet she borrows a shilling often, *to get a letter from the office* — but Mrs. Gove has been to see the Poes and found them living in the greatest wretchedness. I am endeavoring to get up a contribution for them among the editors, — and the matter has got into print — very much to my regret, as I fear it will hurt Poe's pride to have his affairs made so public."

Almost the last day of this distressful year (December 29th), Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Griswold: —

"I hope you will do whatever you can to favor Mr. Poe in the matter of which he spoke to you in his letter. . . . I have always thought Mr. Poe entertained a favorable opinion of me since he taught me how to scan one of my own poems. And I am not ashamed, though it may be very unphilosophical, to be grateful for his good opinion, and even venture to hope that he may find something to approve in one or two of my last poems."

Poe was only too eager to welcome young talent like that of Holmes, Bayard Taylor, the Davidson sisters, and others; even from the depths of his blackest misery he had evidently written for a copy of Holmes's poems with a view to a notice of them.

Mrs. Gove-Nichols (whom, as Mrs. Gove, Poe had reviewed sympathetically in "The Literati") gives us a pathetic glimpse of Poe and of Virginia's last month about this time:

"Poe's voice was melody itself. He always spoke low, when in a violent discussion, compelling his hearers to listen if they would know his opinion, his facts, fancies, or philosophy, or his weird imaginings. These last usually flowed from his pen, seldom from his tongue."

“ On this occasion I was introduced to the young wife of the poet, and to the mother, then more than sixty years of age. She was a tall, dignified old lady, with a most lady-like manner, and her black dress, though old and much worn, looked really elegant on her. She wore a widow’s cap, of the genuine pattern, and it suited excellently with her snow-white hair. Her features were large, and corresponded with her stature; and it seemed strange how such a stalwart and queenly woman could be the mother of her *petite* daughter. Mrs. Poe looked very young; she had large black eyes, and a pearly whiteness of complexion which was a perfect pallor. Her pale face, her brilliant eyes, and her raven hair, gave her an unearthly look. One felt that she was almost a dissolved spirit, and when she coughed it was made certain that she was rapidly passing away.

“ The mother seemed hale and strong, and appeared to be a sort of universal Providence to her strange children.

“ The cottage had an air of taste and gentility that must have been lent to it by the presence of its inmates. So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, and yet so charming, a dwelling I never saw. The floor of the kitchen was white as wheaten flour. A table, a chair, and a little stove that it contained, seemed to furnish it completely. The sitting-room floor was laid with check matting; four chairs, a light stand, and a hanging book-shelf composed its furniture. There were pretty presentation copies of books on the little shelves, and the Brownings had posts of honour on the stand. With quiet exultation Poe drew from his side-pocket a letter he had recently received from Elizabeth Barrett (Brown- ing). He read it to us. It was very flattering. She

told Poe that his "poem of the Raven had awakened a fit [of] horror in England. This was what he loved to do."¹ . . .

"The autumn came, and Mrs. Poe sank rapidly in consumption," continues Mrs. Gove-Nichols. "I saw her in her bed-chamber. Everything here was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and poverty-stricken, that I saw the poor sufferer with such a heart-ache. . . . There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw-bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth; except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet.

"Mrs. Clemm was passionately fond of her daughter, and her distress on account of her illness and poverty was dreadful to see.

"As soon as I was made aware of these painful facts, I came to New York and enlisted the sympathies and services of a lady, whose heart and hand were ever open to the poor and miserable. A feather bed and abundance of bed-clothing and other comforts were the first-fruits of my labour of love. The lady headed a private subscription, and carried them \$60 the next week. From the day this kind lady saw the suffering family of the poet, she watched over them as a mother watches over her babe. She saw them often, and ministered to the comfort of the dying and the living."²

¹ Ingram, II., p. 91.

² Ibid., p. 97.

This angel of mercy was Marie Louise Shew (afterwards Mrs. Houghton), to whom Poe addressed the beautiful lines in "The Home Journal" for March 13, 1847 :

TO M. L. S——

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning ;
Of all to whom thy absence is the night,
The blotting utterly from out high heaven
The sacred sun ; of all who, weeping, bless thee
Hourly for hope, for life, ah ! above all,
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith
In truth, in virtue, in humanity ;
Of all who, on despair's unhallowed bed
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen
At thy soft-murmured words, " Let there be
light ! "

At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes ;
Of all who owe thee most, whose gratitude
Nearest resembles worship, oh, remember,
The truest, the most fervently devoted,
And think that these weak lines are written by him :
By him, who, as he pens them, thrills to think
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

In March, 1848, Poe again addressed the passionate lines " To ——, " beginning :

" Not long ago the writer of these lines,
In the mad pride of intellectuality,
Maintained ' the power of words ' —— "

to this same lady, thus evincing his eternal gratitude for her goodness to his dying wife. It is to her that we owe the first suggestion of " The Bells."

The pitiable condition of the family got into print : the ever-ready Willis heard of it and printed an appeal in "The Home Journal" for help ; which brought forth a painful protest from Poe at thus having his private affairs thrust upon the public. He might die of starvation, like Otway and Spenser, but he did not wish the public to know anything about it. Thirty days after his letter of protest was written Virginia actually did die, January 30, 1847.

The day before the sad event he wrote as follows to Mrs. Shew :

FORDHAM, Jan. 29, '47.

KINDEST — DEAREST FRIEND — My poor Virginia yet lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again ! Her bosom is full to overflowing — like my own — with a boundless — inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more — she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come — oh, come to-morrow ! Yes ! I *will* be calm — everything you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends you, also, her "warmest love and thanks." She begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home so that you may stay with us to-morrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster.

Heaven bless you and farewell,

EDGAR A. POE.¹

Mrs. Shew attended to the last sad rites of the dead, and Virginia was temporarily placed in the family vault of the Valentines, in the Reformed Church at Fordham.

Any one who remembers the awful vividness with which Poe has depicted the slow consuming away of

¹ Ingram, II., p. 107.

a beloved one through a lingering illness, in the illuminated pages of "Ligeia," "Morella" and "Eleonora" lit by sepulchral lamps, wherein every footfall of the approach of "The Conqueror Worm" is delineated with muffled yet magical detail; every one to whose soul have penetrated the melodious dirges of "Ulalume," "Lenore," and "The Raven," which assume in their writhings almost the agonizing grace of the Laocoön, must realize, faintly indeed yet sympathetically, the abysmal grief into which this death must have plunged the greatest Artist of Death whom the world has ever seen, the man who most keenly and most wonderfully has conjured up its horrors before the quailing imagination and made them stand, instinct with their own quivering and hideous life, before the recoiling eye of the mind. The half-frantic mood of the time may be read in the mystic interlineations of "Ulalume," peeping between the lines of this mad yet most musical autobiographic poem that is wreathed with the opiate vapors of frenzy.

"Deprived of the companionship and sympathy of his child-wife," writes a friendly biographer,¹ "the poet suffered what to him was the exquisite agony of utter loneliness. Night after night he would arise from his sleepless pillow, and, dressing himself, wander to the grave of his lost one, and throwing himself down upon the cold ground, weep bitterly for hours at a time.

"The same haunting dread which we have ventured to ascribe to him at the time of his writing 'The Raven,' possessed him now, and to such a degree that he found it impossible to sleep without the presence of some friend by his bedside. Mrs. Clemm, his ever-

¹ W. F. Gill, Chatto and Windus, London, 1878.

devoted friend and comforter, more frequently fulfilled the office of watcher. The poet, after retiring, would summon her, and while she stroked his broad brow, he would indulge his wild flights of fancy to the Aidenn of his dreams. "He never spoke nor moved in these moments, unless the hand was withdrawn from his forehead; then he would say, with childish naïveté, 'No, no, not yet!' — while he lay with half-closed eyes.

"The mother, or friend, would stay by him until he was fairly asleep, then gently leave him."

The excesses to which the ruptured throat of his wife had impelled him in Philadelphia, and all through the five years preceding her death, with their alternations of hope and despair, now ended in a settled gloom that threatened his reason: henceforth Poe was a broken man, an unstrung harp wildly and wistfully singing of things long gone by, a "seraph-harper Isra-rafel" that had lost his harp or sat disrowned and disconsolate among the asphodels. A few uneven things, a few weird and beautiful threnodies, and the great prose-poem "Eureka," were practically all that Death and Grief had left him to utter, now that the inspiration of his life had gone and the home of his heart was built up against her tomb. A radiant joy indeed broke fitfully on the poet late in these latter years, but this, too, was doomed to extinction, and soon hung, like his trembling Astarte, directly over a grave. The excesses, brought on by extreme anguish and straitened circumstances, were only too real though never habitual, never *bacchanalia* of mere maudlin sensuality such as one reads of in the annals of drunken Elizabethans: they were the ups and downs, the uneven tight-rope walking of a nature trying to balance

itself amid impossible conditions and morbid neurotic states, wrung from its natural rectitude by overpowering temptation to seek relief in stimulants — coffee, wine, drugs, opium, anything that would soothe the intense malaise. Alas, how full of Verlaines and de Mussets and Baudelaires the world has been — men like Poe, endowed with preternaturally sensitive nerves, unable to grapple with the coarse flesh-and-blood around them, pierced on all sides by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and succumbing at last to the superincumbent mass of misery.

Poor little Virginia lay for many years in the borrowed tomb, but now at last rests beside her husband in Westminster Church grave-yard, Baltimore, underneath the Poe monument.

CHAPTER XIII.

1848.

"EUREKA."

OWING to Mrs. Shew's untiring efforts, Poe's friends (including General Winfield Scott) raised about \$100 and helped to pay the debts incurred by long illness. He himself seems to have been desperately ill and unnerved for a long time after Virginia's death and never really recovered from the shock. A famous New York physician (Dr. Mott) diagnosed the case, apparently agreeing with Mrs. Shew (who had been medically educated and was a doctor's only daughter), that Poe was suffering from a lesion of one side of the brain which would not permit him to use stimulants or tonics without producing insanity.

"I did not feel much hope," says the lady in her diary,¹ "that he could be raised up from brain fever brought on by extreme suffering of mind and body — actual want and hunger, and cold having been borne by this heroic husband in order to supply food, medicine, and comforts to his dying wife — until exhaustion and lifelessness were so near at every reaction of the fever, that even sedatives had to be administered with extreme caution."

He clung pathetically to the little Dutch cottage, went out little and wrote less; and yet this year of trouble

¹ Ingram, II., 115.

is the one — 1847 — in which his great prose-poem of "Eureka" began to dawn on him as he walked the piazza, looked out on the immeasurable "field of the cloth of gold" of stars, and speculated eagerly and philosophically about its future. Again "The Stylus" — his teasing evil genius — crops up and impels him to lecture and work for funds for its resuscitation.

That he was not wholly idle this almost fatal year, in spite of the long and depressing illnesses that repeatedly brought him to death's door, may be seen from the following unaddressed MS. letter in possession of the University of Virginia :

NEW YORK, August 10, 1847.

DEAR SIR, — Permit me to thank you, in the first place, very sincerely, for your considerate kindness to me while in Philadelphia. Without your aid, at the precise moment and in the precise manner in which you rendered it, it is more than probable that I should not now be alive to write you this letter. Finding myself exceeding ill — so much so that I had no hope except in getting home immediately — I made several attempts to see Mr. Graham, and at last saw him for a few minutes just as he was about returning to Cape May. He was very friendly — more so than I have ever known him, and requested me to write continuously for the Mag. As you were not present, however, and it was uncertain when I could see you, I obtained an advance of \$10 from Mr. G. in order that I might return home at once — and thinking it, also, more proper to leave you time in which to look over the articles.

I would be deeply obliged if you could now give me an answer respecting them. Should you take both, it would render me; just now, the most important service. I owe Mr. G. about \$50. The articles, at the old price (\$4 per page), will come to \$190 — so that, if you write

me that they are accepted, I propose to draw on Mr. G. for \$40 — thus squaring our account.

P. S. — I settled my bill with Arbuckle before leaving Phil., but am not sure how much I owe yourself for the previous bill, etc.

Please let me know.

Very gratefully your friend,

EDGAR A. POE.

The same "immemorial year" was sealed, in December, with the anonymous publication, in "The American Whig Review," of the mystic "Ulalume," reprinted by Willis, at Poe's request, in "The Home Journal," with remarks on its "exquisitely piquant and skilful exercise of rarity and niceness of language," "a curiosity in philologic flavor." The "Union Magazine" had rejected the poem, as other magazines or publishers had rejected or held up many of Poe's best things — "The Sleeper," "The Gold-Bug," "The Bells," etc., and the "Tales" in volume form.

Poe's work was so strange, so extraordinary, so original as it towered and sparkled in columnar beauty amid the flat commonplace of the time, that it is no wonder if editors were startled and looked askance, as they looked askance at "Jane Eyre," at Carlyle's "French Revolution," at Lamartine's "Jacqueline." Willis was one of the few editors of the time who appreciated Poe at his exact value, and gave him unstinted praise to the last. The rest gazed at him — Graham, and, it may be, Lowell excepted — as one might imagine the aborigines of Nubia gazing at the gorgeous bark of Cleopatra as it swept flashing down the Nile with all its oriental splendor and paraphernalia, a vision of light, perfume, and beauty.

Dark as the year preceding this had been, it had shot a ray of sunshine athwart the poet's path before Virginia's death in the shape of hearty recognition abroad. About the time the Godey sketches were running out, and literary Manhattan began to breathe a sigh of relief, the "Revue des Deux Mondes" printed a highly appreciative review of the Tales of 1845, which was followed by Mme. Gabrielle Men-
nier's translation of the best of them. A disgraceful squabble indeed had arisen between two Parisian papers — "Le Commerce" and "La Quotidienne" — soon after the publication of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," in April, 1841, in which it was shown that "Le Commerce" had stolen Poe's tale from the "Charivari," and republished it as an original *feuilleton* under the title of "L'Orang-Otang." This, in turn, was stolen by "La Quotidienne" and transferred to its columns; whereupon a lawsuit ensued, when the source of the theft was shown to be Poe's tale published shortly before in "Graham's."

And now, recently, a writer in "Notes and Queries" (May 12, 1894) comes forward to show that Poe probably stole *his* tale from an incident recorded in the "Shrewsbury Chronicle," apropos of "a ribbon-faced baboon" that had been taught to "burgle"! "The Case of M. Valdemar" was traced to one Miss Prevorst, the "William Wilson" to "The Man with Two Lives" (Boston, 1829), and to Calderon; the germ of "Metzengerstein" was discovered in "Vivian Grey," "Three Sundays in a Week" comes from Herschel's "Astronomy," "Hans Pfaall" is a free paraphrase of current scientific works, and Bulwer and Disraeli have been abundantly plundered for the rest!

Other rays of sunshine that fell before he died into his darkened life were the vogue and republication of some of his tales in England — "The Fall of the House of Usher," in "Bentley's," "The Purloined Letter," in Chambers' "Edinburgh Journal," "Mesmeric Revelation" and "The Case of M. Valdemar," in the London "Popular Record of Modern Science," and, of course, the Poems of 1845.

Poe's transatlantic reputation may, indeed, as Professor Trent¹ justly remarks, be regarded as a test of his value as a writer: "It is quite plain that Poe is considered by competent European critics to be the greatest author America has yet produced. His tales at least have been translated into all the chief languages, and have been widely read and more or less imitated. His poems, if less well known, have perhaps been even more influential, — their melody, their weirdness, their ideality having affected in considerable measure most modern lyrical poetry. . . . With the partial exception of Cooper, Poe is practically the only American since Franklin who has been accorded sincere and widespread homage in Europe for intellectual achievements other than scientific — who has, in other words, been recognized as one of the world's master writers. Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and other American authors have indeed been cordially received by British readers; but this is not the same thing as breaking down the barriers of language and winning the applause of the whole civilized world."

It is an astounding circumstance that a mind so apparently wrecked as Poe's was all through the weary months of 1847 — months hyphenated together by

¹ "Poe's Rank as a Writer," *East and West*, Aug. 1900.
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unalterable gloom from the death of Virginia, in January, to the apparition on the December horizon of the fantastic flame of "Ulalume" — could have recovered vitality or even vivacity enough to meditate upon the deep themes of "Eureka," of the cosmogony of the Universe, of the destiny of the human soul and the fate of the circumambient matter; but so it was.

Poe's argumentative faculty attained perhaps its highest expression in "Eureka": the theme, in itself so abstract, so transcendental, burns and glows with a concrete radiance that *seems* to convince the reader that it is true light and not quagmire phosphorescence; the suppleness of the poet's tongue never abandons him as he climbs the empyrean in his Excelsior flight and forces one stronghold after another of retreating Deity, talking volubly of Newton, Kepler, and La Place the while, until at last "Eureka!" bursts from his lips and he fancies he has found the Eternal.

Having worked the book out through the long and hollow hours of 1847 — hollow from the full life of his sweet Virginia having left him — he was ready with it as a lecture in the early months of 1848. His hope was to rent a hall and secure an audience of three or four hundred persons who would pay him sufficiently to start on a lecturing tour in the interests of "The Stylus" — which now again sweeps up to the surface like the drowned face of Delacroix's maiden. Instead of three or four hundred, sixty persons assembled in the hall of the Society Library, New York, and shivered through three hours of a bleak February night, listening, as one of them reported, to a "rhapsody of the most intense brilliancy. Poe appeared inspired, and his inspiration affected the scant audience almost painfully. His eyes seemed to glow

like those of his own 'Raven.' " His true friend, Willis, so often abused as a mere *dilettante* dandy of literature, helped in this project as in so many others relating to Poe, and did what he could to further it: "My general aim is to start a Magazine [magazines, in that virgin soil and time were burgeoning all over the country] to be called the 'Stylus,' " he wrote; "but it would be useless to me, even when established, if not entirely out of the control of a publisher. With this end in view, I must get a list of, at least, 500 subscribers to begin with: — nearly 200 I have already. I propose, however, to go South and West, among my personal and literary friends — old college and West Point acquaintances — and see what I can do. In order to get the means of taking the first step, I propose to lecture at the [New York Historical] Society Library on Thursday, the 3rd of February — and that there may be no cause of *squabbling* my subject shall *not be literary* at all. I have chosen a broad text — 'The Universe.' "

The Lyceum system of lecturing so entertainingly described by Edward Everett Hale in recent chapters of "James Russell Lowell and his Friends," was just then beginning its popular and fashionable career in New York and New England, and intelligent men and women were flocking to the lecture courses with pencil and note-book, eager to take down the words of inspiration as they dropped from the lips of eloquent speakers. The Lowell foundation was one of the results of the movement which, according to Dr. Hale, was a sort of spill-over, protest or expansion from the Sunday lecture, secular topics, however dramatic or useful, not being allowed (as was right) in the Sunday pulpit.

Not disheartened at his poor success nor at the absurdly caricatured accounts of the lecture in the public prints, Poe went bravely to work and wrote out the theory in book form, offering it, with flashing eyes and exuberant enthusiasm, to Mr. Putnam, the publisher of two of his books. He suggested an edition of 50,000; Mr. Putnam listened attentively, and ventured upon an edition of — 500.

The title, preface, etc., are as follows (we quote from a copy of the original edition) : —

Eureka : | A Prose Poem, | by | Edgar A. Poe. |
New York: | Geo. P. Putnam, | of late Firm of "Wiley
and Putnam," | 155 Broadway. | MDCCLXVIII. |
With very Profound Respect, | This Work is Dedicated |
to | Alexander Von Humboldt.

Preface. — To the few who love me and whom I love — to those who feel rather than to those who think — to the dreamers and those who put faith in dreams as in the only realities — I offer this Book of Truths, not in its character of Truth-Teller, but for the Beauty that abounds in its Truth; constituting it true. To these I present the composition as an Art-Product alone : — let us say as a Romance; or, if I be not urging too lofty a claim, as a Poem.

What I here propound is true : — therefore it cannot die : — or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will "rise again to the Life Everlasting."

Nevertheless it is as a Poem only that I wish this work to be judged after I am dead. E. A. P.

The book is bound in boards and contains about 136 pages of text, outside of the preface, dedication,

and title-page. What Poe himself considered the gist of "Eureka" may be gathered from the following letter : —

NEW YORK, February 29, 1848.

GEO. E. ISBELL, ESQ. :

DEAR SIR, — A press of business has hitherto prevented me from replying to your letter of the 10th. "The Vestiges of Creation" I have not yet seen ; and it is always unsafe and unwise to form opinions of books from reviews of them. The extracts of the work which have fallen in my way abound in inaccuracies of fact ; still these may not materially affect the general argument. One thing is certain ; that the objections of *merely* scientific men — men, I mean, who cultivate the physical sciences to the exclusion, in a greater or less degree, of the mathematics, of metaphysics and logic — are generally invalid except in respect to scientific *details*. Of all persons in the world, they are at the same time the most bigoted and the least capable of using, generalizing or deciding upon the facts which they bring to light in the course of their experiments. And these are the men who chiefly write the criticisms *against* all efforts at generalization — denouncing these efforts as "speculative" and "theoretical."

The notice of my lecture, which appeared in the "New World," was written by some one grossly incompetent to the task which he undertook. No idea of what I said can be gleaned from either that or any other of the newspaper notices — with the exception, perhaps, of the "Express" — where the critique was written by a gentleman of much scientific acquirement, Mr. E. A. Hopkins, of Vermont. I enclose you his report, which, however, is inaccurate in numerous particulars. He gives my *general* conception so, at least, as not to caricature it.

I have not yet published the lecture, but, when I do so, will have the pleasure of mailing you a copy. In the meantime, permit me to state succinctly my principal *results*.

GENERAL PROPOSITION. Because nothing was, therefore all things are.

1. An inspection of the *universality* of gravitation — of the fact that each particle tends not to any one common point, but to every other particle, suggests perfect totality of *absolute unity* as the source of the phenomenon.

2. Gravity is but the mode in which is manifested the tendency of all things to return into their original unity.

3. I show that the law of the return — *i. e.*, the law of gravity — is but a necessary result of the necessary and sole possible mode of equable irradiation of matter through a *limited* space.

4. Were the universe of stars (contradistinguished from the universe of space) unlimited, no worlds could exist.

5. I show that unity is nothingness.

6. All matter, springing from unity sprang from nothingness, *i. e.*, was created.

7. All will return to unity, *i. e.*, to nothingness.

I would be obliged to you if you would let me know how far these ideas are coincident with those of the "Vestiges."

Very resp'y yr. ob. st.,

EDGAR A. POE.

He had opened the discussion with words almost as solemn as the chords which prelude some divine symphony: "Eureka: an Essay on the Material and Spiritual Universe.

"It is with humility really unassumed — it is with a sentiment even of awe — that I pen the opening sentence of this work: for of all conceivable subjects I approach the reader with the most solemn — the most comprehensive — the most difficult — the most august.

"What terms shall I find sufficiently simple in

their sublimity — sufficiently sublime in their simplicity — for the mere enunciation of my theme?

“I design to speak of the *Physical, Metaphysical and Mathematical* — of the *Material and Spiritual Universe*: — of its *Essence, its Origin, its Creation, its Present Condition and its Destiny*. I shall be so rash, moreover, as to challenge the conclusions, and thus, in effect, to question the sagacity, of many of the greatest and most justly revered of men.”

Poe was a great admirer of Humboldt's “*Cosmos*,” and he therefore dedicates to its author his famous tract “*De Natura Rerum*.” Lucretius had written a wonderful poem in Latin hexameters on this topic, astonishing the ancient world by his elevated Epicureanism and passionate enthusiasm for what was true; and there is more than one striking analogy between the Roman and the American. Both, in their poems, were passionate iconoclasts, idealists, dreamers of the speculative philosophies that looked into the causes of things; both set aside what they considered the degrading superstitions, and reinstated Divinity in its rights. What a critic has well called “the impassioned solemnity” of Lucretius, is the religious, the almost reverential, spirit with which Poe approaches the problem of the Universe. Both are refined materialists of an almost spiritual type. Lucretius's object was to clear the mind from the fear of the gods and the terrors of a future state, endeavoring to “show that the world is not governed by capricious agency, but has come into existence, continues in existence, and will ultimately pass away in accordance with the primary conditions of the elemental atoms which, along with empty space, are the only eternal and immutable substances. That atoms are themselves infinite in num-

ber, but limited in their varieties, and by their ceaseless movement and combinations during infinite time and through infinite space the whole process of creation is maintained." Poe's object was not far different from Lucretius's in his abhorrence of superstition; and all that the critic has to say about Lucretius's power of reasoning — the subtlety and fertility of invention with which he applies analogies, the keenness and clearness of his observation, the consecutive force, precision, and distinction of his style as employed in the processes of scientific exposition, are as if written of Poe. The Roman went mad from a love-philtre and committed suicide in his forty-fourth year; the mixed elements of Poe's life — his dangerous deliriums, his passionate loves, hates, and adorations — brought him very near to Lucretius's fate. And both threw their sublime speculations into poem-form, the one into six or seven thousand sonorous Latin lines that roll majestically as ocean-surges on the shore, the other into a brilliant monologue which, but for the ill-judged burlesque element at its beginning, might be an oratorio of the Creation.

For every sound that floats
the rust within their
From out these ghostly throats

Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people
They that ~~reach~~
~~who~~ live up in the steeple

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone —

There are neither man nor woman

They are neither brute nor human,
But are pestilential carcasses disparted from their souls —

Called Shrouds : —

And their king it is who tolls : —

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls

A Paan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the Paan of the bells !

And he dances and he wells .

CHAPTER XIV.

1848.

MRS. WHITMAN. "THE BELLS;" MRS. OSGOOD.

"HELEN — *my* Helen — the Helen of a thousand dreams!"

Such are the words, in one of Poe's impassioned letters to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, which from now on form the key-note of his existence, an existence in which the love of woman, the adoration of the Womanly, had always formed an essential part. Starting with his devotion to the gentle Mrs. Allan, and to Mrs. Stanard, continuing with his adoration of his child-wife, and of his "more than mother," concentrating into affectionate admiration for Mrs. Shew and Mrs. Osgood, all the love that was now left in Poe's volcanic nature rose to brief fever-heat in the passion for the beautiful and spiritual New England soul that had

"Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes,"

and smiled at him over the "legended tomb" of the lost Ulalume.

Rarely gifted as a poet herself, accomplished in many literatures, imbued with the culture of France and Germany, and tracing descent from an ancient Celtic-

Norman stock to which she believed Poe's lineage also ran up, Sarah Helen Power was born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 19 (Poe's birthday), 1803, and died June 27, 1878.¹ "Marrying John W. Whitman, a lawyer of Boston, in 1828, she was left a widow by his death in 1833. Betrothed to Edgar Poe, in 1848, a few months before his death, the engagement was broken, on the eve of the marriage, by the interference of friends. The early life of the poet was shadowed by the long absence of her father, and her later years were almost wholly devoted to a sister, left her in sacred charge by her mother. The poem 'In Memoriam' is the requiem of this sister. This poem, Mrs. Whitman's last, has all the intellectual vigor of youth, though written at the age of seventy-five. The freshness of her spirit and the charm of her presence were not lost in the vicissitudes of a life of strange and romantic experience. No one ever associated with her the idea of age. She is represented as lying beautiful as a bride in death, her brown hair scarcely touched with gray.

" . . . Mrs. Whitman's poems, to an unusual degree, illustrate the author's life. By her direction the poems relating to Edgar Poe . . . have been grouped together, though not placed under a separate head. To this group belong 'Remembered Music,' 'Our Island of Dreams,' 'The Last Flowers,' 'Song,' 'Withered Flowers,' 'The Phantom Voice,' 'Arcturus in October,' 'Resurgemus,' the six 'Sonnets To ——,' 'Arcturus in April,' and 'The Portrait.'

"In 1860 Mrs. Whitman published the little book, 'Edgar Poe and his Critics,' of which Curtis wrote in

¹ We quote by permission the Introduction to "Poems: By Sarah Helen Whitman": Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1879.

'Harper's Weekly': 'In reading the exquisitely tender, subtle, sympathetic, and profoundly appreciative sketch of Edgar Poe, which has just been issued under this title, it is impossible not to remember the brave woman's arm, thrust through the slide to serve as a bolt against the enemy. . . . The author, with an inexpressible grace, reserve, and tender, heroic charity, — having a right which no other person has to speak, — tells in a simple, transparent, and quiet strain, what she thinks of his career and genius.'"

In 1854 a small volume of Mrs. Whitman's poems, entitled "Hours of Life," appeared in Providence, and received a warm welcome from George Ripley, Curtis, and others; and this, in 1879, was followed by her collected Poems in the edition from which we make these extracts.

It is impossible, in looking over these poems, not to be struck by their Poësqe diction, music, and idiosyncrasy, as of a kindred soul caught by the spell of an overmastering genius. "The Golden Ball" is musically reminiscent of "The Raven"; "To ——" has grown out of the magic root of "To Helen"; the poems in memory of Poe are impassioned dirges, kindling with cadences of "beauty, majesty, and woe" that sweep from out the chords of the seraph harp of Israfel. Full of delicacy, spontaneity, appreciation of Nature, and mastery over rhythm, these poems present a spirit of rare sweetness and refinement, and it is no wonder that they caught Poe's eye and soul, and drew from him enthusiastic praise in a lecture on "The Female Poets of America." In 1849 Mrs. Whitman addressed to him the following lines :

ARCTURUS.

[WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.]

"Our stars look through the storm."

STAR of resplendent front ! thy glorious eye
Shines on me still from out yon clouded sky, —
Shines on me through the horrors of a night
More drear than ever fell o'er day so bright, —
Shines till the envious Serpent slinks away,
And pales and trembles at thy steadfast ray.

Hast thou not stooped from heaven, fair star ! to be
So near me in this hour of agony ? —
So near, — so bright, — so glorious, that I seem
To lie entranced as in some wondrous dream, —
All earthly joys forgot, — all earthly fear,
Purged in the light of thy resplendent sphere :
Kindling within my soul a pure desire
To blend with thine its incandescent fire, —
To lose my very life in thine, and be
Soul of thy soul through all eternity.

The occasion of Poe's first sight of Mrs. Whitman is romantically described as follows :

"Poe caught a glimpse of a white figure wandering in a moonlit garden in Providence, 'on his way from Boston, when he visited that city to deliver a poem before the Lyceum there. Restless, near midnight, he wandered from his hotel near where she lived, until he saw her walking in a garden. He related the incident afterwards in one of his most exquisite poems, worthy of himself, of her, and of the most exalted passion.'"

These lines begin :

“ I saw thee once — once only — years ago :
 I must not say how many — but not many.
 It was a July midnight ; and from out
 A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul soaring,
 Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
 There fell a silvery silken veil of light,
 With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
 Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
 Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
 Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tip-toe.

.
 Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
 I saw thee half-reclining ; while the moon
 Fell on the upturned faces of the roses,
 And on thine own, upturned — alas, in sorrow !

“ Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight —
 Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
 That bade me pause before that garden-gate
 To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses ? ”

The lady in 1847-48 addressed an anonymous Valentine to the author of “ The Raven ” ; in the summer or early fall of 1848 the two met at her mother’s house, Poe carrying a letter of introduction from the authoress, Maria McIntosh. Always looking for the mystic and the improbable, the poet believed, from the agreement of name between this Helen and the one he had so musically worshipped in his far-off boyish days, that there was a pre-ordained connection between their fates. “ I yielded at once,” he writes, “ to an overwhelming sense of Fatality. From that hour

I have never been able to shake from my soul the belief that my Destiny, for good or for evil, either here or hereafter, is in some measure interwoven with your own."

One must turn to the most glowing letters of Abelard and Eloise, or to the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" for the fire, the urgency, the consuming thirst to be loved that burn and glow in Poe's letters of this period — a period of new-risen Hope, of resurrection from a dead self, of rebirth into an existence that began to shimmer with the new leaves and new light of a dawning spring after the autumnal blasts and blights of the months just gone by. The eager, tremulous, stormy joy of these new weeks and months is prophetic of the new Poe that was about to be born, or that might have been born, had not Disaster intervened here, as at every important crisis-moment of the poet's life, and cried Halt!

One of the most remarkable incidents in this remarkable summer was the suggestion and composition of "The Bells," the second of the great brace of poems that have given Poe world-wide celebrity. The poem was, singularly enough, suggested by a lady who, she confessed, had never read a line of the poet's writings — Mrs. Shew, the guardian angel of Fordham. Busied in philanthropic work, she had never had time to read the poems of Poe. "One day," says Mr. Ingram, "he came in and said: 'Marie Louise, I have to write a poem; I have no feeling, no sentiment, no inspiration.' His hostess persuaded him to have some tea. It was served in the conservatory, the windows of which were open, and admitted the sound of neighboring church bells. Mrs. Shew said, playfully,

‘Here is paper,’ but the poet, declining it, declared: ‘I so dislike the sound of bells to-night, I cannot write. I have no subject—I am exhausted.’ The lady then took up the pen, and pretending to mimic his style, wrote ‘The Bells, by E. A. Poe’; and then in pure sportiness, ‘The bells, the little silver bells,’ Poe finishing off the stanza. She then suggested for the next verse ‘The heavy iron bells’; and this Poe also expanded into a stanza. He next copied out the complete poem, and headed it ‘By Mrs. M. L. Shew,’ remarking that it was her poem, as she had suggested and composed so much of it.”

Such was the germ of this melodious *onomato-poem*, the most perfect imitation in word, sound, and rhythm, in suggestion, in exquisite mimicry, of its theme ever written, not even excepting the marvellous “*Les Djinns*” of Victor Hugo or the “*Lodore*” of Southey. The very spirit—and spirituality—the essence and *aura* of the musical bell-metal, with all its golden and silver and brazen tones, seems to have flowed into the poet’s soul as he wrote, and to have taken tongues never before so musically voiced, not even by Schiller.

“The Bells” went through no less than three transformations before it reached the public in its final form, being published in Sartain’s “Union Magazine” for November, 1849 (after Poe’s death). The editor of the magazine gave the following account of its evolution: “The singular poem of Mr. Poe’s, called ‘The Bells,’ which we published in our last number, has been very extensively copied. There is a curious piece of literary history connected with this poem, which we may as well give now as at any other time. It illustrates the gradual development of

an idea in the mind of a man of original genius. This poem came into our possession about a year since [consequently, about December, 1848]. It then consisted of *eighteen lines* ! They were as follows :

THE BELLS. — A SONG.

THE bells ! — hear the bells !
The merry wedding-bells !
The little silver bells !

How fairy-like a melody there swells
From the silver tinkling bells
Of the bells, bells, bells !
Of the bells !

The bells ! — ah, the bells !
The heavy iron bells !
Hear the tolling of the bells !
Hear the knells !

How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats —
From their deep-toned throats !
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells !
Of the bells !

“ About six months after this we received the poem enlarged and altered nearly to its present size and form ; and about three months since, the author sent another alteration and enlargement, in which condition the poem was left at the time of his death.”

This was one of the poems which Poe was accused of selling three times — a charge indignantly denied by Mr. Sartain himself.

Poe's excited condition this memorable summer — the summer that Dr. Francis said "he has heart-disease and must die young," as he looked on the sleeping poet — brought his devoted friendship with Mrs. Shew to a sudden close: Mrs. Shew naturally became afraid of her gifted patient, who could sink into a twelve-hours' slumber, and not know that he had slept; who was liable to fits of overwhelming depression; the prey of melancholia, evidently near the last stages of cerebral congestion, and possessed by a world of weird and uncanny thoughts. The rupture was a very natural one from a woman's point of view; and yet the lady herself has been handed down to history as one of the four "holy women" who stood by the tomb and defended the "resurrected" poet with all the eloquence of their pens. When one looks into the life-record of this Pilgrim of Sorrow, it is the faces of Mrs. Shew, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Whitman, and Mrs. Weiss that peer luminously through the gloom, — their tender and beautiful hands that hold the lamp illuminating it, — their words of cheer, of comfort, of recognition, that sound across the abyss and stay the harsh voice of criticism, — their ministering remembrances that explain much and put much in its true light.

When Horace Greeley heard of Poe's contemplated marriage to Mrs. Whitman, he wrote to Griswold in January, 1849:

"Do you know Sarah Helen Whitman? Of course you have heard it rumored that she is to marry Poe. Well, she has seemed to me a good girl, and — you know what Poe is. Now I know a widow of doubtful age will marry almost any sort of a white man, but this seems to me a terrible conjunction.

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Has Mrs. Whitman no friend within your knowledge that can faithfully *explain* Poe to her? I never attempted this sort of thing but once, and the net product was two enemies and a hastening of the marriage; but I do think she must be deceived. Mrs. Osgood must know her.”¹

Poe had once borrowed \$50 of Horace Greeley, and had been unable to repay it: the matter is duly — almost gleefully — recorded in Greeley’s “Reminiscences.”

The story of Poe and Mrs. Whitman — their strange fascination for each other — the magnetism which drew their poetic natures together — the breaches and reconciliations and interviews, and stormy and reproachful letters — is a modern “*Leiden des jungen Werthers*” that ended, not like the story of Jerusalem in actual, but in attempted, suicide: when Mrs. Whitman’s indecision and natural hesitancy to accept his love continued, Poe was driven to laudanum, and tried to end his life. Intimidated by the frightful violence of her lover — hoping perhaps to save him from wilder excesses — and believing in the essential goodness and refinement of his nature — she at length, on receiving solemn pledges from Poe not to yield to temptation, consented to appoint a day for the marriage. The unhappy man, his moral fibre relaxed by disease, the victim of hereditary predispositions, destitute of will and of self-control since the terrible years that preceded Virginia’s death, broken in constitution and in health from the awful vigils by her bedside, yielded to some unknown but irresistible pressure of evil, and broke his pledges. The friends of the family — so we are privately as-

¹ Griswold’s Correspondence, p. 249.

sured¹ — not Mrs. Whitman herself, broke off the marriage, letters of renunciation passed between the two poets, and they never saw each other again. But what Mrs. Whitman's feelings were, and ever continued to remain, may be gathered from her beautiful lines :

OUR ISLAND OF DREAMS.

“ By the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.” — KEATS.

Tell him I lingered alone on the shore,
Where we parted, in sorrow, to meet nevermore ;
The night wind blew cold on my desolate heart
But colder those wild words of doom, “ Ye must
part ! ”

O'er the dark, heaving waters, I sent forth a cry ;
Save the wail of those waters there came no reply.
I longed, like a bird, o'er the billows to flee,
From our lone island home and the moan of the sea :

Away, — far away — from the wild ocean shore,
Where the waves ever murmur, “ No more, never
more,”

Where I wake, in the wild noon of midnight, to hear
The lone song of the surges, so mournful and drear.

Where the clouds that now veil from us heaven's fair
light,
Their soft, silver lining turn forth on the night ;
When time shall the vapors of falsehood dispel,
He shall know if I loved him ; but never how well.

¹ In a letter from the late Dr. W. F. Channing, her friend and biographer.

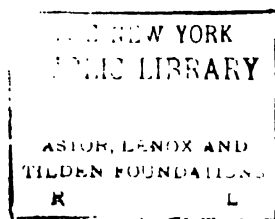
Mrs. Whitman, says Ingram, firmly believed that Poe wrote "Annabel Lee" in response to this poem.

The story of the lovely spiritualist, robed always in white, and of her spirit-like habits of going and coming in Shelleyan wise, is said to have suggested to Charles Dickens a character in one of his famous later novels. One who evidently knew Mrs. Whitman well writes in the New York "Saturday Times," October 25, 1899 :

"This tragedy of the heart colored all the rest of Sarah Helen Whitman's life. It could not affect her appreciation of Poe's brilliant powers, nor diminish her love of his finer nature, the gentle, winning side, which revealed the man God meant him to be. But it cast a soft, half-veiling shadow over her. She walked the rest of the way under a kindly cloud that seemed to protect her from the glaring light of day and save her from the scrutiny of prying eyes. She seemed different and apart from other women. There was about her something mysterious and elusive. As she glided softly into the room, she brought with her a dreamy, other-world atmosphere, which subdued noisy laughter or idle talk ; and when she spoke, in her low, sweetly modulated voice, others listened. Mrs. Whitman's talk was always worth while ; whether of poetry or politics, of every day affairs or spiritual things, it was sure to be interesting. She could be merry, too, and sarcastic if it suited the occasion. She had flitting, spirit-like ways, of coming softly and disappearing suddenly, of half concealing herself behind a curtain and peeping out as she joined in the conversation.

"Strictly unconventional in the matter of clothes, she loved silken draperies, lace scarfs, and veils, and





seemed to be always lightly shod. At one time she wore constantly around her throat a black velvet ribbon, pinned with a tiny coffin which a friend had carved for her in some dark-colored wood, and this funereal badge she seemed to prize above diamonds or pearls. She liked a fan in her hand to screen her eyes from the light, and her own pleasant rooms were never glaring. On one wall hung a portrait of her poet, hidden by a silken curtain. It had his wonderful eyes. This picture was the subject of Mrs. Whitman's poem 'The Portrait.' "

These lines (written in 1870) begin :

" After long years I raised the folds concealing
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam:
While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,
Like Memnon waking from his marble dream.

" Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor,
The dark hair floating o'er it like a plume ;
The sweet, imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom ; "

and they end with the stanza on our title-page.

The " Whitman episode " is closed by the following letter from Mrs. Whitman herself to W. F. Gill, dated August, 1873 :¹ " No such scene as that described by Dr. Griswold ever transpired in my presence. No one, certainly no woman, who had the slightest acquaintance with Edgar Poe, could have credited the story for an instant. He was essentially and instinctively a gentleman, utterly incapable, even in moments of excitement and delirium, of such an outrage as Dr. Griswold has ascribed to him. No authentic anecdote of

¹ Life of Poe ; Chatto and Windus : London : 1878, p. 227

coarse indulgence in vulgar orgies or bestial riot has ever been recorded of him. During the last years of his unhappy life, whenever he yielded to the temptation that was drawing him into its fathomless abyss, as with the resistless swirl of the *maelström*, he always lost himself in sublime rhapsodies on the evolution of the universe, speaking as from some imaginary platform to vast audiences of rapt and attentive listeners. During one of his visits to this city [Providence], in the autumn of 1848, I once saw him after one of those nights of wild excitement, before reason had fully recovered its throne. Yet even then, in those frenzied moments when the doors of the mind's 'Haunted Palace' were left unguarded, his words were the words of a princely intellect overwrought, and of a heart only too sensitive and too finely strung. I repeat that no one acquainted with Edgar Poe could have given Dr. Griswold's scandalous anecdote a moment's credence."

The whole Petronius-like scene was also flatly contradicted by Mrs. Whitman's intimate friend, Wm. J. Pabodie, Esq., of Providence, in the "New York Tribune" for June 2 and 11, 1852, and has now been thrown aside by all right-minded people as utterly discredited.

The union of these two ethereal natures — "the pale, poetic presence" of the one, the Ligeian harmony of the other — promised indeed to be of exquisite fruition, but was destined never to be fulfilled.

The coarse rumors of drunken intoxication, of ribald scenes in Mrs. Whitman's gardens and house, and of police interference, reported by various biographers, have thus been proved to be absolutely false, as they were on the face of them absolutely impossible. This one can see from the testimony of another woman of

genius who was intimate with the Poes, and whose noble affection dictated some of the warmest words in defence of the poet — Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood.

On her death-bed, seven months after Poe's death, she wrote:¹

"I think no one could know him — no one *has* known him personally — certainly no woman — without feeling the same interest [as I did]. I can sincerely say, that I have frequently *heard* of aberrations on his part from the 'straight and narrow path.' I have never *seen* him otherwise than gentle, generous, well bred, and fastidiously refined. To a sensitive and delicately nurtured woman, there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect. It was this which first commanded and always retained my regard for him.

"*I have been told* that when his sorrows and pecuniary embarrassments had driven him to the use of stimulants, which a less delicate organization might have borne without injury, he was in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the ladies of his acquaintance. *It is difficult for me to believe this*; for to *me*, to whom he came during the year of our acquaintance for counsel and kindness in all his many anxieties and griefs, he never spoke irreverently of any woman save one, and then only in *my* defence; and though I rebuked him for his momentary forgetfulness of the respect due to himself and to me, I could not but forgive the offence for the sake of the generous impulse which prompted it. Yet, even were these sad rumors true of him, the wise and well-informed knew how to regard, as they would the impetuous anger of a spoiled

¹ Mrs. Osgood to Griswold, from the Griswold Memoirs of Poe.

infant, balked of its capricious will, the equally harmless and unmeaning phrensy of that stray child of Poetry and Passion. For the few unwomanly and slander-loving gossips who have injured *him* and *themselves* only by repeating his ravings, when in such moods they have accepted his society, I have only to vouchsafe my wonder and my pity. They cannot surely harm the true and pure, who, reverencing his genius and pitying his misfortunes and his errors, endeavored by their timely kindness and sympathy, to soothe his sad career.

"It was in his own simple yet poetical home, that to me the character of Edgar Poe appeared in its most beautiful light. Playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child — for his young, gentle, and idolized wife, and for all who came, he had, even in the midst of his most harassing duties, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention. At his desk, beneath the romantic picture of his loved and lost Lenore, he would sit, hour after hour, patient, assiduous, and uncomplaining, tracing in an exquisitely clear chirography, and with almost superhuman swiftness, the lightning thoughts — the 'rare and radiant' fancies — as they flashed through his wonderful and ever-wakeful brain."

The woman referred to in Mrs. Osgood's recollections was a certain Mrs. Ellet, who made herself notorious by meddling in Poe's private affairs and following him with relentless persecution when he denounced her. It seems that on a certain occasion she saw a letter of Mrs. Osgood's to Poe lying open on a table, read it, and immediately got up a committee of ladies, with Margaret Fuller at their head, to call on the offending poet at Fordham, and remon-

strate. Poe, who detested both Mrs. Ellet and Margaret Fuller, though in his "Literati" he did full justice to the genius of the latter, denounced the Paul Pry, and angrily said she had better look after her own correspondence. This brought down on the poet a personal difficulty with the woman's family and resulted in a world of slanders, lies, and abuse heaped on his devoted head.

In a letter only lately accessible through the publication of the Griswold Correspondence (p. 256), Mrs. Osgood in a letter referring to these slanders and the whole painful episode of her correspondence with and friendship for Poe, writes to Griswold in 1850 :

"I trust you will write that life of Poe [she never saw the Life after it was written!]. I will do as you wished : I will write, as far as is proper, in a letter to you, my reminiscences of that year [apparently 1846-47], and try to make it interesting and dignified, and you in introducing it by one single sentence can put down at once my envious calumniators. You have the proof in Mrs. Poe's letter to me, and in *his* to Mrs. Ellet, either of which would fully establish my innocence in a court of justice — certainly *hers* would. Neither of them, as you know, were persons likely to take much trouble to prove a woman's innocence, and it was only because she felt that I had been cruelly and shamefully wronged by her mother and Mrs. E. that she impulsively rendered me that justice. She, Mrs. Poe, felt grieved that she herself had drawn me into the snare by imploring me to be kind to Edgar — to grant him my society and to write to him, because, she said, I was the only woman he knew who influenced him for his good, or, indeed, who had any lasting influence over him. I wish the simple truth to

be known, — that he sought me, not I him. It is too cruel that I, the only one of those literary women who did not seek his acquaintance, — for Mrs. Ellet asked an introduction to him, and followed him everywhere, Miss Lynch begged me to bring him there and called upon him at his lodgings, Mrs. Whitman besieged him with valentines and letters long before he wrote or took any notice of her, and all the others wrote poetry and letters to him, — it is too cruel that I should be singled out after his death as the only victim to suffer from the slanders of his mother. I never thought of him till he sent me his ‘Raven’ and asked Willis to introduce him to me, and immediately after I went to Albany, and afterwards to Boston and Providence to avoid him, and he followed me to each of those places and wrote to me, imploring me to love him, many a letter which I did not reply to until his *wife* added her entreaties to his and said that I might save him from infamy, and her from death, by showing an affectionate interest in him.”

Stung to the quick by the slanders growing out of her Platonic correspondence with Poe, who never ceased to be devoted to her, Mrs. Osgood penned this self-contradictory communication to Griswold; which did not prevent her from addressing an impassioned dirge to the poet’s memory as the last poem in the volume of verse published just before her death in May, 1850 :

“The hand that swept the sounding lyre
With more than mortal skill,
The lightning eye, the heart of fire,
The fervent lips are still !
No more, in rapture or in woe,
With melody to thrill,
Ah! Nevermore!”

CHAPTER XV.

1848-1849.

"STELLA." "ANNIE." PHILADELPHIA.

DURING the Whitman episode and while he was travelling to and fro between New York, Providence, and Lowell, where he lectured in August on "The Poetic Principle," he made some valuable acquaintances — the Richmonds, of Westford — who became attached and life-long friends to himself and Mrs. Clemm. We find him soon after in Richmond, Va., and on intimate terms with the poet John R. Thompson, editor of "The Southern Literary Messenger," for which he was furnishing new instalments of "Marginalia." Thompson became extremely fond of Poe, and wrote, after his death, a lecture on him which, it is greatly to be regretted, has seemingly perished. "When in Richmond," reports Mr. Thompson, "he made the office of the 'Messenger' a place of frequent resort. His conversation was always attractive, and at times very brilliant. Among modern authors his favorite was Tennyson, and he delighted to recite from 'The Princess' the song 'Tears, idle tears' — and a fragment of which,

" 'when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,'

he pronounced unsurpassed by any image expressed in writing."

For Mr. Thompson, whom he inspired with an affection similar to that with which he inspired all with whom he had personal dealings, he wrote much of his sparkling and vivid "Marginalia," as well as reviews of "Stella" and Mrs. Osgood. To his quality and general worth Mr. Thompson, who saw so much of him in his latter days, bears feeling testimony. In 1853, writing to Mr. James Wood Davidson, Mr. Thompson remarks: "Two years ago, I had a long conversation with Mr. Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning concerning Poe. The two poets, like yourself, had formed an ardent and just admiration of the author of 'The Raven,' and feel a strong desire to see his memory vindicated from moral aspersion."

"Stella" was another link in the golden chain of women who honored and almost worshipped the poet, and who have done more than any other persons to vindicate and cleanse his bedraggled memory. She was the woman to whom Poe, as he parted with her the day he left for the fatal journey to Richmond, entrusted the writing of his life—Miss Robinson, an accomplished lady of Baltimore, who had spent much of her early life in Cuba, where her father was engaged in business. She was a thorough linguist in the ancient and modern languages, and married an attorney in Brooklyn, Mr. S. D. Lewis. She tells of her acquaintance in the following lines: "I saw much of Mr. Poe during the last year of his life. He was one of the most sensitive and refined gentlemen I ever met. My girlish poem, 'Forsaken,' made us acquainted. He had seen it floating the rounds of the press, and wrote to tell me how much he liked it: 'It is inexpressibly beautiful,' he said, 'and I should very much like to know the young author.'"

Poe wrote of her : " Mrs. Lewis is, perhaps, the best educated, if not the most accomplished of American authoresses. . . . She is not only cultivated as respects the usual ornamental acquirements of her sex, but excels as a modern linguist, and very especially as a classical scholar ; while her scientific acquisitions are of no common order."

The lady translated charmingly from Vergil, published " Records of the Heart " (Appletons, 1844), " The Child of the Sea," (Putnams, 1848), " The King's Stratagem," " Sappho: A Tragedy" (published in London, 1876, and dedicated to her " devoted friend Adelaide Ristori, the greatest living *tragédienne*"), and many fugitive poems. To her Poe addressed " An Enigma," which appeared in the " Union Magazine " for March, 1848 — easily solved by combining, as in " A Valentine," the first letter in the first line with the second in the second, and so on, until " the dear names that lie concealed within 't " are spelt out ; and she was one of the warm friends who assisted Mrs. Shew and the Union Club in raising a purse of \$100 for the destitute family after Virginia's death.

Not long before the Virginia trip a cheering beam fell across Poe's path in the friendship of the Richmonds (to which we have already referred) — a family who gave Mrs. Clemm a hospitable home and divided with the Lewises the kind offices of true friendship towards her after Poe's death. This friendship began in the summer of 1848, when he was lecturing in Lowell on " The Female Poets of America," and later, the same year, when he lectured on " The Poetic Principle ;" and it was to the " Annie " of this household that he addressed his strange and beautiful death-poem, " For Annie," first mentioned in a

letter to her, dated March 23, 1849, and first published in "The Flag of Our Union" the same year. It begins : —

"Thank Heaven! the crisis,
The danger, is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last,
And the fever called 'Living'
Is conquered at last."

The last two lines have the additional interest that Longfellow suggested them as an epitaph for Poe's grave¹ when the Baltimore monument was erected in 1875.

Of this poem Poe wrote: "I enclose also some other lines 'For Annie,' — and will you let me know in what manner they impress you? I have sent them to the 'Flag of Our Union,' . . . I am sorry to say that the 'Metropolitan' has stopped and 'Landon's Cottage' is returned on my hands unprinted. I think the lines 'For Annie' (those I now send) much the *best* I have ever written; but an author can seldom depend on his own estimate of his own works, so I wish to know what 'Annie' *truly* thinks of them. . . . Do not let the verses go *out of your possession* until you see them in print, — as I have sold them to the publisher of the 'Flag.' "

At Poe's request Willis, his faithful friend, "disentombed" the poem from the newspaper in which it was buried and reprinted it in "The Home Journal."

At this time Poe was suffering from repeated disappointments; the numerous literary engagements which he had formed with "The Columbian Magazine," "The Post," "The Whig Review," and "The

¹ Miss S. S. Rice: Edgar Allan Poe: Memorial Volume: Baltimore: 1877.

Democratic," were broken either by the failure of the periodicals or by their inability to pay; even his stand-bys — "The Southern Literary Messenger," "Graham's," and "Sartain's," began to vacillate in their hospitality and to threaten to drop from under him. Articles were returned, were held up indefinitely after acceptance, or disappeared in the mails. He pours out his lamentations to his new Massachusetts friends and reveals to "Annie," with a singular warmth of tone, all his personal feelings, hopes, and forebodings. All this fateful year was full of extraordinary portent for him:

"No, my sadness is *unaccountable*," he writes to her, "and this makes me the more sad. I am full of dark forebodings. *Nothing* cheers or comforts me. My life seems wasted — the future looks a dreary blank: but I will struggle on and 'hope against hope.'"

This was a little while before he set out for Richmond on the final journey.

A lady correspondent of Mr. Gill's¹ has given some graphic recollections of Poe at this time as he appeared to his Lowell-Westford friends:

"I have in my mind's-eye a figure somewhat below medium height, perhaps, but so perfectly proportioned, and crowned with such a noble head, so regally carried, that to my girlish apprehension he gave the impression of commanding stature. Those clear, sad eyes seemed to look from an eminence rather than from the ordinary level of humanity, while his conversational tone was so low and deep that one could easily fancy it borne to the ear from some distant height.

¹ Life of Poe: Chatto and Windus: 1878, p. 209

"I saw him first in Lowell, and there heard him give a lecture on Poetry, illustrated by readings. His manner of rendering some of the selections constitutes my only remembrance of the evening which so fascinated me. Everything was rendered with pure intonation, and perfect enunciation, marked attention being paid to the rhythm. He almost *sang* the more musical versifications. I recall more perfectly than anything else the undulations of his smooth baritone voice as he recited the opening lines of Byron's 'Bride of Abydos':—

" ' Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,' —

measuring the dactylic movement perfectly as if he were scanning it. The effect was very pleasing.

"He insisted strongly upon an even, metrical flow in versification, and said that hard, unequally stepping poetry had better be done into prose. I think he made no selections of a humorous character, either in his public or parlor readings. He smiled but seldom, and never laughed, or said anything to excite mirth in others. His manner was quiet and grave. . . . In thinking of Mr. Poe in later years I have often applied to him the line of Wordsworth's sonnet, —

" ' Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart. ' "

The first mention of the ballad of "Annabel Lee" (published two days after his death in the "New York Tribune" for October 9th, then in "The Southern Literary Messenger" for November, 1849, then in Sartain's "Union Magazine" for January, 1850)—literally a voice from the tomb, with the accents of Death and of undying music in it—is found in one

of the letters to "Annie," in which, speaking of the lines "For Annie," he says: "The 'Flag,' so misprinted them that I was resolved to have a true copy. The 'Flag' has two of my articles yet — 'A Sonnet to my Mother,' and 'Landor's Cottage.' . . . I have written a ballad called 'Annabel Lee,' which I will send you soon."

In her "Stanzas for Music," subsequently enlarged and published as "Our Island of Dreams," quoted on p. 291, Mrs. Whitman¹ saw the germ of "Annabel Lee," which she firmly believed was an answer to her poem from the striking allusions to "the night wind blew cold on my desolate heart" and "our lone island home and the moan of the sea," occurring therein. Richard Hengist Horne saw in it one more instance of Poe's "studied artifice, selection, or coinage, of liquid and sonorous sounds and words such as (to spell them phonetically) *ullaleume — annabelle — ells* — (in the 'Bells'), *ore* in 'The Raven,' which abounds in that long-drawn tone."

The last pathetic glimpse that we get of Poe in New York is on an early summer morning in June, when, having spent the night with his "dear Mud-die" (as he affectionately called Mrs. Clemm) at Mrs. Lewis's, he stood on the threshold of the hospitable home and, with streaming eyes and heart full of foreboding, bade farewell: a slight, poetic figure, tense with emotion, so full of dynamic force that even then, after many almost deadly illnesses, his brain teemed with projects for the future. All through these latter years one hears of "A Critical History of American Literature," "The Literati: Some Hon-

¹ Ingram, II., 200.

est Opinions about Autorial Merits and Demerits, with Occasional Words of Personality, together with Marginalia, Suggestions, and Essays": an expanded reprint of his *Literati* series, with quotations from Bacon and Coke; and "Phases of American Literature"; but nothing came of them.

"The day before he left New York for Richmond," says Mrs. Lewis, "Mr. Poe came to dinner and stayed the night. He seemed very sad and retired early. On leaving the next morning he took my hand in his, and, looking in my face, said, 'Dear Stella, my much-beloved friend: You truly understand and appreciate me — I have a presentiment that I shall never see you again. I must leave to-day for Richmond. If I never return, write my life, you can and will do me justice.'

" 'I will ! ' I exclaimed. And we parted to meet no more in this life. *That* promise I have not yet felt equal to fulfil."

Mrs. Clemm noted the wretched spirits in which he parted from them, before leaving home, arranging all his papers and telling her what to do in case he died. The parting on the steamboat was a very dejected one, though he tried in vain to cheer and comfort her with promises to return soon full of love and consolation.

John Sartain, the artist and magazinist, who edited the well-known periodical — Sartain's "Union Magazine" — in which "The Bells" was published, lifts the veil and tells us what happened in Philadelphia to the ill-controlled and impoverished poet: another scene from Dante's *Inferno*. Poe's low nervous condition, his run-down physical system, his extreme mental depression on separating from his friends, the slow ravages of the lesion in the brain from which he was all this

time suffering, an apparent utter prostration of the will before drugs or stimulants that would for a moment lift him out of the Slough of Despond or even momentarily restore an artificial vigor, were the subtle agencies at work to overthrow his brave determination to show Mrs. Clemm "how good he could be while he was away."

"Poe," says Mr. Gill,¹ "was an inmate [at Philadelphia] of the hospitable mansion of the artist and publisher, Mr. J. Sartain, widely known as the proprietor of 'Sartain's Magazine,' whose kindness the poet had frequently shared. Fortunate, indeed, would it have been for Poe had he met with this staunch friend on first reaching the city this time. Had he fallen into his protecting hands earlier, instead of meeting with reckless associates, ready as in old times to tempt him to the indulgence inevitably fatal to him, how different might have been his fate! But it was ordained otherwise. When he finally reached the residence of his kind friend, Poe was in a highly excited condition, almost distracted indeed. His mind seemed bewildered and oppressed with the dread of some fearful conspiracy against his life; nor could the arguments or entreaties of his friend convince him that some deadly foe was not, at that very moment, in pursuit of him. He begged for a razor for the purpose of removing the moustache from his lip, in order, as he suggested, that he might disguise his appearance, and thus baffle his pursuers. But, unwilling to place such an instrument in his hands, he was prevailed upon to allow his host to effect the desired change upon which he imagined his safety depended. The condition of

¹ Life of Poe : Chatto and Windus : London : 1878, p. 234.

Poe's mind was such that Mr. Sartain, after persuading him to lie down, remained watching with him through the night with anxious solicitude, unwilling to lose sight of the unfortunate sufferer for a moment. The following night, Poe insisted on going out. He turned his steps towards the River Schuylkill, accompanied, however, by his devoted friend, whose apprehension was strengthened by the vehemence with which, without cessation, he poured forth in the rich, musical tones for which he was distinguished, the fervid imageries of his brilliant but over-excited imagination. The all-absorbing theme which still retained possession of his mind, was the fearful conspiracy that threatened his destruction. Vainly his friend endeavored to reassure and persuade him. He rushed on with unwearied steps, threading different streets, his companion striving to lead him homeward, but still in vain.

"Towards midnight, they reached Fairmount and ascended the steps leading to the summit, Poe all the while giving free scope to the conversational powers for which he was always remarkable, insisting upon the imminence of his peril, and pleading with touching eloquence for protection. . . .

"He did n't recover from this intense excitement until, subsequently, escaping from the house, he wandered out into the neighborhood of the city, and, throwing himself down in the open air in a pleasant field, his shattered nerves found a comfortless but sorely needed repose. He woke refreshed. . . .

"All that he could call to mind were the entreaties and persuasions of some 'guardian angel' who had sought to dissuade him from a frightful purpose."

More than three weeks elapsed before Mrs. Clemm,

distracted with apprehension and grief, heard from "Eddie," and then he had reached Richmond and was at the house of Mrs. Nye, an old friend of the family. The man who could trace Conscience with such terrible force in others, through all the minute convolutions of the diseased brain; the man who could figure it in "William Wilson," a frenzied Kriemhild as she pursues Hagen through the blood-stained stanzas of the "Nibelungen Lay"; the man who incarnated it, with its sister Remorse, in the flashing eyes and shadowy form of the "Raven": this man had left his devoted "mother" without a line for three interminable weeks, and now turned up in the home of his youth, an honored and fêted guest!

This episode alone shows that Poe had become a wreck and should have been in some beneficent sanitarium where good food, perfect quiet, the laws of spiritual and physical hygiene, and absolute freedom from excitements might have restored his broken sense of responsibility.

CHAPTER XVI.

1849.

LAST DAYS IN RICHMOND.

THE last days in Richmond have fortunately been painted for us by a sympathetic and artistic hand in a picture to which we can add a few important unprinted details gathered from still living contemporaries of the poet.

In his return — a prodigal — to the beautiful old city of his youth where so many innocent and happy hours had been spent, fishing, hunting, swimming in the ancient yellow “Jeems,” running the flower-bespangled woods, acting in the Thespian Club, verse-capping at old Burke’s Academy, the city where his mother lay in a nameless and unknown grave, Poe found for a brief two months and a half a renewal of the eagle-like strength of his earlier years. The city had of course grown immensely since his youth; the Mexican War, with its wave of excitement, had passed over the land and brought the great Virginians, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott prominently before the public; the streets swarmed with new faces; new literary figures had appeared on the scene; but it was, fundamentally, the same dear old Richmond, social, hospitable, sunshiny, richly read in eighteenth century literature, a trifle pedantic in its culture, but full of winsome women and cultivated men who had watched the career of this extraordinary “cosmopolite” (as the

novelist Virginian Cooke, called him) and were ready to welcome the wanderer back to what many of them thought was his native town.

The Mackenzies and Cabells, the Mayos and Sullys, the Sheltons and Carters and Thomases were still there, friends of his youth, ready to kill the fatted calf in honor of the return, and their houses were thrown wide open to the gifted and distinguished stranger. Poe, like Chaucer in his famous "I am a Sotherne man," continually referred to Virginia as his home and shrank from the hyperborean clime and criticism of certain latitudes in the north-east, albeit deriving from thence many an auroral beam of true and lasting friendship. In his own Virginia — consecrated, to him, by the tenderest of names — he felt perfectly at home ; and here he felt, too, that his "Stylus" project might grow into a real thing. Friends flocked around him ; offers of subscriptions and of subscribers were freely made ; and he delivered several lectures in the parlors of the old Exchange Hotel, where, a little later, the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) was entertained in 1860.

Poe put up at the old "Swan Tavern," which is referred to, among other interesting matters, in the following letter to the author :

RICHMOND, Nov. 26th, 1900.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of November twenty-fifth received, in which you state I might know something of the poet, Edgar Poe, and his visit to Richmond in eighteen forty-nine. My impression is he was a resident at that time of this city, and boarded at the old "Swan Tavern," on Broad Street, between Eighth and Ninth. Dr. George Rawlins, an intimate friend of mine, told me he attended him there in an attack of "delirium tremens,"

and before he had ceased to visit him, he left the tavern, and when next heard from, was in Baltimore, where he renewed his frolic, and died in a few days.

I had no personal acquaintance with Poe, but have often seen him. The only time I ever heard him speak was the summer of eighteen forty-eight in the Exchange Concert-room in this city. The inspiration of the lecture was no doubt need of money. In elucidating his subject — "The Poetic Principle" — he recited excerpts from some of his poems — "Annabelle Lee," "Tintinnabulations of the Bells," etc.; and in conclusion repeated "The Raven" with all the rhythm and pathos of which he was capable. All this before an audience of about twenty persons. The occasion to this day I recall with pleasure. I have heard that at times his necessities were so urgent he would write a poem and sell it to an acquaintance for the paltry sum of one dollar. He was said to be moody and peevish, but always recognized by his school-fellows as a boy of true courage. On one occasion a friend found him lying on the wayside — intoxicated. As he approached him he exclaimed: "Why, Edgar Poe!" when Poe looked at him and replied: "No; poor Edgar," showing he always retained his wits. The "Swan Tavern" is still in existence, but hardly recognizable, having been converted into offices, lodging-rooms, and so on. Miss Jane McKenzie, who adopted Miss Rosalie Poe about the time Mr. Allan took Edgar Poe, is, of course, long since dead — in fact every member of her family, so far as I know, is dead. I had a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Shelton, to whom he was said to be engaged, but of her family I can tell you nothing.

It may be emphasized, in connection with one matter referred to in this letter, that Richmond has for fifty years past been divided into two antagonistic camps on the "Poe question," the minority holding the "delirium tremens" theory of his irregularities, the ma-

jectory taking the more humane and charitable view of Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, in her "Last Days of Edgar A. Poe."¹ The occurrences undoubtedly *occurred* — to use an expressive tautology ; but the explanation of them is a purely pathological one : morbid conditions existed which overpowered any will-power that may have been left, honeycombed as this power had become by a string and concatenation of disasters unparalleled in the history of any literary man on record. Schiller, in the "Wallenstein," mercifully keeps the murder of the hero out of sight ; Poe is presented to us by his biographers undergoing all the torments of the damned before the gaping eyes of the audience.

This little visit shed an Indian summer glow over the life of the poet that lingers still in the memory of some who saw him. He hunted up his old haunts, made new friends, recited his "Raven" and other poems in the parlors of his intimates, stayed at Duncan's Lodge with the Mackenzies, met his eccentric sister, Rosalie Poe, once more, and above all renewed the acquaintance with the old flame of his University and Academy days, Miss Royster (now Mrs. Shelton, widow of a prosperous merchant — a lady whom the author, living in the same town with her in 1871-76, used to hear familiarly called "Poe's Lenore"). Poe had come down from New York to Richmond in 1848 and had then, it is said, renewed the suit begun more than twenty years before, a period during which both had become widowed. Mrs. Weiss asserts that the engagement was renewed, but that it was broken off when Mrs. Shelton learned that it was purely mercenary — that it was the "Stylus," not herself, that

¹ *Scribner's Monthly*, March, 1878.

Poe was in pursuit of. That Poe's affections for women were intense but fleeting, is a part of the universal record of him ; and in the case of Mrs. Shelton it may well have been a momentary recrudescence of the old feeling mixed with new elements of self-interest. The lady herself believed she was engaged to Poe, and so asserted by pen and mouth to Dr. J. J. Moran, the physician who attended Poe in his last illness.¹ In the Ingram correspondence ("Appleton's Journal," May, 1878) she thus describes their meeting in the summer of 1849, describing their relation, however, as a "partial understanding" only :

"I was ready to go to church, when a servant entered and told me that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see me. I went down and was amazed at seeing him [Poe], but knew him instantly. He came up to me in the most enthusiastic manner, and said : 'Oh ! *Elmira*, is it you ?' I told him I was going to church, that I never let anything interfere with that, and that he must call again. . . .

"When he did call again, he renewed his addresses. I laughed ; he looked away serious, and said he was in earnest, and had been thinking about it for a long time. When I found out that he was very serious, I became serious also, and told him that, if he would not take a positive denial, he must give me time to consider. He answered, 'A love that hesitated was not a love for him.' . . . But he stayed a long time, and was very pleasant and cheerful. He came to visit me frequently. . . . I went with him to the 'Exchange Concert-Room,' and heard him read. . . . When he was going away, he begged me to marry him, and prom-

¹ A Defence of Edgar Allan Poe. By Jno. J. Moran, M.D. : Washington, 1885.

ised he would be everything I could desire. He said, when he left, that he was going to New York to wind up some business matters, and that he would return to Richmond as soon as he had accomplished it, although he said, at the same time, that he had a presentiment that he should never see me any more. . . . I was not engaged to him, but there was a partial understanding. . . . He was a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was one of the most fascinating and refined men I ever knew. I never saw him under the influence of wine."

Thus bathing in the sunlight of his youth, touching the hand of people he had not met for twenty years, lounging in the comfortable office of the "Messenger," whose accomplished young editor, the poet John R. Thompson, eagerly received anything he might send, and freshening up old associations at "The Hermitage," the home of the Mayos, fondly intertwined with his earliest memories, Poe seemed well on the way to the happy rejuvenation that awaited a man emerging as from a hideous dream — a life of penury, persecution, and humiliation — into the daylight of restored peace and happiness.

"Poe's personality is as vivid to me," writes Prof. B. C. Gildersleeve to the editor, "as if I had heard and seen him yesterday. I am old enough to remember what an excitement his 'Gold-Bug' created in Charleston when it first appeared, and how severely we boys criticised the inaccuracies in the description of Sullivan's Island. Poe himself I saw and heard in Richmond during the last summer of his life. He was lodging at some poor place in Broad Street, if I am not mistaken. At least I saw him repeatedly in that thoroughfare — a poetical figure, if there ever was

one, clad in black as was the fashion then — slender — erect — the subtle lines of his face fixed in meditation. I thought him wonderfully handsome, the mouth being the only weak point. I was too shy to seek an introduction to the poet, but John R. Thompson procured for me Poe's autograph, a possession of which I was naturally very proud.

"While Poe was in Richmond some of his friends got up a reading for his benefit, and I heard him read 'The Raven' and some other poems before a small audience in one of the parlors of the Exchange Hotel. In spite of my admiration of Poe I was not an uncritical listener, and I have retained the impression that he did not read very well. His voice was pleasant enough, but he emphasized the rhythm unduly — a failing common, I believe, to poets endowed with a keen sense of the music of their own verse."

"A compact, well-set man," wrote Bishop Fitzgerald, "about five feet six inches high, straight as an arrow, easy-gaited, with white linen coat and trousers, black velvet vest and broad Panama hat, features sad yet finely cut, shapely head, and eyes that were strangely magnetic as you looked into them — this is the image of Edgar Allan Poe most vivid to my mind as I saw him one warm day in Richmond in 1849. There was a fascination about him that everybody felt. Meeting him in the midst of thousands a stranger would stop to get a second look, and to ask, 'Who is he?' He was *distingué* in a peculiar sense — a man bearing the stamp of genius and the charm of a melancholy that drew one toward him with a strange sympathy. He was scarcely less unique in his personality than in his literary quality. His writings had already given him national reputation. The gentleness of his manner and

the tones of his voice seemed to me to be strangely contrasted with the bitterness that characterized his personal controversies. These controversies were strangely numerous, and in nearly all cases their intensity was in the inverse ratio to the importance of the issues involved. Poe, I suspect, was one of the men who said worse things than he felt, his talent for satire proving a snare to him, as it has been to many others who with pen or tongue sacrifice moderation for brilliancy or piquancy of expression. He was harshly treated by some of his contemporaries, but he owed them nothing on this account, giving them as good as they sent in the way of invective or sarcasm. The bitter personalities of literary men at that time were owing in part to an evil fashion then prevalent. The duelling and street fights among politicians had their counterpart in the shedding of vitriolic ink among the *litterati*, great and small. Poe only differed from the rest in that he had a sharper thrust and a surer aim.

“The Richmond ‘Examiner’ was just then achieving its first and winning distinction as an able and ultra advocate of State Rights politics. John C. Calhoun was the leader, and the young ‘chivalry’ of the South made a following that was heroic, and that did not stop to count the cost. The ‘Examiner’ was their organ in Virginia — and a live organ it was. John M. Daniel, its editor-in-chief, wrote political leaders that were logic and rhetoric on fire. Robert W. Hughes discussed in good English economic questions from the standpoint of his time and his section. Arthur E. Petticolas wrote concerning art with much enthusiasm and some show of culture. Patrick Henry Aylett, a kinsman of the great orator of the Revolution, whose Christian name he bore, with a free hand

touched up current politics and living politicians. Aylett was a picturesque Virginian of that time — a man nearly seven feet high, who had something of the eloquence of his renowned ancestor, and the easy swing of a man of the people, a man who believed with all his heart in the Revolution of '98 and '99, and uniformly voted the straight Democratic ticket. Mr. Poe now and then contributed a literary article critical and peculiar, unmistakably his own. There were others who wrote for the 'Examiner' — among them a youth who felt called upon to expound oracularly certain controverted Constitutional questions that Clay, Calhoun and Webster had failed to settle. He was a young man then, and need not be named now.

"Poe and Daniel were often together, and I was not surprised when informed that arrangements had been made by which the former was soon to become the literary editor of the 'Examiner,' was talked of in newspaper circles, and much satisfaction expressed by the initiated, who regarded it as a transaction promising good things for Southern journalism and literature. The 'Examiner,' the new star in the journalistic firmament, was expected to blaze with added lustre and fill all the South with the illumination.

"Poe had the sensitive organization of a man of genius, to whom alcoholic stimulation brings madness; for such there is no middle ground between total abstinence and inebriety. By the persuasion of friends he was induced to take a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity. His sad face took on a more hopeful expression; with a new hope in his heart he was about to make a new start in life. It was an-

nounced that he would soon make a visit to New York to close out his affairs there, preparatory to his entrance upon his new engagement at Richmond. With a view to giving him pecuniary assistance in a delicate way, and an expression of the good will of the Richmond public toward him, Poe was invited to deliver a lecture on some topic to be chosen by himself. The tickets were placed at five dollars each, and at that price three hundred persons were packed into the assembly rooms of the old Exchange Hotel. The lecture prepared for that occasion was on 'The Poetic Principle,' and it was read by him as it is now presented in his works. He was a charming reader, his manner the opposite of the elocutionary or sensational — quiet, without gesture, with distinctness of utterance, nice shadings of accent, easy gracefulness, and that indefinable element that draws the hearer toward the speaker with increasing good will and pleasure. I am glad that I heard Poe read that lecture; its sentences on the printed page have for me an added charm from the recollection. The net proceeds of the lecture amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. There was a touch of old Virginia in the way this was done. There is some of that old Virginia still left. The Virginia of that day and this will demonstrate their identity in the outcome of the movement to provide here at your university a suitable memorial of her most distinguished alumnus.

"With the proceeds of this lecture in hand, Mr. Poe started to New York, but he never made the journey. Stopping in Baltimore *en route* he was invited to a birthday party. During the feast the fair hostess asked him to pledge with wine; and he could not refuse. That glass of wine was a spark to a powder magazine. He went on a debauch, and a few days later died in a

hospital of *mania a potu*. On its nearer side death is a tragedy whenever, wherever, and however it may come. But the tragedy of Poe's death is too deep for words of mine. He was only thirty-nine years old. His best work ought to have been before him. Had he lived and worked with unclouded brain and ardent purpose during the tremendous decades that followed, what might he not have achieved! Who can compute the loss to our literature from his untimely death!

"Go on with your work, gentlemen of the University of Virginia, provide a fitting memorial to Edgar Allan Poe, your illustrious son. Young gentlemen of the University, do your part in this good work — and shun the rock on which he was wrecked."¹

Associated with these striking new particulars connected with Poe's last sojourn in the home of his youth, may well be added the following statement from the gentleman (now living) who administered the temperance oath to Poe while he was there.

617 E. LEIGH ST., RICHMOND, VA.,
Dec. 4, 1900.

PROF. J. A. HARRISON, UNIVERSITY OF VA.:

DEAR SIR, — Your favor of the 26th ult. I have. I regret to say that I fear I can contribute very little that will help you in your grand undertaking, that of placing fairly before the people the bright side of the character of the poet Poe. About fifty years ago I heard Mr. Poe deliver a lecture at the Exchange Hotel lecture-room this city. I did not meet him again until early in the sum-

¹ Zolnay's bust of Poe was unveiled with brilliant ceremonies in the Public Hall of the University, October 7, 1899. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, the guest of the Poe Association, delivered a masterly address on "Poe's Place in American Literature."

mer of 1849. He made his home at the old Swan Tavern (now standing on Broad Street between Eighth and Ninth north side). There he made the acquaintance of some member or members of the Division of the Sons of Temperance (this was a large organization previous to the war of '61-'65); he was proposed for membership, elected, and initiated about the 1st of July, 1849. The position I held in the Division made it my duty to administer to the candidate the obligation of total abstinence. During his stay in the city of the next three months or more there was not the least intimation that he had failed to live up to his obligation. In October he started to Baltimore (as was reported and generally believed to make preparation for his marriage to Mrs. Shelton, who as Miss Royster was a sweetheart of earlier life). A few days later we heard of his death at a hospital in *that city*, and the statement was made and too busily circulated that his death was the result of a spree commenced as soon as he reached Baltimore. We of the temperance order to which he belonged exerted ourselves to get at the facts, and the consensus of opinion was that he had not been drinking, but had been drugged. A gentleman by the name of Benson, born in Baltimore in 1811, and living there until he was twenty-one years old, went to Baltimore, and, as he knew Poe and felt much interest in the manner of his death, went to the hospital at which he died, and had a talk with the doctor (an acquaintance), who told him that Poe had not been drinking when brought to the hospital, but was under the influence of a drug; he added that he suggested the use of stimulants, but that Mr. Poe positively declined taking any. Mr. Poe lived very quietly while here. Some stories were told like the following, showing eccentricity: "He left with a Broad Street shoe merchant (who was also a member of the above mentioned order, and of the same division of which our friend had become a member) a pair of boots for repairs. Our shoe merchant was surprised a few mornings later at being knocked up by the

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poet about two hours before daylight, who had called for the boots. He explained that as he was out walking he thought to get the boots then would save him another trip."

I have stated only such facts in regard to Mr. Poe's last visit as I was in some manner mixed up with, and only wish they were of such a character as to be useful to you.

Very Respectfully Yours,

W. J. GLENN.

Bishop Fitzgerald mentions two important circumstances not hitherto known of Poe: that he was to be literary editor of "The Examiner" and had already contributed critical articles to it, and that *he left Richmond with \$1,500 in his pocket*. The possession of this money throws significant light on the theory that he was drugged.

"The evening of the day," reports Mrs. Weiss, "previous to that appointed for his departure from Richmond, Poe spent at my mother's. He declined to enter the parlors, where a number of visitors were assembled, saying he preferred the more quiet sitting-room; and here I had a long and almost uninterrupted conversation with him. He spoke of his future, seeming to anticipate it with an eager delight, like that of youth. He declared that the last few weeks in the society of his old and new friends had been the happiest that he had known for many years, and that when he again left New York, he should there leave behind all the trouble and vexation of his past life. On no occasion had I seen him so cheerful and hopeful as on this evening. 'Do you know,' he inquired, 'how I spent most of this morning? In writing a critique of your poems to be accompanied by a bio-

graphical sketch. I intend it to be one of my best, and that it shall appear in the second number of "The Stylus" — so confident was he in regard to this magazine. In the course of the evening he showed me a letter just received from 'his friend, Dr. Griswold,' in reply to one but recently written by Poe, wherein the latter had requested Dr. Griswold in case of his sudden death to become his literary executor. In this reply, Dr. Griswold accepted the proposal, expressing himself as much flattered thereby, and writing in terms of friendly warmth and interest. It will be observed that this statement is a contradiction of his statement that previous to Poe's death he had had no intimation of the latter's intention of appointing him his literary executor.

"In speaking of his own writings, Poe expressed his conviction that he had written his best poems, but that in prose he might yet surpass what he had already accomplished. He admitted that much which he had said in praise of certain writers was not the genuine expression of his opinions. . . . 'You must not judge of me by what you find me saying in the magazines. Such expressions of opinion are necessarily modified by a thousand circumstances, the wishes of editors, personal friendship, etc.'

"Poe expressed great regret in being compelled to leave Richmond, on even so brief an absence. He would certainly, he said, be back in two weeks. He thanked my mother with graceful courtesy and warmth for her kindness and hospitality, and begged that we would write to him in New York, saying it would do him good.

"He was the last of the party to leave the house. We were standing on the portico, and after going a

few steps he paused, turned, and again lifted his hat, in a last adieu. At the moment, a brilliant meteor appeared in the sky directly over his head, and vanished in the east. We commented laughingly upon the incident; but I remembered it sadly afterwards."

The prophetic words of "Ulalume" immediately recur:

"The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year."

October somehow seems mystically entangled with the poet's fate, just as the great dirge of "The Raven," which Doré has transformed into a magic and ardent Passion Play of Shadow-Land, swarming with the mystic imagery of Dreams, seemingly points in its "bleak December," to the month in which the poet's mother died in Richmond.

"As he was about to leave Richmond, he turned to Mr. Thompson, saying, 'By the way, you have been very kind to me, — here is a little trifle that may be worth something to you'; and he handed Mr. Thompson a small roll of paper, upon which were written the exquisite words of 'Annabel Lee.'"¹

Just a little while before, on St. Valentine's Day, 1849, he wrote to his friend Thomas: "Right glad am I to find you once more in a true position — in the field of Letters. Depend upon it, after all, Thomas, Literature is the most noble of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man. For my part, there is no seducing me from the path. I

¹ Gill's Life of Poe: Chatto and Windus: 1878: p. 231.

shall be a *Littérateur* at least all my life; nor would I abandon the hopes which still lead me on for all the gold in California [the Argonaut "craze" was just then starting and the whole country was aflame with fabulous reports from the western Golconda]. Talking of gold, and of the temptations at present held out to 'poor-devil authors,' did it ever strike you that all which is really valuable to a man of letters — to a poet in especial — is absolutely unpurchasable? Love, fame, the dominion of intellect, the consciousness of power, the thrilling sense of beauty, the free air of Heaven, exercise of body and mind, with the physical and moral health which result — these and such as these are really all that a poet cares for: then answer me this — *why* should he go to California?"

Life seemed bewilderingly bright — almost as bright as the fairy landscapes of "Arnheim" and "The Island of the Fay" painted it — now that he had arranged with a Mr. E. H. W. Patterson, of Oquawka, Illinois, for the simultaneous publication, in St. Louis and New York, of "The Stylus," to appear in July, 1850. Meanwhile, there were dark sides to the picture: Mrs. Clemm was actually suffering, as she wrote Griswold, for the necessities of life, and begged a small loan from the supposed friend; neither "Annie" nor "Estelle" had yet come to the rescue as they so nobly did, later.

But the wedding-ring was ready, and the scene so exquisitely pre-figured in "The Bridal Ballad" — with the situation of bride and groom reversed — was about to take place: only a dress-coat was still wanting, to make Richmond, the scene of the first marriage, the scene of a second and happier one. Much, and eloquently, as Poe had written against second marriages

—in “Ligeia” for instance, and “The Bridal Ballad” — he was about to embark on one himself, the same match from which, a year before, he had been mysteriously recalled by the reception of two anonymous stanzas from Mrs. Whitman when he was in Richmond on the same mission. Apparently, he did not remember his own prophetic and incisive words:

“Would God I could awaken!
For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,
Lest the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.”

“The [last] night,” continues Mrs. Weiss, “he spent at Duncan’s Lodge [the home of the Mackenzies, who had adopted his sister]; and as his friends said, sat late at his window, meditatively smoking, and seemingly disinclined for conversation. On the following morning, he went into the city, accompanied by his friends, Dr. Gibbon Carter and Dr. Mackenzie. The day was passed with them and others of his intimate friends. Late in the evening he entered the office of Dr. John Carter, and spent an hour in looking over the day’s papers; then taking Dr. Carter’s cane he went out, remarking that he would step across to Saddler’s (a fashionable restaurant) and get supper. From the circumstance of his taking the cane, leaving his own in its place, it is probable he had intended to return; but at the restaurant he met with some acquaintances who detained him until late, and then accompanied him to the Baltimore boat. According to their accounts, he was quite sober and cheerful to the last, remarking, as he took leave of them, that he would soon be in Richmond again.”

CHAPTER XVII.

1849.

IN BALTIMORE : THE END.

ACCORDING to even modern standards, Poe could not have reached Baltimore by the James River and Chesapeake Bay—Patapsco route—under from twenty-four to twenty-eight hours ; then, when steam navigation was so much slower and more imperfect, it must have required much longer. At present a steamer leaves Richmond at 6 or 7 A. M. and reaches Old Point at 5 or 6 P. M. ; the fast Bay steamers then reach Washington about five or six in the morning, the Baltimore route being even longer.

Possibly he met on this rather prolonged and tedious water-trip persons who induced him to break his pledge : one does not know.

The following note from Dr. William Hand Browne to the author is self-explanatory and also explanatory of the last act in the tragedy :

“ The following is an exact copy of the pencil note sent to Dr. Snodgrass to notify him of the condition in which Poe was. The writer, J. W. Walker, was (I have been informed) a printer of Baltimore. The note was copied by myself from the original in the possession of Mrs. Snodgrass, widow of Poe’s friend. Dr. Snodgrass, on receipt of the note, hastened to

attend Poe, and finding him in a dangerous state, had him removed to the hospital, where he died. W. H. B.”

BALTIMORE CITY, 3d, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—There is a gentleman, rather the worse for wear, at Ryan’s 4th ward polls, who goes under the cognomen of Edgar A. Poe, and who appears in great distress, and he says he is acquainted with you, and I assure you he is in need of immediate assistance.

Yours in haste,

JOS. W. WALKER.

To Dr. J. E. SNODGRASS.

What preluded the situation above pictured is a matter of supposition. One report is that Poe started for Philadelphia by rail and got as far as Havre de Grace, when, falling into a stupor, he was brought back to Baltimore and fell into the hands of political toughs at Ryan’s Fourth Ward Polls, was drugged, and carried round from polls to polls in the interests of the Whig party. Dr. Snodgrass’s own garrulous and garbled account of the affair in “Beadle’s Monthly” for 1867 — “The Facts of Poe’s Death and Burial” — has been shown by an intelligent writer (Mr. Spencer) in the New York “Herald,” March 27, 1881, to be wholly untrustworthy. This gentleman had the whole Poe-Snodgrass correspondence in his possession and copied and printed in “The Herald”¹ many interesting extracts from it, including the “coop letter.” We quote from it the following:

“The compositor (Walker) was well-known among the earlier printers upon the Baltimore ‘Sun.’ He was afterwards drowned while swimming in the Spring

¹ Kindly lent the author by Miss A. F. Poe, of Baltimore.

Gardens. The tavern to which reference was made [in Dr. Snodgrass's account] was in East Lombard Street, a door or two east of High Street. Dr. Snodgrass himself lived on High Street at that time, within a block or two of the tavern, and it was probably his immediate proximity as much as anything else, which prompted Walker to send for him. Poe was manifestly very ill, though he did not die until the following Sunday morning (this note was written on Wednesday night). . . . It will be noticed that, in spite of the fact that Snodgrass had the original of this note in his possession, he preferred to quote it from memory, and in so doing, utterly perverted its contents. He gave the wrong day of the month, the wrong day of the week, the wrong name for the tavern, and an absolutely false and illusory statement of the printer's representations as to Poe's condition. 'A gentleman rather the worse for wear,' who 'appears in great distress,' and is in evident 'need of immediate assistance,' is put down as being 'in a state of beastly intoxication and evident destitution.' Walker speaks of a gentleman and stranger, who is so ill as to excite his sympathy and cause alarm; Snodgrass makes him speak of a drunken and penniless loafer. Griswold, of course, makes worse out of Snodgrass's bad enough. He assigns Thursday, October 4, as the day, speaks of a 'night of exposure and insanity,' etc., 'resolutions and duties forgotten,' and all the rest of an infamous rigmarole.

"What are the actual facts in regard to Edgar A. Poe's death? The Baltimore 'Sun' of October 8, 1849, has only this announcement:

"'We regret to learn that Edgar A. Poe, Esq., the distinguished American poet, scholar, and critic, died

in this city yesterday morning, after an illness of four or five days. This announcement, coming so sudden and unexpected, will cause poignant regret among all who admire genius and have sympathies for the frailties too often attending it. Mr. Poe, we believe, was a native of this State, though reared by a foster-father at Richmond, Va., where he lately spent some time on a visit. He was in the thirty-eighth year of his age.'

"Let us suppose," continues Mr. Spencer, not noticing the errors as to the place and time of Poe's birth, "that Poe arrived in Baltimore on Wednesday, October 3, 1849, not entirely free from the effects of bad hours in the capital of Virginia. He must have reached the city in the forenoon, and, whether he came by rail or by steamboat, he would have naturally and almost instinctively gone to the United States Hotel (the present Maltby House), opposite which, at that time, was the *dépôt* of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

"Poe was a Whig in politics. There was an election going on that day, a very wet and disagreeable one, for members of Congress and members of the State Legislature. If Poe had been drinking at all, and it is altogether likely that he had, he would talk, and on election day all men talk politics.

"Eight blocks east of the hotel where he [presumably] was, was High Street, and in the rear of an engine-house in this vicinity the 'Fourth Ward Club,' a notorious Whig organization, had their 'coop.' There was no registry of voters at this time in Baltimore, and almost any one could vote who was willing to face the ordeal of a 'challenge' and the oath administered by a judge of elections. Hence, personal

voting 'material' was valuable, and the roughs of the period, instead of acting as rounders themselves, used to capture and 'coop' innocent strangers and foreigners, drug them with bad whiskey and opiates, and send them round to the different voting-places under custody of one or two of their party, 'to help the cause.' The system of 'cooping' probably culminated in this year, 1849, and, if the writer's memory does not play him a trick, the 'coop' of the Democrats on Lexington Street, near Eutaw, in the rear of the 'New Market' engine-house, had 75 prisoners, while that of the Whigs, on High Street, had 130 to 140 — the equivalent of 600 votes.

"The prisoners in these 'coops,' chiefly foreigners, strangers, countrymen, fared wretchedly. They were often, at the outstart, and in the most unexpected way, drugged with opiates and such other delirifacients as would be most likely to keep them from being troublesome and prevent them from resenting their outrageous treatment. They were thrust into cellars and backyards, and kept under lock and key, without light, without beds, without provisions for decency, without food. Only one thing they were supplied with, and that was a sufficient deluge of whiskey to keep their brains all the time sodden, and prevent them from imparting intelligibility to their complaints.

"The Whig 'coop' in the Fourth Ward, on High Street, was within two squares of the place where Poe was 'found.' It is altogether possible . . . that Poe was 'cooped' and that his outlaw custodians, discovering too late the disastrous effects of their infamous decoctions upon the delicate tissues and convolutions of his finely organized brain, sought to repair some of the damage they had done, and caused inquiry to be

made for the friends of the man they had murdered. Too late !

"Poe was taken that night to the hospital, which is now called the 'Church Home' (on North Broadway), suffering from a violent brain fever of a congestive character. He never recovered consciousness, he made no dying speeches and remarks, and his little candle, which now shines so far, went out very briefly about daybreak on Sunday morning, October 7."

Such were in all probability the environing circumstances of the death of the great lyricist.

Of Dr. J. J. Moran's account of the poet's last hours and his dying declarations,¹ written thirty-five years after the events, one can say that it is romantically interesting, but not convincing. Judge Neilson Poe, his third cousin, who was at the hospital constantly until he died, asserted that he never regained consciousness. Dr. Snodgrass, who wrote in 1867, seventeen years after the catastrophe, asserts that he was conscious, and adds (if we may believe them) the following particulars : —

"The Washington Hospital having been fixed upon, a messenger was despatched to procure a carriage. While awaiting its arrival, I had an opportunity to observe more closely than I had taken time to do previously, the condition and apparel of the strangely metamorphosed being in the bar-room who wore a name which was a synonym for genius — the first glance at whose *tout ensemble* was well calculated to recall Poe's own so frequently hinted doctrine of the

¹ A Defence of Edgar Allan Poe : Life, Character, and Dying Declarations of the Poet : An Official Account of his Death by his Attending Physician, John J. Moran, M.D., Washington, D.C. : 1885.

metempsychosis. His face was haggard, not to say bloated and unwashed, his hair unkempt, and his whole physique repulsive. His expansive forehead, with its wonderful breadth between the points where the phrenologists locate the organ of ideality—the widest I ever measured—and that full-orbed and mellow yet soulful eye, for which he was so noticeable when himself, now lustreless and vacant, as shortly I could see, were shaded from view by a rusty, almost brimless, tattered and ribbonless palm-leaf hat. His clothing consisted of a sack-coat of thin and slazy black alpaca, ripped more or less at several of its seams, and faded and soiled, and pants of a steel-mixed pattern of cassinette, half-worn and badly-fitting, if they could be said to fit at all. He wore neither vest nor neck-cloth, while the bosom of his shirt was both crumpled and badly soiled. On his feet were boots of coarse material, and giving no sign of having been blacked for a long time, if at all.

“The carriage having arrived, we tried to get the object of our care upon his feet, so that he might the more easily be taken to it. But he was past locomotion. We therefore carried him to the coach as if he were a corpse, and lifted him in in the same manner. While we were doing this, what was left of one of the most remarkable embodiments of genius the world has produced in all the centuries of its history—the author of a single poem which alone has been adjudged by more than one critic as entitling its producer to a lasting and enviable fame—was so utterly voiceless as to be capable of only muttering some scarcely intelligible oaths, and other forms of imprecation upon those who were trying to rescue him from destitution and disgrace.

"The carriage was driven directly to the hospital, where its unconscious occupant was assigned to the care of its intelligent and kindly resident physician [Dr. J. J. Moran].

" . . . He lived nearly a week, instead of dying 'next day,' as one account has it, or in a 'few hours,' as another records it, dying on the 7th of the same month, Monday [Sunday]. Besides, it might convey the idea that he had no lucid moments. But he had, and in one of these an incident transpired which, while its mention may serve to extend the already long, as well as interesting record of the last words of noted men, it will be recognized as anything but characteristic of Mr. Poe, who was always haunted by a terrible though vague apprehension of death and the grave. When the hospital physician became satisfied that the author of 'William Wilson' — a favorite tale of Mr. Poe — and of 'The Raven' — had written his last story and his last poem, he addressed him concernedly and kindly, saying: 'Mr. Poe, it is my painful duty to inform you that you have, in my judgment, only a very short time to live. If you have any friends whom you would like to see, name them, and your wish shall be gratified; I will summon them.'

" 'Friends!' exclaimed the dying son of genius — 'friends!' repeating the word for a moment as if it had no longer a definite meaning; 'my best friend would be he who would take a pistol and blow out these d—d wretched brains!' pressing his hand to his forehead as he uttered the awful imprecation."

Fortunately, however, we are not dependent upon Dr. Snodgrass's harrowing account as our sole testimony for Poe's last hours: there is in existence a letter from Dr. J. J. Moran to Mrs. Clemm, written five

or six weeks after the event, which gives an account of bare facts without the romantic coloring of Dr. Moran's later statement, at the same time relieving the sufferer of the stain of dying with an imprecation on his lips :

BALTIMORE CITY MARINE HOSPITAL,
November 15, '49.

MRS. CLEMM:

MY DEAR MADAM, — I take the earliest opportunity of responding to yours of the 9th inst., which came to hand by yesterday's mail. . . .

But now for the required intelligence. Presuming you are already aware of the malady of which Mr. Poe died, I need only state concisely the particulars of his circumstances from his entrance until his decease.

When brought to the hospital he was unconscious of his condition — who brought him or with whom he had been associating. He remained in this condition from five o'clock in the afternoon — the hour of his admission — until three next morning. This was on the 3d October.

To this state succeeded tremor of the limbs, and at first a busy but not violent or active delirium — constant talking — and vacant converse with spectral and imaginary objects on the walls. His face was pale and his whole person drenched in perspiration. We were unable to induce tranquillity before the second day after his admission.

Having left orders with the nurses to that effect, I was summoned to his bedside so soon as consciousness supervened, and questioned him in reference to his family, place of residence, relatives, etc. But his answers were incoherent and unsatisfactory. He told me, however, he had a wife in Richmond (which I have since learned was not the fact), that he did not know when he left that city, or what had become of his trunk of clothing. Wishing to rally and sustain his now fast sinking hopes,

I told him I hoped that in a few days he would be able to enjoy the society of his friends here, and I would be most happy to contribute in every possible way to his ease and comfort. At this he broke out with much energy, and said the best thing his best friend could do would be to blow out his brains with a pistol — that when he beheld his degradation, he was ready to sink into the earth, etc. Shortly after giving expression to these words, Mr. Poe seemed to doze, and I left him for a short time. When I returned I found him in a violent delirium, resisting the efforts of two nurses to keep him in bed. This state continued until Saturday evening (he was admitted on Wednesday), when he commenced calling for one "Reynolds,"¹ which he did through the night until *three* on Sunday morning. At this time a very decided change began to affect him. Having become enfeebled from exertion, he became quiet, and seemed to rest for a short time; then gently moving his head, he said, "*Lord help my poor soul!*" and expired.

This, Madam, is as faithful an account as I am able to furnish from the Record of his case.

. . . His remains were visited by some of the first individuals of the city, many of them anxious to have a lock of his hair. . . .

Respectfully yours,

J. J. MORAN, *Res. Phys.*²

His relatives, Judge Neilson Poe and Mr. Henry Herring, took charge of the remains, which were buried Monday afternoon in the churchyard attached to Westminster Presbyterian Church, corner of Fayette and Greene Streets, the Rev. W. T. D. Clemm

¹ This Reynolds may have been the author of the "Address on the South Sea Expedition" — a project in which Poe was deeply interested and which doubtless gave him ideas for "Arthur Gordon Pym."

² Miss A. F. Poe, MS.

reading the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal church. Only a few friends witnessed the solemn rites, among them his class-mate at the University of Virginia, Hon. Z. Collins Lee, Poe's cousin, Edmund Smith, Dr. Snodgrass, the officiating clergyman, and Mr. N. Poe.

His trunk and clothes were sought in vain: they had most probably been stolen.

The writer is enabled to supplement these statements by the following interesting recollections of Mrs. J. J. Moran, furnished him by her nephew, Mr. J. B. Green, of the University of Virginia:

"Mrs. Mary O. Moran, wife of the physician in charge of Washington College Hospital, Baltimore, where Poe died, made substantially the following statement as to his last hours. 'When the young man was brought into the hospital in a stupor, it was supposed he was overcome by drink. It was election time, and the city was very disorderly. We soon saw he was a gentleman; and as our family lived in a wing of the college building, the doctor had him taken to a room easily reached by a passage from our wing. I helped to nurse him here, and during an interval of consciousness he asked if there was any hope for him. Thinking he referred to his physical condition, I said, "My husband thinks you are very ill, and if you have any directions to give regarding your affairs I will write them down." He replied, "I meant, hope for a wretch like me, beyond this life." I assured him that the Great Physician said there was. I then read him the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, gave him a quieting draught, wiped the beads of perspiration from his face, smoothed his pillow, and left him. Not long afterwards they

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brought me a message that he was dead. I made his shroud and helped to prepare his body for burial.' ”

“It is impossible,” says Mr. Ingram, in concluding his sympathetic Memoir—the fullest and best of the biographies of Poe—“to conceive the horror and heart-rending grief of Mrs. Clemm when the intelligence of Poe’s death was conveyed to her. She was awaiting his arrival, to bear her away to her native South, and instead of welcoming an affectionate son—happy in the prospect of an anticipated marriage and a prosperous future—she received the tidings of his terrible and mysterious death. In the first moments of her loneliness and anguish she wrote to her best friend, for sympathy, in these terms :

Oct. 8, 1849.

Annie, my Eddy *is dead*. He died in Baltimore yesterday. Annie! pray for me, your desolate friend. My senses *will leave me*. I will write the moment I hear the particulars. I have written to Baltimore. Write and advise me what to do.

Your distracted friend,

M. C.

“Writing again on the 13th of October to the same faithful friend, Mrs. Clemm says :

“‘MY OWN DEAREST ANNIE,—I am not deceived in you. You *still* wish your poor desolate friend to come to you. . . . I have written to poor Elmira [Mrs. Shelton], and have to wait for her answer. They are already making arrangements to publish the works of my *darling lost one*. I have been waited on by several gentlemen, and have finally arranged with Mr. Griswold to arrange and bring them out, and he wishes it done immediately. Mr. Willis is to share with him this labor of

love. They say that I am to have the *entire* proceeds, so you see, Annie, I will not be entirely destitute. I have had many letters of condolence, and one which has, indeed, comforted me. Neilson Poe, of Baltimore, has written to me, and says he died in the Washington Medical College, not the Hospital, and of congestion of the brain, and not of what the vile, vile papers accuse him. He had many kind friends with him, and was attended to his grave by the *litterati* of Baltimore, and many friends. *Severe excitement* (and no doubt some imprudence) brought this on; he never had one interval of reason. . . . Never, oh, never, will I see those dear lovely eyes. I feel *so desolate, so wretched, friendless, and alone.*''¹

The poor old woman, now advanced in years, became literally a wanderer on the face of the earth, accepting, first, the hospitality of "Annie," at Lowell, Mass., with whom she resided for a few months ("years," says Ingram), and then staying with "Stella," in Brooklyn, until 1858,² when she removed to Baltimore. There she died in "the Church Home and Infirmary," February 16, 1871, more than 80 years of age—the very place where her "Eddy" had died.

At Poe's death a few papers and articles of a miscellaneous nature were found in the hands of publishers and editors, and two of his most striking poems—"The Bells" and "Annabel Lee"—came suddenly to the surface, drawn thither by the solemn reverberation of the news of the poet's death. "Sartain's Union Magazine" for November contained the final version of "The Bells," the design of which,

¹ Ingram, II. p. 239.

² Edgar Allan Poe: A Memorial Volume: 1875: p. 86.

as he informed the poet Thompson, was "to express in language the exact sounds of bells to the ear"; and the "Southern Literary Messenger" for November contained "Annabel Lee," prefaced by the following words:

"The day before he [Poe] left Richmond, he placed in our hands for publication in the 'Messenger' the MS. of his last poem, which has since found its way (through a correspondent of a northern paper with whom Mr. Poe had left a copy) into the newspaper press, and been extensively circulated. As it was designed for this magazine, however, we publish it, even though all of our readers may have seen it before."¹

It seems strange that this tender and beautiful ballad should appear in "The Tribune" for Oct. 9, 1849, almost side by side with the attack on Poe's memory now known to have been written by Griswold—a poem in every line refuting the anonymous assault whose "intense energy of delineation" is pronounced "a piece of writing that has the power of genius and cannot be forgotten while his memory lives."

In "Graham's" for January, 1850, appeared a paper "On Critics and Criticism," and this was followed in October by "The Poetic Principle," in "Sartain's Union Magazine"; completing the tally of Poe's works which, even after death, streamed forth in these puissant channels and taught the world not only what he conceived to be the true theory of poetry but exemplified it in two wondrous poems. "The singular and exquisite genius of Poe," as Swinburne calls it, was thus singular and exquisite to the last breath.

¹ *So. Lit. Mess.* The Late Edgar A. Poe: Nov. 1849, p. 697.

APPENDIX.

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POE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE following document possesses a curious interest, being Poe's own account of his early life as furnished by him to Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold. The MS. is in the possession of Mrs. Wm. M. Griswold, of Cambridge, Mass., daughter-in-law of Dr. Griswold, by whose courtesy it is here printed for the first time. The reader should compare it with the letter by Poe on his ancestry to be found in our Volume XVII., dated August 20, 1835.

The Memorandum abounds in inaccuracies. The birth-date is wrong by two years: Poe was born in 1809. The elder Mrs. Poe did not die of "consumption" but of pneumonia. Mr. Allan never legally "adopted" Poe, but befriended and reared him and gave him a home. This statement is confirmed by Mrs. S. A. Weiss and Dr. John F. Carter, who are still living and who knew Poe and the Allans intimately. Poe remained only one year (1826, not 1825) at the University of Virginia, not "three," as he states in the Memorandum. The University of Virginia never had a "president;" its executive officer is the Chairman of the Faculty. The runaway trip to Russia is altogether mythical: Poe was a private and then a sergeant-major in the United States army, under the name of Edgar A. Perry, from May 26, 1827, to April 15, 1829, when, having supplied a substitute, he was honorably discharged. Mr. Allan

was not so old as Poe makes him out to be on his second marriage, and he left three children, not "one son," to inherit his large estate. It would be most interesting to know what "two British journals" Poe "wrote continuously for," "whose names he was not permitted to mention." No traces of these contributions have been found; perhaps they were never printed.

MEMORANDUM.

Memo. Born January, 1811. Family one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. Gen. David Poe, my paternal grandfather, was a quarter-master general, in the Maryland line, during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Lafayette, who, during his visit to the U. S., called personally upon the Gen.'s widow, and tendered her his warmest acknowledgments for the services rendered him by her husband. His father, John Poe, married, in England, Jane, a daughter of Admiral James McBride, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with many of the most illustrious houses of Great Britain. My father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving me an orphan at two years of age. Mr. John Allan, a very wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Va., took a fancy to me, and persuaded my grandfather, Gen. Poe, to suffer him to adopt me. Was brought up in Mr. A.'s family, and regarded always as his son and heir — he having no other children. In 1816 went with Mr. A.'s family to G. Britain — visited every portion of it — went to school for 5 years to the Rev. Doctor Bransby, at Stoke Newington, then 4 miles from London. Re-

turned to America in 1822. In 1825 went to the Jefferson University at Charlottesville, Va., where for 3 years I led a very dissipated life — the college at that period being shamefully dissolute. Dr. Dunglison of Philadelphia, President. Took the first honors, however, and came home greatly in debt. Mr. A. refused to pay some of the debts of *honor*, and I ran away from home without a dollar on a quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. Failed in reaching Greece, but made my way to St. Petersburg, in Russia. Got into many difficulties, but was extricated by the kindness of Mr. H. Middleton, the American consul at St. P. Came home safe in 1829, found Mrs. A. dead, and immediately went to West Point as a Cadet. In about 18 months afterwards Mr. A. married a second time (a Miss Patterson, a near relative of Gen. Winfield Scott) — he being then 65 years of age. Mrs. A. and myself quarrelled, and he, siding with her, wrote me an angry letter, to which I replied in the same spirit. Soon afterwards he died, having had a son by Mrs. A., and, although leaving a vast property, bequeathed me nothing. The army does not suit a poor man — so I left W. Point abruptly, and threw myself upon literature as a resource. I became first known to the literary world thus. A Baltimore weekly paper (The Visiter) offered two premiums — one for best prose story, one for best poem. The Committee awarded both to me, and took occasion to insert in the journal a card, signed by themselves, in which I was very highly flattered. The Committee were John P. Kennedy (author of Horse-Shoe Robinson), J. H. B. Latrobe and Dr. I. H. Miller. Soon after this I was invited by Mr. T. W. White, proprietor of the

South. Lit. Messenger, to edit it. Afterwards wrote for New York Review at the invitation of Dr. Hawks and Professor Henry, its proprietors. Lately have written articles continuously for two British journals whose names I am not permitted to mention. In my engagement with Burton, it was not my design to let my name appear — but he tricked me into it.

Written on half sheet evidently used for an envelope, marks of seal left on back, stamp, “(paid) J. B.” x part of an address, severed by scissors-cut :

“ld, Esqre.,

oston,

Mass.” T

MRS. CLEMM'S PREFACE TO THE
GRISWOLD EDITION.¹

THE late Edgar Allan Poe, who was the husband of my only daughter, the son of my eldest brother, and more than a son to myself, in his long continued and affectionate observance of every duty to me,—under an impression that he might be called suddenly from the world, wrote (just before he left his home in Fordham, for the last time, on the 29th of June, 1849) requests that the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold should act as his Literary Executor, and superintend the publication of his works;—and that N. P. Willis, Esq., should write such observations upon his life and character, as he might deem suitable to address to thinking men, in vindication of his memory.

These requests he made with less hesitation, and

¹ This edition of Poe's works was copyrighted by J. S. Redfield in 1849, appearing first in two volumes, then with a third volume containing the notorious Memoir, and finally ending with a fourth and last volume in 1856. It will be noticed that Mrs. Clemm's preface is prefixed gratefully to the volumes that had no Memoir, she apparently never having been cognizant of Griswold's intention to write her nephew's life: Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis had been specially requested by Poe himself, when they parted, to do this, and N. P. Willis had been invited to assist with a biographical Notice. This appeared in "The Home Journal" the Saturday after Poe died, and is incorporated with James Russell Lowell's sketch in the 1849 edition. See succeeding pages for the Griswold, Willis, and Lowell articles.

What must have been the poor lady's horror and indignation when she read the Memoir, "a concentration of hatred and malice that had already done duty . . . in the 'International Magazine'"! After reading it, she never ceased to speak of its author as "that villain."—Ed.

with confidence that they would be fulfilled, from his knowledge of these gentlemen; and he many times expressed a gratification of such an opportunity of decidedly and unequivocally certifying his respect for the literary judgment and integrity of Mr. Griswold, with whom his personal relations, on account of some unhappy misunderstanding, had for years been interrupted.

In this edition of my son's works, which is published for my benefit, it is a great pleasure for me to thank Mr. Griswold and Mr. Willis for their prompt fulfilment of the wishes of the dying poet, in labors which demanded much time and attention, and which they have performed without any other recompense than the happiness which rewards acts of duty and kindness. I add to these expressions of gratitude to them, my acknowledgments to J. R. Lowell, Esquire, for his notices of Mr. Poe's genius and writings which are here published.

MARIA CLEMM.

THE "LUDWIG ARTICLE."

BY R. W. GRISWOLD.¹

[New York Tribune (Evening Edition), October 9, 1849.]

Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore the day before yesterday. This announcement will

¹ On April 2, 1850, Walter Colton wrote to Griswold as follows: "I have read your criticism on E. A. Poe; it is terrific, but not more so than the moral aspects of your subject. In literary execution it rivals the best passages in Macaulay. I knew

startle many, *but few will be grieved by it.* The poet was well known personally or by reputation, in all this country ; he had readers in England, and in several of the states of Continental Europe ; *but he had few or no friends ;* and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art lost one of its most brilliant, but erratic stars.

The family of Mr. Poe, we learn from Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," from which a considerable portion of the facts in this notice are derived, was one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. David Poe, his paternal grandfather, was a Quartermaster-General in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Lafayette, who during his last visit to the United States, called personally upon the General's widow, and tendered her acknowledgments for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, John Poe, married in England, Jane, a daughter of Admiral James McBride, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother,—both of whom were in some way connected with the theatre, and lived as precariously as their more gifted, and more eminent son,—died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan at two years of age. Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, took a fancy to him, and persuaded his grandfather to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. Allan's family ; and as that gentle-

something of Poe — something of the unfathomed gulfs of darkness out of which the lightning of his genius sent its scorching flashes. . . ."

man had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1816 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allan to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at [Stoke] Newington, near London, by Rev. Dr. Bransby. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to the Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the College at that time being extremely dissolute. He took the first honors, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his debts of *honor*, and he hastily quitted the country on a quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, when he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Henry Middleton, the American Minister at that Capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterwards entered the Military Academy at West-Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. Allan, who had lost his first wife while Mr. Poe was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young; Poe quarrelled with her, and the veteran husband, taking the part of his wife, addressed him an angry letter, which was answered in the same spirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son heir to his property, and bequeathing Poe nothing.

The army, in the opinion of the young poet, was not a place for a poor man; so he left West Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. He printed, in 1827, a small volume of poems, most of which were written in early youth.

Some of these poems are quoted in a reviewal by Margaret Fuller, in *The Tribune* in 1846, and are justly regarded as among the most wonderful exhibitions of the precocious developments of genius. They illustrated the character of his abilities, and justified his anticipations of success. For a considerable time, however, though he wrote readily and brilliantly, his contributions to the journals attracted little attention, and his hopes of gaining a livelihood by the profession of literature was nearly ended at length in sickness, poverty and despair.

But in 1831,¹ the proprietor of a weekly gazette, in Baltimore, offered two premiums, one for the best story in prose, and the other for the best poem.

In due time Poe sent in two articles, and he waited anxiously for the decision. One of the Committee was the accomplished author of "Horseshoe Robinson," John P. Kennedy, and his associates were scarcely less eminent than he for wit and critical sagacity. Such matters were usually disposed of in a very off-hand way; committees to award literary prizes drink to the payer's health, in good wines, over the unexamined MSS., which they submit to the discretion of the publisher, with permission to use their names in such a way as to promote the publisher's advantage. So it would have been in this case, but that one of the Committee,² taking up a small book, in such exquisite calligraphy as to seem like one of the finest issues of the press of Putnam, was tempted to read several pages, and being interested, he summonsed the attention of the company to the half-dozen compositions in the volume. It was unanimously decided that the

¹ 1833. — Ed.

² See notice of "The Folio Club," Vol. II. — Ed.

prizes should be paid to the first of geniuses who had written legibly. Not another MS. was unfolded. Immediately the confidential envelope was opened, and the successful competitor was found to bear the scarcely known name of Poe.

The next day the publisher called to see Mr. Kennedy, and gave him an account of the author that excited his curiosity and sympathy, and caused him to request that he should be brought to his office. Accordingly he was introduced; the prize money had not yet been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin, and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A tattered frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and the ruins of boots disclosed more than the want of stockings. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice and conversation, and manners, all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history, and his ambitions, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly regained bearing of a gentleman.

The late Mr. Thomas W. White had then recently established *The Southern Literary Messenger*, at Richmond, and upon the warm recommendation of Mr. Kennedy, Poe was engaged at a small salary — we believe of \$500 a year — to be its editor. He entered upon his duties with letters full of expressions of

the warmest gratitude to his friends in Baltimore, who in five or six weeks were astonished to learn that with characteristic recklessness of consequence, he was hurriedly married to a girl as *poor as himself*. Poe continued in this situation for about a year and a half, in which he wrote many brilliant articles, and raised the *Messenger* to the first rank of literary periodicals.

He next removed to Philadelphia, to assist William E. Burton in the editorship of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a miscellany that in 1840 was merged in *Graham's Magazine*, of which Poe became one of the principal writers, particularly in criticism, in which his papers attracted much attention by their careful and skilful analysis, and general caustic severity. At this period, however, he appeared to have been more ambitious of securing distinction in romantic fiction, and a collection of his compositions in this department, published in 1841,¹ under the title of *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*, established his reputation for ingenuity, imagination, and extraordinary power in tragical narration.

Near the end of 1844 Poe removed to New York, where he conducted for several months a literary miscellany called the *Broadway Journal*. In 1845 he published a volume of "Tales" in Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books;" and in the same series a collection of his poems. Besides these poems he was the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance; "Eureka," an essay on the spiritual and material universe; a work which he wishes to have "judged as a poem;" and several extended series of papers in the periodicals, the most noteworthy of which are "Marginalia," embracing opinions of books and

¹ 1840. — Ed.

authors ; " Secret Writing," " Autography ;" and " Sketches of the Literati of New York."

His wife died in 1847, at Fordham, near this city, and some of our readers will remember the paragraphs in the papers of the time, upon his destitute condition. We remember that Col. Webb collected in a few moments fifty or sixty dollars for him at the Metropolitan Club ; Mr. Lewis, of Brooklyn, sent a similar sum from one of the courts, in which he was engaged when he saw the statement of the poet's poverty ; and others illustrated in the same manner the effect of such an appeal to the popular heart.

Since that time Mr. Poe had lived quietly, and with an income from his literary labors sufficient for his support. A few weeks ago he proceeded to Richmond, in Virginia, where he lectured upon the poetical character, etc. ; and it was understood by some of his correspondents here that he was this week to be married, most advantageously, to a lady of that city, a widow, to whom he had been previously engaged while a student in the University.

The character of Mr. Poe we cannot attempt to describe in this very hastily written article. We can but allude to some of the more striking phases.

His conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood, or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortal can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost sim-

plicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and in a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghostliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty, so minutely, and so distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations — till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or by exhibitions of the ignoble passions.

He was at times a dreamer — dwelling in ideal realms — in heaven or hell, peopled with creations and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayers, (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned,) but for their happiness who at that moment were objects of his idolatry; or with his glance introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms wildly beating the wind and rain, he would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from that Aidenn close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him — close by that Aidenn where were those he loved — the Aidenn which he might never see but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose listing to sin did not involve the doom of death. He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjected his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow. The re-

markable poem of *The Raven* was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflection and an echo of his own history. He was the bird's

— unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
Till his song the burden bore—
Melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore," of "Nevermore."

Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of his personal character ; elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the *Fall of the House of Usber*, or of *Mesmeric Revelation*, we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the idiosyncracies, — of what was most peculiar — in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better phases of this nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in man or woman.

He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system was with him an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still though he regarded society as composed of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villainy, while it continually caused him overshoots, to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian in Bulwer's novel of the "Caxtons." Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst

emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantage of this poor boy — his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere — had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudice against him. Irascible, envious — bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellant cynicism while his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed — not shine, not serve — succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit.

We have suggested the influence of his aims and vicissitudes upon his literature. It was more conspicuous in his later than his earlier writing. Nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years — including much of his best poetry — was in some sense biographical; in draperies of his imagination, those who had taken the trouble to trace his steps, could perceive, but slightly covered, the figure of himself.

There are perhaps some of our readers who will understand the allusions of the following beautiful poem. Mr. Poe presented it in MS. to the writer of these paragraphs, just before he left New York recently, remarking it was the last thing he had written.

It was many and many a year ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
And we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my ANNABEL LEE ;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The Angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes ! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams,
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

We must omit any particular criticism of Mr. Poe's works. As a writer of tales it will be admitted generally, that he was scarcely surpassed in ingenuity of construction or effective painting; as a critic, he was more remarkable as a dissector of sentences than as a commenter upon ideas. *He was little better than a carping grammarian.* As a poet, he will retain a most honorable rank. Of his "Raven," Mr. Willis observes, that in his opinion, "it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conceptions, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift." In poetry, as in prose, he was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper.

We have not learned the circumstance of his death. It was sudden, and from the fact that it occurred in Baltimore, it is presumed that he was on his return to New York.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

LUDWIG.¹

¹ "Diary: Oct. 8 [1849]. Wrote, hastily, two or three columns about Poe, for the 'Tribune.'"

Diary: Oct. 16.—Call on Mrs. Lewis, to assort, at her home, Poe's papers.

Diary: Oct. 17.—The affairs of Poe." — Passages from the Correspondence of R. W. Griswold: 1898: p. 252-3.

DEATH OF EDGAR A. POE.¹

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The ancient fable of two antagonistic spirits imprisoned in one body equally powerful and having the complete mastery by turns — of one man, that is to say, inhabited by both a devil and an angel — seems to have been realized, if all we hear is true, in the character of the extraordinary man whose name we have written above. Our own impression of the nature of Edgar A. Poe differs in some important degree, however, from that which has been generally conveyed in the notices of his death. Let us, before telling what we personally know of him, copy a graphic and highly finished portraiture, from the pen of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, which appeared in a recent number of the *Tribune*: —²

Ap[ro]pos of the disparaging portion of the above well-written sketch, let us truthfully say: —

Some four or five years since, when editing a daily paper in this city, Mr. Poe was employed by us, for several months, as critic and sub-editor. This was our first personal acquaintance with him. He resided with his wife and mother at Fordham, a few miles out of town, but was at his desk in the office from nine in the morning till the evening paper went to press. With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capri-

¹ These remarks were published by Mr. Willis, in the "Home Journal," on the Saturday following Mr. Poe's death.

² The preceding Ludwig article.

cious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful, and intellectual face as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy, and to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented, — far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he at last voluntarily gave up his employment with us, and through all this considerable period we had seen but one presentment of the man, — a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability.

Residing as he did in the country, we never met Mr. Poe in hours of leisure ; but he frequently called on us afterwards at our place of business, and we met him often in the street, — invariably the same sad-mannered, winning, and refined gentleman such as we had always known him. It was by rumor only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character. We heard, from one who knew him well (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities), that, with a *single glass* of wine, his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost, and, though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his *will* was palpably insane. Possessing his reasoning faculties in excited activity at such times, and seeking his ac-

quaintances with his wonted look and memory, he easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused, accordingly, of insulting arrogance and bad-heartedness. In this reversed character, we repeat, it was never our chance to see him. We know it from hearsay, and we mention it in connection with this sad infirmity of physical constitution, which puts it upon very nearly the ground of a temporary and almost irresponsible insanity.

The arrogance, vanity, and depravity of heart of which Mr. Poe was generally accused seem to us referable altogether to this reversed phase of his character. Under that degree of intoxication which only acted upon him by demonizing his sense of truth and right, he doubtless said and did much that was wholly irreconcilable with his better nature; but when himself, and as we knew him only, his modesty and unaffected humility, as to his own deservings, were a constant charm to his character. His letters (of which the constant application for autographs has taken from us, we are sorry to confess, the greater portion) exhibited this quality very strongly. In one of the carelessly written notes of which we chance still to retain possession, for instance, he speaks of "The Raven," — that extraordinary poem which electrified the world of imaginative readers, and has become the type of a school of poetry of its own, — and, in evident earnest, attributes its success to the few words of commendation with which we had prefaced it in this paper. It will throw light on his sane character to give a literal copy of the note : —

FORDHAM, April 20, 1849.

MY DEAR WILLIS, — The poem which I enclose, and which I am so vain as to hope you will like, in some

respects, has been just published in a paper for which sheer necessity compels me to write, now and then. It pays well, as times go — but unquestionably it ought to pay ten prices ; for whatever I send it I feel I am consigning to the tomb of the Capulets. The verses accompanying this, may I beg you to take out of the tomb, and bring them to light in the Home Journal? If you can oblige me so far as to copy them, I do not think it will be necessary to say “From the ——,” — that would be too bad ; — and, perhaps, “From a late —— paper” would do.

I have not forgotten how a “good word in season” from you made “The Raven,” and made “Ulalume,” (which, by-the-way, people have done me the honor of attributing to you) — therefore I *would* ask you, (if I dared), to say something of these lines — if they please you.

Truly yours ever,

EDGAR A. POE.

In double proof of his earnest disposition to do the best for himself, and of the trustful and grateful nature which has been denied him, we give another of the only three of his notes which we chance to retain : —

FORDHAM, January 22, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. WILLIS, — I am about to make an effort at re-establishing myself in the literary world, and *feel* that I may depend upon your aid.

My general aim is to start a Magazine, to be called “*The Stylus* ;” but it would be useless to me, even when established, if not entirely out of the control of a publisher. I mean, therefore, to get up a Journal which shall be *my own*, at all points. With this end in view, I must get a list of, at least, five hundred subscribers to begin with : — nearly two hundred I have already. I propose, however, to go South and West, among my personal and literary friends — old college and West

Point acquaintances — and see what I can do. In order to get the means of taking the first step, I propose to lecture at the Society Library, on Thursday, the 3d of February — and, that there may be no cause of *squabbling*, my subject shall *not be literary* at all. I have chosen a broad text — “The Universe.”

Having thus given you *the facts* of the case, I leave all the rest to the suggestions of your own tact and generosity.

Gratefully — *most gratefully* —

Your friend always,

EDGAR A. POE.

Brief and chance-taken as these letters are, we think they sufficiently prove the existence of the very qualities denied to Mr. Poe, — humility, willingness to persevere, belief in another's kindness, and capability of cordial and grateful friendship! Such he assuredly was *wben sane*. Such only he has invariably seemed to us, in all we have happened personally to know of him, through a friendship of five or six years. And so much easier is it to believe what we have seen and known than what we *bear of* only, that we remember him but with admiration and respect, — these descriptions of him, when morally insane, seeming to us like portraits, painted in sickness, of a man we have only known in health.

But there is another, more touching and far more forcible, evidence that there *was goodness* in Edgar A. Poe. To reveal it, we are obliged to venture upon the lifting of the veil which sacredly covers grief and refinement in poverty; but we think it may be excused if so we can brighten the memory of the poet, even were there not a more needed and immediate service which it may render to the nearest link broken by his death.

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. It was a hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell — sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him — mentioning nothing but that "he was ill," whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing; and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died, a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued

his ministering angel, — living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure, and, when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unreprieved to, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, *begging* for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love, and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this — pure, disinterested, and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit — say for him who inspired it?

We have a letter before us, written by this lady, Mrs. Clemm, on the morning in which she heard of the death of this object of her untiring care. It is merely a request that we would call upon her; but we will copy a few of its words, sacred as its privacy is, to warrant the truth of the picture we have drawn above, and add force to the appeal we wish to make for her: —

“I have this morning heard of the death of my darling Eddie. . . . Can you give me any circumstances or particulars? . . . Oh! do not desert your poor friend in this bitter affliction. . . . Ask Mr. — to come, as I must deliver a message to him from my poor Eddie. . . . I need not ask you to notice his death and to speak well of him. I know you will. But say what an affectionate son he was to me, his poor desolate mother. . . .”

To hedge round a grave with respect, what choice is there between the relinquished wealth and honors of the world and the story of such a woman's unrewarded devotion! Risking what we do, in delicacy, by making it public, we feel — other reasons aside — that it betters the world to make known that there are such ministrations to its erring and gifted. What we

have said will speak to some hearts. There are those who will be glad to know how the lamp, whose light of poetry has beamed on their far-away recognition, was watched over with care and pain, that they may send to her, who is more darkened than they by its extinction, some token of their sympathy. She is destitute and alone. If any, far or near, will send to us what may aid and cheer her through the remainder of her life, we will joyfully place it in her hands.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.¹

The situation of American literature is anomalous. It has no centre, or, if it have, it is like that of the sphere of Hermes. It is divided into many systems, each revolving round its several sun, and often presenting to the rest only the faint glimmer of a milk-and-watery way. Our capital city, unlike London or Paris, is not a great central heart, from which life and vigor radiate to the extremities, but resembles more an isolated umbilicus, stuck down as near as may be to the centre of the land, and seeming rather to tell a legend of former usefulness than to serve any present need. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, each has its literature almost more distinct than those of the different dialects of Germany; and the Young Queen of the West has also one of her own, of which some articulate rumor barely has reached us dwellers by the

¹ From "Graham's Magazine," Phila., February, 1845, with a super-caption: — "Our Contributors. — No. XVII."

Atlantic. Meanwhile, a great babble is kept up concerning a national literature, and the country, having delivered itself of the ugly likeness of a paint-bedaubed, filthy savage, smilingly dandles the rag-baby upon her maternal knee, as if it were veritable flesh and blood, and would grow timely to bone and sinew.

But, before we have an American literature, we must have an American criticism. We have, it is true, some scores of "American Macaulays," the faint echoes of defunct originalities, who will discourse learnedly at an hour's notice upon matters, to be even a sciolist in which would ask the patient study and self-denial of years—but, with a few rare exceptions, America is still to seek a profound, original, and æsthetic criticism. Our criticism, which from its nature might be expected to pass most erudite judgment upon the merit of thistles, undertakes to decide upon

"The plant and flower of light."

There is little life in it, little conscientiousness, little reverence; nay, it has seldom the mere physical merit of fearlessness. It may be best likened to an intellectual gathering of chips to keep the critical pot of potatoes or reputations boiling. Too often, indeed, with the cast garments of some pigmy Gifford, or other foreign notoriety, which he has picked up at the rag-fair of literature, our critic sallies forth, a self-dubbed Amadis, armed with a pen, which, more wonderful even than the fairy-gifts in an old ballad, becomes at will either the lance couched terribly at defiant wind-mills, or the trumpet for a half-penny pæan.

Perhaps there is no task more difficult than the just criticism of cotemporary literature. It is even more grateful to give praise where it is needed than where

it is deserved, and friendship so often reduces the iron stylus of justice into a vague flourish, that she writes what seems rather like an epitaph than a criticism. Yet if praise be given as an alms, we could not drop so poisonous a one into any man's hat. The critic's ink may suffer equally from too large an infusion of nutgalls, or of sugar. But it is easier to be generous than to be just, though there are some who find it equally hard to be either, and we might readily put faith in that fabulous direction to the hiding-place of truth, did we judge from the amount of water which we usually find mixed with it.

We were very naturally led into some remarks on American criticism by the subject of the present sketch. Mr. Poe is at once the most discriminating, philosophical, and fearless critic upon imaginative works who has written in America. It may be that we should qualify our remark a little and say that he MIGHT BE, rather than that he always is, for he seems sometimes to mistake his phial of prussic-acid for his inkstand. If we do not always agree with him in his premises, we are, at least, satisfied that his deductions are logical, and that we are reading the thoughts of a man who thinks for himself, and says what he thinks, and knows well what he is talking about. His analytic powers would furnish forth bravely some score of ordinary critics. We do not know him personally, but we suspect him for a man who has one or two pet prejudices on which he prides himself. These sometimes allure him out of the strict path of criticism,¹

¹ We cannot but think that this was the case in his review of W. E. Channing's poems, in which we are sure that there is much which must otherwise have challenged Mr. Poe's hearty liking. —
NOTE BY LOWELL.

but, where they do not interfere, we would put almost entire confidence in his judgments. Had Mr. Poe had the control of a magazine of his own, in which to display his critical abilities, he would have been as autocratic, ere this, in America, as Professor Wilson has been in England; and his criticisms, we are sure, would have been far more profound and philosophical than those of the Scotsman. As it is, he has squared out blocks enough to build an enduring pyramid, but has left them lying carelessly and unclaimed in many different quarries.

Remarkable experiences are usually confined to the inner life of imaginative men, but Mr. Poe's biography displays a vicissitude and peculiarity of interest such as is rarely met with. The offspring of a romantic marriage, and left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy Virginian, whose barren marriage-bed seemed the warranty of a large estate to the young poet. Having received a classical education in England, he returned home and entered the University of Virginia, where, after an extravagant course, followed by reformation at the last extremity, he was graduated with the highest honors of his class. Then came a boyish attempt to join the fortunes of the insurgent Greeks, which ended at St. Petersburg, where he got into difficulties through want of a passport, from which he was rescued by the American consul and sent home. He now entered the military academy at West Point, from which he obtained a dismissal on hearing of the birth of a son to his adopted father, by a second marriage, an event which cut off his expectations as an heir. The death of Mr. Allan, in whose will his name was not mentioned, soon after relieved him of all doubt in this re-

gard, and he committed himself at once to authorship for a support. Previously to this, however, he had published (in 1827) a small volume of poems, which soon ran through three editions, and excited high expectations of its author's future distinction in the minds of many competent judges.

That no certain augury can be drawn from a poet's earliest lisping there are instances enough to prove. Shakspeare's first poems, though brimful of vigor and youth and picturesqueness, give but a very faint promise of the directness, condensation and overflowing moral of his maturer works. Perhaps, however, Shakspeare is hardly a case in point, his "Venus and Adonis" having been published, we believe, in his twenty-sixth year. Milton's Latin verses show tenderness, a fine eye for nature, and a delicate appreciation of classic models, but give no hint of the author of a new style in poetry. Pope's youthful pieces have all the sing-song, wholly unrelieved by the glittering malignity and eloquent irreligion of his later productions. Collins' callow namby-pamby died and gave no sign of the vigorous and original genius which he afterward displayed. We have never thought that the world lost more in the "marvelous boy," Chatterton, than a very ingenious imitation of obscure and antiquated dullness. Where he becomes original (as it is called) the interest of ingenuity ceases and he becomes stupid. Kirke White's promises were endorsed by the respectable name of Mr. Southey, but surely with no authority from Apollo. They have the merit of a traditional piety, which, to our mind, if uttered at all, had been less objectionable in the retired closet of a diary, and in the sober raiment of prose. They do not clutch hold of the memory with the drowning per-

tinacity of Watts ; neither have they the interest of his occasional simple, lucky beauty. Burns, having fortunately been rescued by his humble station from the contaminating society of the "best models," wrote well and naturally from the first. Had he been unfortunate enough to have had an educated taste, we should have had a series of poems from which, as from his letters, we could sift here and there a kernel from the mass of chaff. Coleridge's youthful efforts give no promise whatever of that poetical genius which produced at once the wildest, tenderest, most original and most purely imaginative poems of modern times. Byron's "Hours of Idleness" would never find a reader except from an intrepid and indefatigable curiosity. In Wordsworth's first preludings there is but a dim foreboding of the creation of an era. From Southey's early poems, a safer augury might have been drawn. They show the patient investigation, the close student of history, and the unwearied explorer of the beauties of predecessors, but they give no assurances of a man who should add aught to stock of household words, or to the rarer and more sacred delights of the fire-side or the arbor. The earliest specimens of Shelley's poetic mind already, also, give tokens of that ethereal sublimation in which the spirit seems to soar above the region of words, but leaves its body, the verse, to be entombed, without hope of resurrection, in a mass of them. Cowley is generally instanced as a wonder of precocity. But his early insipidities show only a capacity for rhyming and for the metrical arrangement of certain conventional combinations of words, a capacity wholly dependent on a delicate physical organization, and an unhappy memory. An early poem is only remarkable when it dis-

plays an effort of *reason*, and the rudest verses in which we can trace some conception of the ends of poetry, are worth all the miracles of smooth juvenile versification. A school-boy, one would say, might acquire the regular see-saw of Pope merely by an association with the motion of the play-ground tilt.

Mr. Poe's early productions show that he could see through the verse to the spirit beneath, and that he already had a feeling that all the life and grace of the one must depend on and be modulated by the will of the other. We call them the most remarkable boyish poems that we have ever read. We know of none that can compare with them for maturity of purpose, and a nice understanding of the effects of language and metre. Such pieces are only valuable when they display what we can only express by the contradictory phrase of *innate experience*. We copy one of the shorter poems written when the author was only *fourteen*! There is a little dimness in the filling up, but the grace and symmetry of the outline are such as few poets ever attain. There is a smack of ambrosia about it.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window-niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand !
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah ! Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land !

It is the *tendency* of the young poet that impresses us. Here is no "withering scorn," no heart "blighted" ere it has safely got into its teens, none of the drawing-room sansculottism which Byron had brought into vogue. All is limpid and serene, with a pleasant dash of the Greek Helicon in it. The melody of the whole, too, is remarkable. It is not of that kind which can be demonstrated arithmetically upon the tips of the fingers. It is that finer sort which the inner ear alone can estimate. It seems simple, like a Greek column, because of its perfection. In a poem named "*Ligeia*," under which title he intended to personify the music of nature, our boy poet gives us the following exquisite picture :

*Ligeia ! Ligeia !
 My beautiful one,
 Whose harhest idea
 Will to melody run,
 Say, is it thy will
 On the breezes to toss,
 Or, capriciously still,
 Like the lone Albatross,
 Incumbent on night,
 As she on the air,
 To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there ?*

John Neal, himself a man of genius, and whose lyre has been too long capriciously silent, appreciated the high merit of these and similar passages, and drew a proud horoscope for their author. The extracts

which we shall presently make from Mr. Poe's later poems fully justify his predictions.

Mr. Poe has that indescribable something which men have agreed to call *genius*. No man could ever tell us precisely what it is, and yet there is none who is not inevitably aware of its presence and its power. Let talent writhe and contort itself as it may, it has no such magnetism. Larger of bone and sinew it may be, but the wings are wanting. Talent sticks fast to earth, and its most perfect works have still one foot of clay. Genius claims kindred with the very workings of Nature herself, so that a sunset shall seem like a quotation from Dante or Milton, and if Shakspeare be read in the very presence of the sea itself, his verses shall but seem nobler for the sublime criticism of ocean. Talent may make friends for itself, but only genius can give to its creations the divine power of winning love and veneration. Enthusiasm cannot cling to what itself is unenthusiastic, nor will he ever have disciples who has not himself impulsive zeal enough to be a disciple. Great wits are allied to madness only inasmuch as they are possessed and carried away by their demon, while talent keeps him, as Paracelsus did, securely prisoned in the pommel of its sword. To the eye of genius, the veil of the spiritual world is ever rent asunder, that it may perceive the ministers of good and evil who throng continually around it. No man of mere talent ever flung his inkstand at the devil.

When we say that Mr. Poe has genius, we do not mean to say that he has produced evidence of the highest. But to say that he possesses it at all is to say that he needs only zeal, industry, and a reverence for the trust reposed in him, to achieve the proudest triumphs and the greenest laurels. If we may believe

the Longinuses and Aristotles of our newspapers, we have quite too many geniuses of the loftiest order to render a place among them at all desirable, whether for its hardness of attainment or its seclusion. The highest peak of our Parnassus is, according to these gentlemen, by far the most thickly settled portion of the country, a circumstance which must make it an uncomfortable residence for individuals of a poetical temperament, if love of solitude be, as immemorial tradition asserts, a necessary part of their idiosyncrasy. There is scarce a gentleman or lady of respectable moral character to whom these liberal dispensers of the laurel have not given a ticket to that once sacred privacy, where they may elbow Shakspeare and Milton at leisure. A transient visiter, such as a critic must necessarily be, sees these legitimate proprietors in common, parading their sacred enclosure as thick and buzzing as flies, each with "Entered according to act of Congress" labeled securely to his back. Formerly one Phœbus, a foreigner, we believe, had the monopoly of transporting all passengers thither, a service for which he provided no other conveyance than a vicious horse, named Pegasus, who could, of course, carry but one at a time, and even that but seldom, his back being a ticklish seat, and one fall proving generally enough to damp the ardor of the most zealous aspirant. The charges, however, were moderate, as the poet's pocket formerly occupied that position in regard to the rest of his outfit which is now more usually conceded to his head. But we must return from our little historical digression.

Mr. Poe has two of the prime qualities of genius, a faculty of vigorous yet minute analysis, and a wonderful fecundity of imagination. The first of these facul-

ties is as needful to the artist in words, as a knowledge of anatomy is to the artist in colors or in stone. This enables him to conceive truly, to maintain a proper relation of parts, and to draw a correct outline, while the second groups, fills up, and colors. Both of these Mr. Poe has displayed with singular distinctness in his prose works, the last predominating in his earlier tales, and the first in his later ones. In judging of the merit of an author and assigning him his niche among our household gods, we have a right to regard him from our own point of view, and to measure him by our own standard. But, in estimating his works, we must be governed by his own design, and, placing them by the side of his own ideal, find how much is wanting. We differ with Mr. Poe in his opinions of the objects of art. He esteems that object to be the creation of Beauty,¹ and perhaps it is only in the definition of that word that we disagree with him. But in what we shall say of his writings we shall take his own standard as our guide. The temple of the god of song is equally accessible from every side, and there is room enough in it for all who bring offerings, or seek an oracle.

In his tales, Mr. Poe has chosen to exhibit his power chiefly in that dim region which stretches from the very utmost limits of the probable into the weird confines of superstition and unreality. He combines in a very remarkable manner two faculties which are seldom found united ; a power of influencing the mind of the reader by the impalpable shadows of mystery, and a minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or a button unnoticed. Both are, in truth, the natural results of the predominating quality of his mind, to

¹ Mr. P.'s proposition is here perhaps somewhat too *generally* stated. — Ed. Mag.

which we have before alluded, analysis. It is this which distinguishes the artist. His mind at once reaches forward to the effect to be produced. Having resolved to bring about certain emotions in the reader, he makes all subordinate parts tend strictly to the common centre. Even his mystery is mathematical to his own mind. To him x is a known quantity all along. In any picture that he paints, he understands the chemical properties of all his colors. However vague some of his figures may seem, however formless the shadows, to him the outline is as clear and distinct as that of a geometrical diagram. For this reason Mr. Poe has no sympathy with *Mysticism*. The mystic dwells *in* the mystery, is enveloped with it; it colors all his thoughts; it affects his optic nerve especially, and the commonest things get a rainbow edging from it. Mr. Poe, on the other hand, is a spectator *ab extra*. He analyzes, he dissects, he watches

— with an eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine,

for such it practically is to him, with wheels and cogs and piston-rods all working to produce a certain end. It is this that makes him so good a critic. Nothing baulks him, or throws him off the scent, *except now and then a prejudice*.

This analyzing tendency of his mind balances the poetical, and, by giving him the patience to be minute, enables him to throw a wonderful reality into his most unreal fancies. A monomania he paints with great power. He loves to dissect these cancers of the mind, and to trace all the subtle ramifications of its roots. In raising images of horror, also, he has a strange success; conveying to us sometimes by a

dusky hint some terrible *doubt* which is the secret of all horror. He leaves to imagination the task of finishing the picture, a task to which only she is competent.

“For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles’ image stood his spear
Grasped in an armed hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.”

We have hitherto spoken chiefly of Mr. Poe’s *collected* tales, as by them he is more widely known than by those published since in various magazines, and which we hope soon to see collected. In these he has more strikingly displayed his analytic propensity.

Beside the merit of conception, Mr. Poe’s writings have also that of form. His style is highly finished, graceful, and truly classical. It would be hard to find a living author who had displayed such varied powers. As an example of his style, we would refer to one of his tales, “The House of Usher,” in the first volume of his “Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.” It has a singular charm for us, and we think that no one could read it without being strongly moved by its serene and sombre beauty. Had its author written nothing else, it would alone have been enough to stamp him as a man of genius, and the master of a classic style. In this tale occurs one of the most beautiful of his poems. It loses greatly by being taken out of its rich and appropriate setting, but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of copying it here. We know no modern poet who might not have been justly proud of it.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace —
 Radiant palace — rear'd its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion —
 It stood there !
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair !

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow,
 (This — all this — was in the olden
 Time, long ago,)
 And every gentle air that dallied,
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
 Through two luminous windows, saw
 Spirits moving musically,
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne where, sitting
 (Porphyrogene ?)
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

*And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.*

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assail'd the monarch's high estate.
 (Ah, let us mourn ! — for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate !)

And round about his home the glory
That blush'd and bloom'd,
Is but a dim remember'd story
Of the old time entomb'd.

*And travelers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.*

Was ever the wreck and desolation of a noble mind
so musically sung?

A writer in the "London Foreign Quarterly Review," who did some faint justice to Mr. Poe's poetical abilities, speaks of his resemblance to Tennyson. The resemblance, if there be any, is only in so sensitive an ear to melody as leads him sometimes into quaintness, and the germ of which may be traced in his earliest poems, published several years before the first of Tennyson's appeared.

We copy one more of Mr. Poe's poems, whose effect cannot fail of being universally appreciated.

LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! — the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll! — a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river.
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear? — weep now or never—
more!

See, on yon drear and rigid bier, low lies thy love, Lenore!
Ah, let the burial rite be read — the funeral song be sung —
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young —
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young!

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her
pride,
And, when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her — that she died.

How shall the ritual then be read? — the requiem how be sung
 By you — by yours the evil eye — by yours the slanderous tongue,
 That did to death the innocence that died and died so young?"
Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
 Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
 The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope that flew
 beside,
 Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy
 bride—
 For her the fair and *debonair* that now so lowly lies,
 The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes —
 The life still there, upon her hair — the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! — to-night my heart is light; no dirge will I upraise,
 But waft the angel on her flight with a psalm of old days!
 Let no bell toll! — lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
 Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd earth.
 To friends above, from friends below, the indignant ghost is riven —
 From Hell into a high estate far up within the Heaven —
 From moan and groan to a golden throne beside the King of
 Heaven."

How exquisite, too, is the rhythm!

Besides his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," and some works unacknowledged, Mr. Poe is the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance, in two volumes, which has run through many editions in London; of a system of Conchology, of a digest and translation of Lemmonnier's Natural History, and has contributed to several reviews in France, in England, and in this country. He edited the "Southern Literary Messenger" during its novitiate, and by his own contributions gained it most of its success and reputation. He was also, for some time, the editor of this magazine, and our readers will bear testimony to his ability in that capacity.

Mr. Poe is still in the prime of life, being about thirty-two years of age, and has probably as yet given but an earnest of his powers. As a critic, he has

shown so superior an ability that we cannot but hope that he will collect his essays of this kind and give them a more durable form. They would be a very valuable contribution to our literature, and would fully justify all we have said in his praise. We could refer to many others of his poems than those we have quoted, to prove that he is the possessor of a pure and original vein. His tales and essays have equally shown him a master in prose. It is not for us to assign him his definite rank among cotemporary authors, but we may be allowed to say that we know of *none* who has displayed more varied and striking abilities.

EDGAR A. POE.

By P. PENDLETON COOKE,

Author of the "Froissart Ballads."

[Southern Literary Messenger, January, 1848.]

(The following paper is a sequel to Mr. Lowell's Memoir, (so-called,) of Mr. Poe, published two or three years since in Graham's Magazine. Mr. P. edited the Messenger for several years, and the pages of that magazine would seem, therefore, a proper place for the few hurried observations which I have made upon his writings and genius. P. P. C.)

Since the memoirs of Mr. Poe, written by James Russell Lowell, appeared, Mr. P. has written some of his best things; amongst them The Raven, and Dream-land — poems — and M. Valdemar's Case — a prose narrative.

"The Raven" is a singularly beautiful poem. Many readers who prefer sunshine to the weird lights with which Mr. Poe fills his sky, may be dull to its beauty, but it is none the less a great triumph of imagination and art. Notwithstanding the extended publication of this remarkable poem, I will quote it almost entire — as the last means of justifying the praise I have bestowed upon it.

The opening stanza rapidly and clearly arranges time, place, etc., for the mysteries that follow.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door,
'T is some visiter,' I muttered, tapping at my chamber door —
Only this, and nothing more.'"

Observe how artistically the poet has arranged the circumstances of this opening — how congruous all are. This congruity extends to the phraseology; every word is admirably selected and placed with reference to the whole. Even the word "napping" is well chosen, as bestowing a touch of the fantastic, which is subsequently introduced as an important component of the poem. Stanza 2d increases the distinctness and effect of the picture as already presented to us. The "Midnight Dreary" is a midnight "in the bleak December," and the "dying embers" are assuming strange and fantastic shapes upon the student's hearth. We now pass these externals and some words of exquisite melody let us into the secret of the rooted sorrow which has led to the lonely night-watching and fruitless study.

" Vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
 For the rare and radiant maiden, *whom the angels named Lenore,*
Nameless here forever more."

A death was never more poetically told than in the italicised words :

The "tapping" is renewed —

" And the silken, sad, uncertain, rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt before,
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 Only this and nothing more.' "

After some stanzas, quaint and highly artistical, the raven is found at the window ; I quote now continuously to the end.

[Here follows "The Raven."]

The rhythm of this poem is exquisite, its phraseology is in the highest degree musical and apt, the tone of the whole is wonderfully sustained and appropriate to the subject, which, full as it is of a wild and tender melancholy, is admirably well chosen. This is my honest judgment ; I am fortified in it by high authority. Mr. Willis says : — " It is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those dainties which we *feed on*. It will stick to the memory of every one who reads it."

Miss Barrett says : — " This vivid writing ! — this power *which is felt* ! 'The Raven' has produced a sensation — a 'fit horror' here in England. Some of

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my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. I hear of persons *baunted* by the Nevermore, and one acquaintance of mine, who has the misfortune of possessing a bust of Pallas, never can bear to look at it in the twilight. Our great poet, Mr. Browning, author of *Paracelsus*, etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm. . . . Then there is a tale of his which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the rounds of the newspapers, about mesmerism, throwing us all into most 'admired disorder,' or dreadful doubts as to whether it can be true, as the children say of ghost stories. The certain thing in the tale in question is the power of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar."

The prose narrative, "M. Valdemar's Case" — the story of which Miss Barrett speaks — is the most truth-like representation of the impossible ever written. M. Valdemar is mesmerized *in articulo mortis*. Months pass away, during which he appears to be in mesmeric sleep; the mesmeric influence is withdrawn, and instantly his body becomes putrid and loathsome — *he has been many months dead*. Will the reader believe that men were found to credit this wild story? And yet some very respectable people believed in its truth firmly. The editor of the *Baltimore Visiter* republished it as a statement of facts, and was at the pains to vouch for Mr. Poe's veracity. If the letter of a Mr. Collier,¹ published just after the original appearance of the story, was not a quiz, he also fell into the same trap. I understand that some foreign mesmeric journals, German and French, reprinted it as being what it purported to be — a true

¹ See Vol. XVII. — Ed.

account of mesmeric phenomena. That many others were deceived in like manner by this strange tale, in which, as Miss Barrett says, "the wonder and question are, can it be true?" is very probable.

With Mr. Poe's more recent productions I am not at all acquainted — excepting a review of Miss Barrett's works, and an essay on the philosophy of composition. The first of these contains a great deal of noble writing and excellent criticism; the last is an admirable specimen of analysis. I believe Mr. P. has been for some time ill — has recently sustained a heavy domestic bereavement — and is only now returning to his literary labors. The public will doubtless welcome the return of so favorite an author to pursuits in which heretofore he has done so much and so well.

Unnecessary as the labor may be, I will not conclude this postscript to Mr. Lowell's memoir, without making some remarks upon Mr. Poe's genius and writings generally.

Mr. P.'s most distinguishing power is that which made the extravagant fiction of M. Valdemar's Case sound like truth. He has De Foe's peculiar talent for filling up his pictures with minute life-like touches — for giving an air of remarkable naturalness and truth to whatever he paints. Some of his stories, written many years ago, are wonderful in this fidelity and distinctness of portraiture; "Hans Phaal," "A Descent into the Maelström," and "MS. Found in a Bottle," show it in an eminent degree. In the first of these a journey to the moon is described with the fullness and particularity of an ordinary traveller's journal; entries, astronomical and thermal, and, on reaching the moon, botanical, and zoölogical, are made with an inimitable matter-of-fact air. In A Descent into the

Maelström you are made fairly to feel yourself on the descending round of the vortex, convoying fleets of drift timber, and fragments of wrecks; the terrible whirl makes you giddy as you read. In the MS. Found in a Bottle we have a story as wild as the mind of man ever conceived, and yet made to sound like the most matter-of-fact veracious narrative of a seaman.

But in Mr. Poe, the peculiar talent to which we are indebted for Robinson Crusoe, and the memoirs of Captain Monroe, has an addition. Truthlike as nature itself, his strange fiction shows constantly the presence of a singularly adventurous, very wild, and thoroughly poetic imagination. Some sentences from them, which always impressed me deeply, will give full evidence of the success with which this rare imaginative power is made to adorn and ennoble his truthlike pictures. Take this passage from *Ligeia*, a wonderful story, written to show the triumph of the human will even over *death*. *Ligeia*, in whom the struggle between the will to live, and the power of death, has seemed to terminate in the defeat of the passionate will, is consigned to the tomb. Her husband married a second wife, "the fair-haired and blue-eyed Lady Rowena." By the sick bed of this second wife, who is dying from some mysterious cause, he sits.

Again take this passage from the Fall of the House of Usher.

These quoted passages — the "white and ghastly spectrum of the teeth" in "*Berenice*" — the visible vulture eye, and audible heart-beat in the "*Tell-tale Heart*" — the resemblance in "*Morella*" of the living child to the dead mother, becoming gradually fear-

ful, until the haunting eyes gleam out a terrible *identity*, and prove as in Ligeia the final conquest of the will over death — these and a thousand such clinging ideas, which Mr. P.'s writings abound in, prove indisputably that the fires of a great poet are seething under those analytic and narrative powers *in which no living writer equals him*.

This added gift of a daring and wild imagination is the source of much of the difference between our author and De Foe. De Foe loves and deals always with the homely. Mr. Poe is nervously afraid of the homely — has a creed that Beauty is the goddess of the Poet : — not Beauty with swelling bust, and lascivious carriage, exciting passions of the blood, but Beauty sublimated and cherished by the soul — the beauty of the Uranian, not Dionean Venus. De Foe gives us in the cheerful and delightful story of his colonist of the desert isles, (which has as sure a locality in a million minds as any genuine island has upon the maps,) a clear, plain, true-sounding narrative of matters that might occur any day. His love for the real makes him do so. The “real” of such a picture has not strangeness enough in its proportions for Mr. Poe's imagination ; and, with the same talent for truth-like narrative, to what different results of creation does not this imagination, scornful of the soberly real, lead him ! Led by it he loves to adventure into what in one of his poems he calls —

“a wild weird clime
Out of space, out of time ;” —

deals in mysteries of “life in death,” dissects monomanias, exhibits convulsions of soul — in a word, wholly leaves beneath and behind him the wide and happy realm of the common cheerful life of man.

That he would be a greater favorite with the majority of readers if he brought his singular capacity for vivid and truth-like narrative to bear on subjects nearer ordinary life, and of a more cheerful and happy character, does not, I think, admit of a doubt. But whether with the few he is not all the more appreciable from the difficult nature of the fields which he has principally chosen, is questionable. For what he has done, many of the best minds of America, England and France, have awarded him praise; labors of a tamer nature might not have won it from such sources. For my individual part, having the seventy or more tales, analytic, mystic, grotesque, arabesque, always wonderful, often great, which his industry and fertility have already given us, I would like to read one cheerful book made by his *invention*, with little or no aid from its twin brother *imagination* — a book in his admirable style of full, minute, never tedious narrative — a book full of homely doings, of successful toils, of ingenious shifts and contrivances, of ruddy firesides — a book healthy and happy throughout, and with no poetry in it at all anywhere, except a good old English “poetic justice” in the end. Such a book, such as Mr. Poe could make it, would be a book for the million, and if it did nothing to exalt him with the few, would yet certainly *endear* him to them.

Mr. Lowell has gone deeply and discriminatingly into Mr. Poe’s merits as a poet. Any elaborate remarks of mine on the same subject, would be out of place here. I will not, however, lose this opportunity of expressing an admiration which I have long entertained of the singular mastery of certain externals of his art which he everywhere exhibits in his verse. His rhythm, and his vocabulary, or phraseology, are

perhaps perfect. The reader has perceived the beauty of the rhythm in *The Raven*. Some other verses from poems to which Mr. Lowell has referred, are quite as remarkable for this beauty. Read these verses from Lenore : —

And take these, in the most graceful of all measures — they are from “*To One in Paradise.*”

“And all my days are trances
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.”

Along with wonderful beauty of rhythm, these verses show the exquisite taste in phraseology, the nice sense of melody and aptness in words, of which I spoke. We have direct evidence of this nice sense of verbal melody in some quotations which are introduced into the dramatic fragment “*Politian.*” Lalage reads from a volume of our elder English Dramatists :

I must conclude these insufficient remarks upon a writer worthy of high and honorable place amongst the leading creative minds of the age.

As regards the Wiley & Putnam publication of Mr. Poe's tales — a volume by which his rare literary claims have been most recently presented to the public — I think the book in some respects does him injustice. It contains twelve tales out of more than seventy ; and it is made up almost wholly of what may be called his analytic tales. This is not *representing* the author's mind in its various phases. A reader gathering his knowledge of Mr. Poe from this Wiley

& Putnam issue would perceive nothing of the diversity and variety for which his writings are in fact remarkable. Only the publication of all his stories, at one issue, in one book, would show this diversity and variety in their *full* force; but much more might have been done to represent his mind by a judicious and not wholly one-toned selection.¹

THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

[Southern Literary Messenger, November, 1849.]

So much has been said by the newspaper press of the country concerning this gifted child of genius, since his recent death, that our readers are already in possession of the leading incidents of his short, brilliant, erratic and unhappy career. It is quite unnecessary that we should recount them in this place. We feel it due to the dead, however, as editor of a magazine which owes its earliest celebrity to his efforts, that some recognition of his talent, on the part of the Messenger, should mingle with the general apotheosis which just now enrolls him on the list of "heroes in history and gods in song."

Mr. Poe became connected with the Messenger during the first year of its existence. He was commended to the favorable consideration of the proprietor, the late

¹ See Vol. XVII. for the Poe-Cooke correspondence on this subject. — Ed.

T. W. White, by the Honorable John P. Kennedy, who, as chairman of a committee, had just awarded to Poe the prize for the successful tale in a literary competition at Baltimore. Under his editorial management the work soon became well known everywhere. Perhaps no similar enterprise ever prospered so largely in its inception, and we doubt if any, in the same length of time — even Blackwood in the days of Dr. Maginn, whom Poe in some respects closely resembled — ever published so many shining articles from the same pen. Those who will turn to the first two volumes of the Messenger will be struck with the number and variety of his contributions. On one page may be found some lyric cadence, plaintive and inexpressibly sweet, the earliest vibrations of those chords which have since thrilled with so many wild and wondrous harmonies. On another some strange story of the German school, akin to the most fanciful legends of the Rhine, fascinates and astonishes the reader with the verisimilitude of its improbabilities. But it was in the editorial department of the magazine that his power was most conspicuously displayed. There he appeared as the critic, not always impartial, it may be, in the distribution of his praises, or correct in the positions he assumed, but ever merciless to the unlucky author who offended by a dull book. A blunder in this respect he considered worse than a crime, and visited it with corresponding vigor. Among the nascent novelists and newly fledged poetasters of fifteen years ago he came down “like a Visigoth marching on Rome.” No elegant imbecile or conceited pedant, no matter whether he made his avatar under the auspices of a society, or with the prestige of a degree, but felt the lash of his severity. *Baccalauræi baculo portius quam laureo digni* was

the principle of his action in such cases, and to the last he continued to castigate impudent aspirants for the bays. Now that he is gone, the vast multitude of blockheads may breathe again, and we can imagine that we hear the shade of the departed crying out to them, in the epitaph designed for Robespierre,

Passant ! ne plains point mon sort,
Si je vivais, tu serais mort !¹

It will readily occur to the reader that such a course, while it gained subscribers to the review, was not well calculated to gain friends for the reviewer. And so Mr. Poe found it, for during the two years of his connection with the *Messenger*, he contrived to attach to himself animosities of the most enduring kind. It was the fashion with a large class to decry his literary pretensions, as poet and romancer and scholar to represent him as one who possessed little else than

th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy—

and to challenge his finest efforts with a chilling *cui bono*, while the critics of other lands and other tongues, the *Athenæum* and the *Revue des deux Mondes*, were warmly recognizing his high claims. They did not appreciate him. To the envious obscure, he might not indeed seem entitled to the first literary honors, for he was versed in a more profound learning and skilled in a more lofty minstrelsy, scholar by virtue of a larger erudition and poet by the transmission of a diviner spark.

Unquestionably he was a man of great genius.

¹ We translate it freely :

Traveller ! forbear to mourn my lot,
Thou would'st have died, if I had not.

NOTE BY THOMPSON.

Among the *littérateurs* of his day he stands out distinctively as an original writer and thinker. In nothing did he conform to established custom. Conventionality he condemned. Thus his writings admit of no classification. And yet in his most eccentric vagaries he was always correct. The fastidious reader may look in vain, even among his earlier poems — where “wild words wander here and there,” — for an offence against rhetorical propriety. He did not easily pardon solecisms in others; he committed none himself. It is remarkable, too, that a mind so prone to unrestrained imaginings should be capable of analytic investigation or studious research. Yet few excelled Mr. Poe in power of analysis or patient application. Such are the contradictions of the human intellect. He was an impersonated antithesis.

The regret has been often expressed that Mr. Poe did not bring his singular capacity to bear on subjects nearer ordinary life and of a more cheerful nature than the gloomy incidents of his tales and sketches. P. P. Cooke, (the accomplished author of the *Froissart Ballads*, who, we predict, will one day take, by common consent, his rightful high position in American letters,) in a discriminating essay on the genius of Poe, published in this magazine for January, 1848, remarks upon this point:—

“For my individual part, having the seventy or more tales, analytic, mystic, grotesque, arabesque, always wonderful, often great, which his industry and fertility have already given us, I would like to read one cheerful book made by his *invention*, with little or no aid from its twin brother *imagination* — a book in his admirable style of full, minute, never tedious narrative — a book full of homely doings, of successful

toils, of ingenious shifts and contrivances, of ruddy firesides — a book happy and healthy throughout, and with no poetry in it at all anywhere, except a good old English poetic justice in the end."

That such a work would have greatly enhanced Mr. Poe's reputation with the million, we think, will scarcely be disputed. But it could not be. Mr. Poe was not the man to have produced a *home-book*. He had little of the domestic feeling and his thoughts were ever wandering. He was either in criticism or in the clouds, by turns a disciplinarian and a dreamer. And in his dreams, what visions came to him, may be gathered to some extent from the revealings he has given — visions wherein his fancy would stray off upon some new Walpurgis, or descend into the dark realms of the Inferno, and where occasionally, through the impenetrable gloom, the supernal beauty of Lenore would burst upon his sight, as did the glorified Beatrice on the rapt gaze of the Italian master.

The poems of Mr. Poe are remarkable, above all other characteristics, for the exceeding melody of the versification. "Ulalume" might be cited as a happy instance of this quality, but we prefer to quote "The Bells" from the last number of the Union Magazine. It was the design of the author, as he himself told us, to express in language the exact sounds of bells to the ear. He has succeeded, we think, far better than Southey, who attempted a similar feat, to tell us "how the waters come down at Lodore."

[Here follows "The Bells."]

The untimely death of Mr. Poe occasioned a very general feeling of regret, although little genuine sorrow was called forth by it, out of the narrow circle of his

relatives. We have received, in our private correspondence, from various quarters of the Union, warm tributes to his talent, some of which we take the liberty of quoting, though not designed for publication. A friend in the country writes : —

“ Many who deem themselves perfect critics talk of the want of *moral* in the writings and particularly the poetry of Poe. They would have every one to write like *Æsop*, with the moral distinctly drawn at the end to prevent mistake. Such men would object to the meteor, or the lightning’s flash, because it lasts only for the moment — and yet they speak the power of God, and fill our minds with the sublime more readily than does the enduring sunlight. It is thus with the writings of Poe. Every moment there comes across the darkness of his style a flash of that spirit which is not of earth. You cannot analyze the feeling — you cannot tell in what the beauty of a particular passage consists ; and yet you feel that deep pathos which only genius can incite — you feel the trembling of that melancholy chord which fills the soul with pleasant mournfulness — you feel that deep yearning for something brighter and better than this world can give — that unutterable gushing of the heart which springs up at the touch of the enchanter, as poured the stream from

‘ Horeb’s rock, beneath the prophet’s hand ! ’

“ I wish I could convey to you the impression which the ‘ Raven ’ has made upon me. I had read it hastily in times gone by without appreciation ; but now it is a study to me — as I go along like Sinbad in the Valley of Diamonds, I find a new jewel at every step. The beautiful rhythm, the mournful cadence, still ring in the ear for hours after a perusal — whilst the heart is bowed down by the outpourings of a soul made desolate not alone by disappointed love, but by crushing of every hope, and every aspiration.”

In a recent letter the following noble acknowledgment is made by the first of American poets — Henry W. Longfellow — towards whom, it must be said, Mr. Poe did not always act with justice. Mr. Longfellow will pardon us, we trust, for publishing what was intended as a private communication. The passage evidences a magnanimity which belongs only to great minds.

“What a melancholy death,” says Mr. Longfellow, “is that of Mr. Poe — a man so richly endowed with genius! I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appreciation of his powers as a prose-writer and a poet. His prose is remarkably vigorous, direct and yet affluent; and his verse has a particular charm of melody, an atmosphere of true poetry about it, which is very winning. The harshness of his criticisms, I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong.”

It was not until within two years past that we ever met Mr. Poe, but during that time, and especially for two or three months previous to his death, we saw him very often. When in Richmond, he made the office of the *Messenger* a place of frequent resort. His conversation was always attractive, and at times very brilliant. Among modern authors his favorite was Tennyson, and he delighted to recite from “*The Princess*” the song “*Tears, idle tears*;” a fragment of which

— *when unto dying eyes*
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square, —

he pronounced unsurpassed by any image expressed in writing. The day before he left Richmond, he

placed in our hands for publication in the *Messenger*, the MS. of his last poem, which has since found its way (through a correspondent of a northern paper with whom Mr. Poe had left a copy) into the newspaper press, and been extensively circulated. As it was designed for this magazine, however, we publish it, even though all of our readers may have seen it before :

[Here follows "Annabel Lee."]

In what we have said of Mr. Poe, we have been considering only the brighter side of the picture. That he had many and sad infirmities cannot be questioned. Over these we would throw in charity the mantle of forgetfulness. The grave has come between our perception and his errors, and we pass them over in silence. They found indeed a mournful expiation in his alienated friendships and his early death.

J. R. T.

DEFENCE OF POE.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

[Graham's Magazine, 1850.]

MY DEAR WILLIS, — In an article of yours which accompanies the two beautiful volumes of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, you have spoken with so much truth and delicacy of the deceased, and, with the magical touch of genius, have called so warmly up before me the memory of our lost friend as you and I both seem to have known him, that I feel warranted in addressing to you the few plain words I have to

say in defence of his character as set down by Mr. Griswold.

Although the article, it seems, appeared originally in the "New York Tribune,"¹ it met my eye for the first time in the volumes before me. I now purpose to take exception to it in the most public manner. I knew Mr. Poe well, far better than Mr. Griswold; and by the memory of old times, when he was an editor of "Graham," I pronounce this exceedingly ill-timed and unappreciative estimate of the character of our lost friend, *unfair and untrue*. It is Mr. Poe as seen by the writer while laboring under a fit of the nightmare, but so dark a picture has no resemblance to the *living* man. Accompanying these beautiful volumes, it is an immortal infamy, the death's head over the entrance to the garden of beauty, a horror that clings to the brow of morning, whispering of murder. It haunts the memory through every page of his writings, leaving upon the heart a sensation of utter gloom, a feeling almost of terror. The only relief we feel is in knowing that it is not true, that it is a fancy sketch of a perverted, jaundiced vision. The man who could deliberately say of Edgar Allan Poe, in a notice of his life and writings prefacing the volumes which were to become a priceless souvenir to all who loved him, that his death might startle many, "*but that few would be grieved by it,*" and blast the whole fame of the man by such a paragraph as follows, is a judge dishonored. He is not Mr. Poe's peer, and I challenge him before the country even as a juror in the case.

"His harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in man or woman. He had made up his mind upon the

¹ The "Ludwig Article" expanded afterwards into the "Memoir." — Ed.

numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as *composed altogether of villains*, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villainy, while it continually caused him, by overshots, to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like François Vivian in Bulwer's novel of 'The Caxtons.' Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; *you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy.* The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy, — his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere, had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. *Irascible, envious, bad enough*, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all vanished over with a cold, repellant cynicism; his passions vented themselves in sneers. *There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor.* He had, too, a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed, — not shine, nor serve, — succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

Now, this is dastardly, and, what is worse, it is false. It is very adroitly done, with phrases very well turned, and with gleams of truth shining out from a setting so dusky as to look devilish. Mr. Griswold does not feel the worth of the man he has undervalued; he had no sympathies in common with him, and has

allowed old prejudices and old enmities to steal, insensibly perhaps, into the coloring of his picture. They were for years totally uncongenial, if not enemies, and during that period Mr. Poe, in a scathing lecture upon "The Poets of America," gave Mr. Griswold some raps over the knuckles of force sufficient to be remembered. He had, too, in the exercise of his functions as critic, put to death summarily the literary reputation of some of Mr. Griswold's best friends; and their ghosts cried in vain for him to avenge them during Poe's lifetime; and it almost seems as if the present hacking at the cold remains of him who struck them down, is a sort of compensation for duty long delayed, for reprisal long desired, but deferred. But without this, the opportunities afforded Mr. Griswold to estimate the character of Poe occurred, in the main, after his stability had been wrecked, his whole nature in a degree changed, and with all his prejudices aroused and active. Nor do I consider Mr. Griswold *competent*, with all the opportunities he may have cultivated or acquired, to act as his judge, to dissect that subtle and singularly fine intellect, to probe the motives and weigh the actions of that proud heart. His whole nature, that distinctive presence of the departed, which now stands impalpable, yet in strong outline before me, as I knew him and *felt* him to be, eludes the rude grasp of a mind so warped and uncongenial as Mr. Griswold's.

But it may be said, my dear Willis, that Mr. Poe himself deputed him to act as his literary executor, and that he must have felt some confidence, in his ability at least, if not in his integrity, to perform the functions imposed, with discretion and honor. I do not purpose, now, to enter into any examination of the ap-

pointment of Mr. Griswold, nor of the wisdom of his appointment, to the solemn trust of handing the fair fame of the deceased, unimpaired, to that posterity to which the dying poet bequeathed his legacy, but simply to question its faithful performance. Among the true friends of Poe in this city — and he had some such here — there are those, I am sure, that *he* did not class among *villains*; nor do *they* feel easy when they see their old friend dressed out, in his grave, in the habiliments of a scoundrel. There is something to them in this mode of procedure on the part of the literary executor that does not chime in with their notions of “the true point of honor.” They had all of them looked upon our departed friend as singularly indifferent to wealth for its own sake, but as very positive in his opinions that the scale of social merit was not of the highest; that mind, somehow, was apt to be left out of the estimate altogether; and, partaking somewhat of his free way of thinking, his friends are startled to find they have entertained very unamiable convictions. As to his “quick choler” when he was contradicted, it depended a good deal upon the party denying, as well as upon the subject discussed. He was quick, it is true, to perceive mere quacks in literature, and somewhat apt to be hasty when pestered with them; but upon most other questions his natural amiability was not easily disturbed. Upon a subject that he understood thoroughly, he felt some right to be positive, if not arrogant, when addressing pretenders. His “astonishing natural advantages” *had* been very assiduously cultivated; his “daring spirit” was the anointed of genius; his self-confidence the proud conviction of both; and it was with something of a lofty scorn that he *attacked*, as well as re-

pelled, a crammed scholar of the hour, who attempted to palm upon him his ill-digested learning. Literature with him was religion; and he, its high priest, with a whip of scorpions, scourged the money-changers from the temple. In all else, he had the docility and kind-heartedness of a child. No man was more quickly touched by a kindness, none more prompt to return for an injury. For three or four years I knew him intimately, and for eighteen months saw him almost daily, much of the time writing or conversing at the same desk, knowing all his hopes, his fears, and little annoyances of life, as well as his high-hearted struggle with adverse fate; yet he was always the same polished gentleman, the quiet, unobtrusive, thoughtful scholar, the devoted husband, frugal in his personal expenses, punctual and unwearied in his industry, *and the soul of honor* in all his transactions. This, of course, was in his better days, and by them *we* judge the man. But even after his habits had changed, there was no literary man to whom I would more readily advance money for labor to be done. He kept his accounts, small as they were, with the accuracy of a banker. I append an account sent to me in his own hand, long after he had left Philadelphia, and after all knowledge of the transactions it recited had escaped my memory. I had returned him the story of "The Gold Bug," at his own request, as he found that he could dispose of it very advantageously elsewhere:—

We were square when I sold you the "Versification" article, for which you gave, first, \$25,
and afterwards \$7 — in all \$32.00
Then you bought "The Gold Bug" for . . . 52.00

I got both these back, so that I owed . . . \$84.00

DEFENCE OF POE.

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Brought over	\$84.00
You lent Mrs. Clemm	12.50
<hr/>	
Making in all	\$96.50
The review of "Flaccus" was $3\frac{3}{4}$ pp.,	
which, \$4, is	\$15.00
Lowell's poem is	10.00
The review of Channing, 4 pp., is \$16,	
of which I got \$6, leaving	10.00
The review of Halleck, 4 pp., is \$16,	
of which I got \$10, leaving	6.00
The review of Reynolds, 2 pp.	8.00
The review of Longfellow, 5 pp., is	
\$20, of which I got \$10, leaving . .	10.00
<hr/>	
So that I have paid in all	59.00
<hr/>	
Which leaves still due by me	\$37.50

This, I find, was his uniform habit with others as well as myself, carefully recalling to mind his indebtedness with the fresh article sent. And this is the man who had "no moral susceptibility," and little or nothing of the "true point of honor." It may be a very plain business view of the question, but it strikes his friends that it may pass as something, as times go.

I shall never forget how solicitous of the happiness of his wife and mother-in-law he was whilst one of the editors of *Grubbs's Magazine* his whole efforts seemed to be to procure the comfort and welfare of his home. Except for their happiness, and the natural ambition of having a magazine of his own, I never heard him deplore the want of wealth. The truth is, he cared little for money, and knew less of its value, for he seemed to have no personal expenses. What he received from me, in regular monthly instal-

ments, went directly into the hands of his mother-in-law for family comforts, and *twice* only I remember his purchasing some rather expensive luxuries for his house, and then he was nervous to the degree of misery until he had, by extra articles, covered what he considered an imprudent indebtedness. His love for his wife was a sort of rapturous worship of the spirit of beauty which he felt was fading before his eyes. I have seen him hovering around her when she was ill, with all the fond fear and tender anxiety of a mother for her first-born, her slightest cough causing in him a shudder, a heart-chill that was visible. I rode out, one summer evening, with them, and the remembrance of his watchful eyes eagerly bent upon the slightest change of hue in that loved face haunts me yet as the memory of a sad strain. It was the hourly *anticipation* of her loss that made him a sad and thoughtful man, and lent a mournful melody to his undying song.

It is true, that later in life Poe had much of those morbid feelings which a life of poverty and disappointment is so apt to engender in the heart of man — the sense of having been ill-used, misunderstood, and put aside by men of far less ability, and of none, — which preys upon the heart and clouds the brain of many a child of song. A consciousness of the inequalities of life, and of the abundant power of mere wealth, allied even to vulgarity, to override all distinctions, and to thrust itself, bedaubed with dirt and glittering with tinsel, into the high places of society, and the chief seats of the synagogue; whilst he, a worshipper of the beautiful and true, who listened to the voices of angels and held delighted companionship with them as the cold throng swept disdainfully by him, was often

in danger of being thrust out, houseless, homeless, beggared, upon the world, with all his fine feelings strung to a tension of agony when he thought of his beautiful and delicate wife, dying hourly before his eyes. What wonder that he then poured out the vials of a long-treasured bitterness upon the injustice and hollowness of all society around him. The very natural question "Why did he not work and thrive?" is easily answered. It will not be *asked* by the many who know the precarious tenure by which literary men hold a mere living in this country. The avenues through which they can profitably reach the country are few, and crowded with aspirants for bread, as well as fame. The unfortunate tendency to cheapen every literary work to the lowest point of beggarly flimsiness in price and profit, prevents even the well-disposed from extending anything like an adequate support to even a part of the great throng which genius, talent, education, and even misfortune, force into the struggle. The character of Poe's mind was of such an order as not to be very widely in demand. The class of educated mind which he could readily and profitably address was small—the channels through which he could do so at all were few—and publishers all, or nearly all, contented with such pens as were already engaged, hesitated to incur the expense of his to an extent which would sufficiently remunerate him; hence, when he was fairly at sea, connected permanently with no publication, he suffered all the horrors of prospective destitution, with scarcely the ability of providing for immediate necessities; and at such moments, alas! the tempter often came, and as you have truly said, "*one glass*" of wine made him a madman. Let the moralist, who stands

upon "tufted carpet," and surveys his smoking board, the fruits of his individual toil or mercantile adventure, pause before he let the anathema, trembling upon his lips, fall upon a man like Poe, who, wandering from publisher to publisher, with his fine, print-like manuscript, scrupulously clean and neatly rolled, finds no market for his brain—with despair at heart, misery ahead, for himself and his loved ones, and gaunt famine dogging at his heels, thus sinks by the wayside, before the demon that watches his steps and whispers *oblivion*. Of all the miseries which God, or his own vices, inflict upon man, none are so terrible as that of having the strong and willing arm struck down to a childlike inefficiency, while the Heart and Will have the purpose of a giant's outdoing. We must remember, too, that the very organization of such a mind as that of Poe—the very tension and tone of his exquisitely strung nerves—the passionate yearnings of his soul for the beautiful and true, utterly unfitted him for the rude jostlings and fierce competitorship of trade. The only drafts of his that could be honored were those upon his brain. The unpeopled air—the caverns of ocean—the decay and mystery that hang around old castles—the thunder of wind through the forest aisles—the spirits that rode the blast, by all but him unseen—and the deep, metaphysical creations which floated through the chambers of his soul—were his only wealth, the High Change where only his signature was valid for rubies.

Could he have stepped down and chronicled small beer, made himself the shifting toady of the hour, and, with bow and cringe, hung upon the steps of greatness, sounding the glory of third-rate ability with a

penny trumpet, he would have been fêted alive, and *perhaps* been praised when dead. But, no! his views of the duty of the critic were stern, and he felt that in praising an unworthy writer he committed dishonor. His pen was regulated by the highest sense of *duty*. By a keen analysis he separated and studied each piece which the skilful mechanist had put together. No part, however insignificant or apparently unimportant, escaped the rigid and patient scrutiny of his sagacious mind. The unfitted joint proved the bungler — the slightest blemish was a palpable fraud. He was the scrutinizing lapidary, who detected and exposed the most minute flaw in diamonds. The gem of first water shone the brighter for the truthful setting of his calm praise. He had the finest touch of soul for beauty — a delicate and hearty appreciation of worth. If his praise appeared tardy, it was of priceless value when given. It was true as well as sincere. It was the stroke of honor that at once knighted the receiver. It was in the world of *mind* that he was king; and, with a fierce audacity, he felt and proclaimed himself autocrat. As a critic, he was despotic, supreme. Yet no man with more readiness would soften a harsh expression at the request of a friend, or if he himself felt that he had infused too great a degree of bitterness into his article, none would more readily soften it down after it was in type — though still maintaining the justness of his critical views. I do not believe that he wrote to give pain; but in combating what he conceived to be error, he used the strongest word that presented itself, even in conversation. He labored not so much to reform as to *exterminate* error, and thought the shortest process was to pull it up by the roots.

He was a worshipper of *intellect* — longing to grasp the power of mind that moves the stars — to bathe his soul in the dreams of seraphs. He was himself all ethereal, of a fine essence, that moved in an atmosphere of spirits — of spiritual beauty, overflowing and radiant — twin-brother with the angels, feeling their flashing wings upon his heart, and almost clasping them in his embrace. Of them, and as an expectant archangel of that high order of intellect, stepping out of himself, as it were, and interpreting the time he revelled in delicious luxury in a world beyond, with an audacity which we fear in madmen, but in genius worship as the inspiration of heaven.

But my object, in throwing together a few thoughts upon the character of Edgar Allan Poe, was not to attempt an elaborate criticism, but to say what might palliate grave faults that have been attributed to him, and to meet by facts unjust accusation; in a word, to give a mere outline of the man as he lived before me. I think I am warranted in saying to Mr. Griswold that he must review his decision. It will not stand the calm scrutiny of his own judgment, or of time, while it must be regarded by all the friends of Mr. Poe as an ill-judged and misplaced calumny upon that gifted son of genius.

Yours truly,

Geo. R. GRAHAM.

PHILADELPHIA, February 2, 1850.

To N. P. WILLIS, Esq.

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EXPLANATORY. — Titles of the editions of collected poems are printed in *ITALIC CAPITALS*; titles of the editions of collected tales, in *ROMAN CAPITALS*; single poems, in *SMALL CAPITALS*; single tales, in *italics*; books reviewed by Poe are "quoted"; essays, miscellanies, and editorials are not quoted; newspapers and magazines are printed in *italics*; B. J. means *Broadway Journal*, vols. i. and ii.; S. L. M. indicates *Southern Literary Messenger*; 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1840, 1843, 1845, are dates of the editions of collected poems and tales.

1827

TAMERLANE AND OTHER POEMS. By A BOSTONIAN. Boston: Calvin F. S. Thomas. 1827. 40 pp. 12mo. Reprinted in London, by George Redway, 1884, with a Preface by R. H. Shepherd.

1829

AL AARAAF, TAMERLANE AND MINOR POEMS. By EDGAR A. POE. Baltimore: Hatch & Dunning. 1829. 71 pp. 8vo.

1831

POEMS. By EDGAR A. POE. Second Edition. New York: Published by Elam Bliss. 1831. Though the second edition of *AL AARAAF*, most of the poems are here published for the first time. 124 pp. 12mo.

1833

MS. Found in a Bottle. *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*, Oct. 12, 1833; *S. L. M.*, December 1835; *The Gift*, 1836, 1840; *B. J.*, ii. 14.

1835

List of Poe's Tales, Reviews, etc., in the Southern Literary Messenger.

William Cullen Bryant's "Poems" (review), January.

Berenice (tale), March 1835, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 14.

Morella (tale), April 1835; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1839, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 25.

HYMN (in "Morella").

"Confessions of a Poet" (review), April.

— *Some Passages in the Life of a Lion: Lionising* (tale), April 1835, 1840, 1845; *B. J.*, i. 11.

Featherstonhaugh's "I Promessi Sposi" (review), May.

John P. Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson" (review), May.

"Frances Anne (Kemble) Butler's Journal" (review), May.

The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Phaal (tale), June 1835, 1840.

R. M. Bird's "The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico" (review), June.

The Crayon Miscellany, No. II. (review), July. (Poe reviewed No. III. of this series in the December number.)

Theodore Irving's "The Conquest of Florida" (review), July.

The Assignment (The Visionary) (tale), July 1835, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 23.

Notices of Foreign Reviews (review), July.

TO MARY, July 1835; TO ONE DEPARTED, *Graham's Magazine*, 1842; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; TO F —, *B. J.*, i. 17.

A running commentary on Current Literary Events, called "Critical Notices and Literary Intelligence," August.

THE COLISEUM. *Baltimore Saturday Visitor*, *Southern Literary Messenger*, August; *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, June 12, 1841; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, ii. 1.

Bon Bon (tale), August 1835, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 16.

- ✓ *Shadow: A Parable* (tale), September 1835, 1840; B. J., i. 16.
- ✓ To F——s O——D. Lines written in an Album. September.
- Loss of Breath: A Tale Neither in nor Out of "Blackwood,"* September 1835, 1840; B. J., ii. 26.
- ✓ *King Pest: A Tale containing an Allegory*, September 1835, 1840; B. J., ii. 15.
- ✓ Mephistopheles in England (review), September.
- ✓ "The Classical Family Library," Nos. xv., xvi., xvii. (review), September.
- ✓ Robert Southey's "The Early Naval History of England" (review), September.
- ✓ "The Gift" (review), September.
- "Scenes from an Unpublished Drama" (Poe's drama poem POLITIAN), December.
- E. S. Barrett's "The Heroine; or Adventures of Cherubini" (review), December.
- Lady Dacre's "Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry" (review), December.
- "The Edinburgh Review," No. cxxiv. (review), December.
- Robinson's Practice (review), December.
- R. M. Bird's "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow" (review), December.
- William Maxwell's "A Memoir of the Reverend John H. Rice, D.D." (review), December.
- "The Crayon Miscellany" (review), December.
- Walter Anderson's "Oration on the Life and Character of the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, D.D." (review), December.
- Reynolds's Francis Glass's "A Life of George Washington in Latin Prose" (review), December.
- Theodore S. Fay's "Norman Leslie" (review), December.
- Miss Sedgwick's "The Linwoods" (review), December.
- William Godwin's "Lives of the Necromancers" (review), December.
- James Hall's "Sketches of Life and Manners in the West" (review), December.
- "Clinton Bradshaw" (review), December.
- "Nuts to Crack" etc. (review), December.
- Charles Joseph Latrobe's "The Rambler in North America" (review), December.
- Judge Story's "Discourse on Chief-Justice Marshall," Binney's "Eulogium" (review), December.
- Inaugural Address of the Rev. D. L. Carroll, D.D. (review), December.

- E. Stannard Barrett's "The Heroine" (review), December.
 Sarah J. Hale's "Traits of American Life" (review), December.
 Lucian Minor's "An Address on Education," etc. (review), December.
 "Legends of a Log Cabin. By a Western Man." (Review.) December.

1836

In the Southern Literary Messenger.

- "Zinzendorf and Other Poems," by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney ;
 "Poems," by Miss H. F. Gould ; "Poems," Translated
 and Original, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet (review), January.
Metzengerstein (tale), January 1836, 1840.
 W. G. Simms's "The Partisan : A Tale of the Revolution"
 (review), January.
 "The Young Wife's Book" (review), January.
 Miss Sedgwick's "Tales and Sketches" (review), January.
 Francis Lieber's "Reminiscence of an Intercourse with
 M. Niebuhr the Historian," etc. (review), January.
 SCENES FROM "POLITIAN," January.
 "The South-West" (review), January.
 Defoe's "The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson
 Crusoe," etc. (review), January.
 Sarah Stickney's "The Poetry of Life" (review), January.
 "The Christian Florist" (review), January.
 Morris Matson's "Paul Ulric," etc. (review), February.
 Peter Mark Roget's "Animal and Vegetable Physiology"
 (review), February.
 Joseph Martin's "A New and Comprehensive Gazetteer of
 Virginia" (review), February.
 Lieut. Slidell's "The American in England" (review),
 February.
 Bulwer's "Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes" (review),
 February.
 Henry F. Chorley's "Conti the Discarded" (review), February.
 L. A. Wilmer's "The Confession of Emilia Harrington"
 (review), February.
 "Rose Hill" (review), February.
 Palæstine (essay), February.
 "Noble Deeds of Woman" (review), February.
 A Chapter on Autography (essay), February and August.

- The Duc de L'Omelette* (tale), February 1836, 1840; B. J., ii. 14.
- "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States of America — Virginia," etc. By Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D. (Review.) March.
- Mrs. L. Miles's "Phrenology," etc. (review), March.
- "Mahmoud" (review), March.
- "Georgia Scenes, Characters," etc. (review), March.
- TO HELEN, March.
- J. K. Paulding's "Slavery in the United States" (review), April.
- Four Beasts in One: The Homo-Camelopard* (tale), March 1836, 1840; B. J., ii. 22.
- The Poems of J. R. Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck (review), April.
- "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau" (review), April.
- Maelzel's Chess-Player (essay), April.
- A Tale of Jerusalem*, April 1836, 1840; B. J., ii. 11.
- TO SCIENCE, May 1845; B. J., ii. 4.
- Robert Walsh's "Didactics — Social, Literary, and Political" (review), May.
- Anthon's "Sallust" (review), May.
- Lieut. Slidell's "Spain Revisited" (review), May.
- Frances Trollope's "Paris and the Parisians" (review), May.
- J. K. Paulding's "Life of Washington" (review), May.
- J. F. Cooper's "Switzerland" (review), May.
- IRENE, May; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., i. 18.
- "A Pleasant Peregrination through Pennsylvania," etc. (review), June.
- John Armstrong's "Notices of the War of 1812" (review), June.
- "Recollections of Coleridge" (review), June.
- Rev. Calvin Colton's "Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country," etc. (review), June.
- Maury's "Navigation" (review), June.
- Stone's "Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman" (review), June.
- Dickens's "Watkins Tottle" (review), June.
- "Flora and Thalia" (review), June.
- "House of Lords" (review), July.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's "Letters to Young Ladies" (review), July.

- "The Doctor" (review), July.
 Frederick Von Raumer's "England in 1835" (review), July.
 "Memoirs of an American Lady" (review), July.
 William D. Gallagher's "Erato" (review), July.
 "Camperdown" (review), July.
 Leigh Ritchie's "Russia and the Russians" (review), July.
 Rev. Orville Dewey's "The Old World and the New," etc. (review), August.
 THE CITY OF SIN, August (THE DOOMED CITY in the edition of 1831); *American Whig Review* (sub-title A PROPHECY), April 1845; B. J., ii. 8.
 Charles Richardson's "New Dictionary of the English Language" (review), August.
 S. C. Hall's "The Book of Gems" (review), August.
 Lynch's "South Sea Expedition" (review), August.
 James S. French's "Elkswatawa" (review), August.
 "Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs" (review), August.
 Lieut. Slidell's "A Year in Spain" (review), August.
 "The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse" (review), August.
 Prof. J. H. Ingraham's "Lafitte" (review), August.
 "Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs," March 31, 1836 (review), August.
 Pinakidia (essay), August.
 Draper's "Lectures" (review), August.
 Lieber's "Memorial" (review), August.
 David B. Edwards's "The History of Texas" (review), August.
 ISRAFEL, August; *Graham's Magazine*, October 1841; *Phil. Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., ii. 3.
 "Inklings of Adventure" (review), August.
 Lydia Maria Child's "Philothea: a Romance" (review), September. Also *Broadway Journal*.
 "Sheppard Lee" (review), September.
 William Hazlitt's "Literary Remains," etc. (review), September.
 Joseph Robinson's "The Swiss Heiress" (review), October.
 S. A. Roszel's "Address at Dickinson College" (review), October.
 Sir N. W. Wraxall's "Posthumous Memoirs of His Own Times" (review), October.

- "American Almanac for 1837" (review), October.
 J. F. Cooper's Sketches of "Switzerland" (review), October.
 Prof. Thomas R. Dew's "Address before the Students of William and Mary" (review), October.
 Henry F. Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans" (review), October.
 Dr. Robert W. Haxall's "Dissertation," etc. (review), October.
 Captain Basil Hall's "Skimmings, or a Winter at Schloss Hainfeld" (review), October.
 "Peter Snook" (review), October. Also *Broadway Journal*.
 G. P. R. James's "Life of Richelieu," etc. (review), October.
 Baynard R. Hall's "Latin Grammar" (review), October.
 Bland's "Chancery Reports" (review), October.
 "Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte" (review), October.
 "Madrid in 1835" (review), October.
 "Medical Review" (review), November.
 Z. Collins Lee's "Address delivered before the Baltimore Lyceum," etc. (review), November.
 "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" (review), November.

1837

- THE BRIDAL BALLAD, *Southern Literary Messenger*, January; *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, July 31, 1841; B. J., ii. 4.
 Beverley Tucker's "George Balcombe" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, February, 1837, 1838.
 Washington Irving's "Astoria" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 Charles Anthon's "Select Orations of Cicero" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 J. N. Reynolds's "South Sea Expedition" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 "Poems by William Cullen Bryant" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 TO ZANTE, *Southern Literary Messenger*, January; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., ii. 2.
 [Poe adds a note here: "Mr. Poe's attention being called in another direction, he will decline, with the present

number, the editorial duties of the *Messenger*. His Critical Notices for this month end with Professor Anthon's 'Orations' — what follows is from another hand. With the best wishes to the Magazine, and to its few foes as well as many friends, he is now desirous of bidding all parties a peaceable farewell."]

J. L. Stephens's "Arabia Petrea" (review), *New York Review*, October.

1838

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET. By EDGAR A. POE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838. 201 pp. 12mo. Reprinted in London, 1838, 1841, 1861, etc.

Poe's Reply to his Critics. *Southern Literary Messenger*, July Supplement.

Ligeia (tale), *The American Museum*, September 1838, 1840; B. J., ii. 12.

How to Write a Blackwood Article. *The American Museum*, December, 1838, 1840; B. J., ii. 1.

A Predicament (*The Scythe of Time*) (tale), *The American Museum*, December 1838, 1840; B. J., ii. 18.

1839

Silence: A Fable (tale), *Baltimore Book*, 1839, 1840; B. J., ii. 9.

Literary Small Talk (essay), *American Museum*, January, February.

Preface and Introduction to "The Conchologist's First Book."

THE HAUNTED PALACE, *Baltimore Museum*, April; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* (in "The Fall of the House of Usher"), September; in "Tales," 1840.

The Devil in the Belfry (tale), *Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle and Mirror of The Times*, May 18, 1839, 1840; B. J., ii. 18.

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S FIRST BOOK. By EDGAR A. POE. Philadelphia: Haswell, Barrington, and Haswell. 1839. pp. 156. 12mo. Second edition, with 12 colored plates. Philadelphia, 1840. 12mo. Also reprinted anonymously, Philadelphia, 1845.

Contributions to Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

- "George P. Morris" (review), May; *Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1849 (revised).
 TO IANTHE IN HEAVEN, July.
 SPIRITS OF THE DEAD, July.
 J. Fenimore Cooper's "History of the American Navy" (review), July.
 James's "Celebrated Women" (review), July.
 Wyatt's "Synopsis of Natural History" (review). Short notices, etc., July.
The Man that was Used Up (tale), August 1839, 1840, 1843; B. J., ii. 5.
 FAIRY LAND, August; also appeared in 1829, 1831, 1845; B. J. ii. 13.
 TO THE RIVER —, August.
 Wallace's "Triumphs of Science" (review), August.
 N. P. Willis's "Tortosa," and several short notices, August.
Fall of the House of Usher (tale), September 1839, 1840, 1845.
 Glenn's "Reply to the Critics" (review), September.
 Lord Brougham's "Historical Sketches of Statesmen" (review), September.
 "Solomon See-saw" (review), September.
 "Undine" (review), September.
William Wilson (tale), October 1839; *The Gift*, 1840; B. J., ii. 8.
 Longfellow's "Hyperion" (review), October.
 Murray's "Travels in North America" (review), and short notices, October.
Morella (tale), November.
 "Canons of Good Breeding" (review), November.
 W. Gilmore Simms's "Damsel of Darien" (review), and short notices, November.
The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion (tale), December 1839, 1840, 1845.
 Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" (review), December.
 Joseph O. Chandler's "Address before the Goethean Society" (review), December.
 Thomas Moore's "National Melodies of America" (review), and short notices, December.

1840

TALES OF THE GROTESQUE AND ARABESQUE. By EDGAR A. POE. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. pp. 243, 228. 16mo.

Contributions to Burton's Gentleman's Magazine,

- Journal of Julius Rodman*, chap. I. (tale), January.
 Moore's "Alciphron" (review), January.
 Mathews' "Memoirs" (review), January.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), February.
The Business Man (Peter Pendulum) (tale), February;
 B. J., ii. 4.
 Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" (review), February.
 Marryat's "Diary in America" and short notices (review), February.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), March.
 Henry Duncan's "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons" (review), March.
 N. P. Willis's "Romance of Travel" and short notices (review), March.
 SILENCE, April; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., ii. 3.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), April.
 A Notice of William Cullen Bryant, May.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), May.
 The Philosophy of Furniture (essay), May; *Broadway Journal*, i. 18.
 Madame Malibran's "Memoirs and Letters" (review), May.
 Some Account of Stonehenge (essay), June.
Journal of Julius Rodman (tale) (continued), June.
The Man of the Crowd (tale), December 1840, 1845.

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- Mystification (Von Jung)* (tale), 1840; *Broadway Journal*, ii. 25.
Why the Little Frenchman Wears his Hand in a Sling (tale), 1840; *Broadway Journal*, ii. 9.

1841

Contributions to Graham's Magazine.

- J. Fenimore Cooper's "Mercedes of Castile" (review), January.
 Mrs. Norton's "Dream and Other Poems" (review), January.
 James McHenry's "The Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed" (review), February.
 W. H. Ainsworth's "The Tower of London" (review), March.
 Longfellow's "Ballads and other Poems" (review), March.
 William Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places," etc. (review), March.
 R. M. Walsh's (trans.) "Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France" (review), April.
The Murders in the Rue Morgue (tale), April 1841, 1843, 1845.
 Bulwer's "Night and Morning" (review), April.
A Descent into the Maelström (tale), May 1841, 1845.
 C. F. Francis's "Writings of Charles Sprague" (review), May.
 Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Master Humphrey's Clock" (review), May.
The Island of the Fay (tale), June; B. J., ii. 13.
 G. P. R. James's "Corse de Leon" (review), June.
 Macaulay's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" (review), June.
 A Few Words on Secret Writing (essay), July.
 Poe's "Grammar of the English Language" (review), July.
 Seba Smith's "Powhatan" (review), July.
 Lord Bolingbroke's "Works" (review), July.
The Colloquy of Monos and Una (tale), August 1841, 1845.
 "Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L." (Letitia E. London), (review), August.
 L. A. Wilmer's "Quacks of Helicon" (review), August.
 Irving's Margaret M. Davidson's "Biography and Poetical Remains" (review), August.
 J. L. Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Central America" (review), August.
 Secret Writing (Thomas's Letter and Poe's Answer), August.
 To HELEN, September.

- Never Bet the Devil your Head: A Tale with a Moral*,
September 1841; B. J., ii. 6.
Thomas Campbell's "Life of Petrarch" (review), September.
Marryat's "Joseph Rushbrook" (review), September.
ISRAEL, October.
A Chapter on Autography (essay), November.
"John G. Palfrey" (review), November.
W. H. Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes" (review), November.
"The Gift" (review), November.
E. L. Bulwer's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" (review), November.
"The Pic Nic Papers," edited by Dickens (review), November.
Napier's "Peninsular War" (review), November.
Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" (review), November.
A Chapter on Autography, II. (essay), November.
"Lucretia Maria Davidson's Poetical Remains" (review), December.
Simms's "Confession" (review), December.
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- Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison-House (essay), *Broadway Journal*, i. 7.
Anastatic Printing (essay), *Broadway Journal*, i. 15.
Street Paving (essay), *Broadway Journal*, i. 16.
Three Sundays in a Week (tale), *Saturday Evening Post*,
Nov. 27; B. J., i. 19.

1842

Contributions to Graham's Magazine.

- An Appendix of Autographs (essay), January.
Henry Cockton's "Stanley Thorn" (review), January.
Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (review), January.
Christopher North's (Prof. John Wilson) "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" (review), January.
Mrs. Sigourney's "Pocahontas and Other Poems" (review), January.
Review of New Books, January.
A Few Words about Brainard (review), February.

- Cornelius Mathews' "Wakondah" (review), February;
Godley's Lady's Book, November, 1845.
 Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" (review), February; *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, May 1, 1841.
 Charles Lever's "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon" (review), March.
 "The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Lord Brougham" (review), March.
 TO ONE DEPARTED, March; *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843.
 L. F. Poulter's "Imagination" (review), March.
 Longfellow's "Ballads and Other Poems" (review), April.
 Algernon Henry Perkins's "Ideals and Other Poems" (review), April.
The Oval Portrait (tale), April; B. J., i. 17.
 Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" (review), April.
The Masque of the Red Death, A Fantasy (tale), May 1842; B. J., ii. 2.
 Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" (review, continued from April), May.
 Bulwer's "Zanoni" (review), June.
 Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" (review), June.
 Tennyson's "Poems" (review), September.
 The Poetry of Rufus Dawes: A Retrospective Criticism, October.
 Mr. Griswold and the Poets, *Boston Miscellany*, November.

- Eleonora* (tale), *The Gift*, 1842; B. J., i. 21.
The Landscape Garden (tale), *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, October 1842; B. J., ii. 11.
The Mystery of Marie Rogêt, a Sequel to the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" (tale), *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, November, December, 1842; February 1843, 1845.

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- THE CONQUEROR WORM, *Graham's Magazine*, January;
Philadelphia Saturday Museum, March 4, 1843; B. J., i. 21;
 ii. 12 (LIGEIA).

- The Tell-Tale Heart* (tale), *The Pioneer*, January; B. J., ii. 7.
- The Pit and the Pendulum* (tale), *The Gift*, 1843; B. J., i. 20.
- The Mystery of Marie Rogêt* (tale), *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, February.
- Our Amateur Poets, No. 1; *Flaccus, Graham's Magazine*, March.
- LENORE, *The Pioneer, Graham's Magazine*, February; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4. Appeared in the edition of 1831, and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1836, under the title A PÆAN, B. J., ii. 6.
- The Rationale of Verse (essay), *The Pioneer*, March 1843, as "Notes on English Verse," in its first draft: *Southern Literary Messenger*, October, November, 1848, elaborated.
- ROMANCE, *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1845; B. J., ii. 8.
- AL ARAAF, *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4.
- THE SLEEPER, *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4. Appeared in the edition of 1831, and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, May 1836, under the title of IRENE.
- The Gold-Bug* (tale), Prize Story of *The Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper*, June 21-28, 1843; 1845.
- THE PROSE ROMANCES OF EDGAR A. POE, No. 1 [all published]. The Murders in the Rue Morgue and The Man that was Used Up. Philadelphia. 1843. 8vo.
- The Black Cat* (tale), *The Philadelphia United States Saturday Post*, Aug. 19, 1843, 1845.

Contributions to the New Mirror published by Willis and Morris, New York. Attributed to Poe as follows:

- Souvenirs of Youth (headed "Original Translation from the French," signed E. P.), May 13.
- The Master Spirits of their Age. Translated from the French (signed E. P.), June 3.
- Anecdotes of Suwarrow. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), June 3.
- The Head of St. John the Baptist (Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), June 17.
- The Literary Pirate Foiled. An Incident in the Life of

- Anne Radcliffe. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), June 24.
- A Morning's Walk in the Luxembourg. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), July 1.
- The Merchant's Daughter. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), July 15.
- The above continued under the same title (signed E. P.), July 22.
- The above continued, with the heading "The Merchant's Daughter." A Novel from the French of M. Scribe. Translated by A Lady for the *New Mirror* (no initial signed), July 29.
- The above continued, under the same heading as in July 29 (signed E. P.), Aug. 5.
- The same story and title (signed E. P.), Aug. 12.
- The same (signed E. P.), Aug. 19.
- The same (signed E. P.), Aug. 26.
- The same (signed E. P.), Sept. 2.
- The same under the following heading: (Communicated.) The Merchant's Daughter. A Novel from the French of M. Scribe (concluded) (signed E. P.), Sept. 9.
- Ennui. From the French of Eugène Guinot. Translated for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), Sept. 23.
- The Yellow Rose. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Bernard. A novel in Four Parts. Part I., Oct. 7.
- The same. Part II. (not signed), Oct. 14.
- The same. Part III. (not signed), Oct. 21.
- The same, concluded (signed E. P.), Oct. 28.
- The Two Marines in India. From the French of A. Ligniers (signed E. P.), Nov. 4.
- Women are Sometimes Fickle. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of De Maynard (signed E. P.), Nov. 11.
- The Man Without a Name. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of S. H. Berthoud (signed E. P.), Nov. 25.
- The Two Empresses. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the Gazette de Lausanne (signed E. P.), Dec. 2.
- Expectation. Translated from the French of Souvestre (signed E. P.), Dec. 2.
- The Story of a Cup of Tea. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of J. Lecompte (signed E. P.), Dec. 16.

- The Poet's Laura. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), Dec. 23.
 Three Visits to the Hôtel des Invalides, 1705-1806-1840.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of
 Emile Marco de Saint Hilaire (signed E. P.), Dec. 30.
-

- Our Amateur Poets, No. 3. William Ellery Channing,
Graham's Magazine, August.
 Our Contributors, No. VIII. Fitz-Greene Halleck, *Graham's Magazine*, September.
 J. F. Cooper's "Wyandotté" (review), *Graham's Magazine*,
 November.
 Griswold's "The Poets and Poetry of America," *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, 1843.

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In *New York Evening Mirror*. Attributed to Poe.

- Three Visits to the Hôtel des Invalides. Second visit,
 1806 (not signed), Jan. 6.
 Three Visits to the Hôtel des Invalides (signed E. P.), Jan.
 13.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Eugène
 Scribe. The Price of Life (signed E. P.), Jan. 13.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Louis
 Lurine. The Jailer (signed E. P.), Jan. 20.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of La-
 seaux. The Bracelet (signed E. P.), Feb. 3.
 The Pearl of Geneva. Translated from the French of De
 Mirecourt (signed E. K., a typographical error for P.),
 Feb. 17.
 Misfortune of having a Dowry. Translated from the
 French of Paul Merruau (signed E. P.), Feb. 24.
 Parisian Chronicle. Translated for the *New Mirror* from
 the *Courrier des États Unis* (signed E. P.), March 2.
 The Oath that Was Kept. Translated for the *New Mirror*
 from the French of Mark Perrin (not signed), March 9.
 The same (concluded) (signed E. P.), March 16.
 Paris in Robe de Chambre (signed E. P.), March 23.
 The Princess Pauline (signed E. P.), March 30.
 The Professor's Daughter (signed E. P.), April 13.

- Parisian Chronicle (signed E. P.), April 27.
 The Love Letter; or, A Secret of the Confessional (signed E. P.), May 18.
 Parisian Chronicle (signed E. P.), June 8.
 Parisian Chronicle (signed E. P.), June 15.
 Parisian Correspondence (signed E. P.), June 22.
 A Cottage and a Palace (signed E. P.), July 13.
 The Passport — A Parisian Story (signed E. P.), Aug. 3.
 The Will (signed E. P.), Aug. 31.
 The Times of the Emperour (signed E. P.), Sept. 7.
 Little Tarts of Prince Bedridden. In two chapters.
 Chapter First, *A Dinner by Carême* (signed E. P.), Sept. 21.
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- R. H. Horne's "Orion" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, March.
The Elk (tale), *The Opal*.
 J. R. Lowell's "Poems" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, March.
A Tale of the Ragged Mountains, *Godey's Lady's Book*, April; B. J., ii. 21.
The Spectacles (tale), sent to Horne, April; B. J., ii. 20.
Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences (tale), B. J., ii. 23.
The Balloon Hoax (tale), *The (New York) Sun*, April 13.
 DREAMLAND, *Graham's Magazine*, June 1844, 1845; *Broadway Journal*, i. 26.
Mesmeric Revelation (tale), *Columbian Magazine*, August 1844, 1845. Reprinted in London, 1846.
The Premature Burial (tale), some unknown Philadelphia publication, August; B. J., i. 24.
The Oblong Box (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, September; B. J., ii. 23.
Thou Art the Man (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.
The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq. (tale), S. L. M., December 1844; B. J., ii. 3.
The Angel of the Odd (tale), *Columbian Magazine*, October.
 Marginalia, No. 1, *Democratic Review*, November; No. 2, December.
 Amelia Welby (review), *Democratic Review*, December.

1845

THE RAVEN, *The Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845;
The American Whig Review, February 1845; *Southern
 Literary Messenger*, March 1845; *Broadway Journal*, i. 6.
 THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS. BY EDGAR A.
 POE. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. pp. 3, 228.
 12mo.

TALES BY EDGAR A. POE. New York: Wiley and
 Putnam. 1845. pp. 3, 228. 12mo.

EULALIE. *American Whig Review*, with "A SONG" as
 subtitle, July 1845; B. J., ii. 5.

The Purloined Letter (tale), *The Gift*, 1845; 1845.

The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherazade (tale),
Godey's Lady's Book, February; B. J., ii. 16.

Some Words with a Mummy (tale), *American Whig Re-
 view*, April; B. J., ii. 17.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST, *American Whig Review*, April;
 B. J., ii. 9. Appeared in the edition of 1831, and the
 S. L. M., February, 1836, as THE VALLEY NIS.

Fifty Suggestions (essay), *Graham's Magazine*, May, June;
 A Chapter of Suggestions, *The Opal*, 1845.

The Power of Words (essay), *Democratic Review*, June;
 B. J., ii. 16.

The Imp of the Perverse (tale), *Graham's Magazine*, July
 1845; *Mayflower*, 1845.

The System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether (tale), *Graham's
 Magazine*, November.

The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar (tale), *American
 Whig Review*, December; B. J., ii. 24.

*Reviews, essays, etc., in the Broadway Journal, signed with
 Poe's initial (P.) in his own copy, now in the possession of
 F. R. Halsey, Esq., or otherwise indicated as Poe's. The
 Tales and Poems which had appeared previously in other
 forms, or in other journals, are not repeated here.*

Elizabeth B. Barrett's "Drama of Exile" (review in two
 parts), Jan. 4 and 11; cf. *Evening Mirror*, 1844.

American Prose Writers, No. 2, N. P. Willis, Jan. 18.

"Poems by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer" (review), Feb. 8.

Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison-House (essay), Feb.
 15.

- Imitation — Plagiarism. Mr. Poe's Reply to the letter of "Outis," March 8.¹
 "A Continuation of the Voluminous History of the Little Longfellow War," March 15.
 "Satirical Poems" (review), March 15.
 Some Passages in the Life of a Lion, March 15.
 Mrs. R. S. Nichols (review), March 22.
 Continuation of a Reply to "Outis," March 22.
 "The New Comedy,"⁴ by Mrs. Mowatt (review), March 28.
 "Human Magnetism," etc. (review), April 5.
 Conclusion of a Reply to "Outis," April 5.
 Prospects of the Drama, Mrs. Mowatt's Comedy (review), April 5.
 "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," edited by William Smith, Ph.D. (review), April 12.
 "The Magazines" (a short review), May 26.
 Mrs. L. M. Child's "Philothea" (review), May 31.
 Magazine Writing — Peter Snook, June 7.
 Anastatic Printing (essay), April 12.
 "The Antigone" at Palma's (review), April 12.
 Street Paving (essay), April 12.
 "Achilles' Wrath" (review), April 19.
 "Old English Poetry — The Book of Gems," edited by S. C. Hall (review), May 17.
 "Poems by William W. Lord" (review), May 24.
 "Plato contra Atheos," etc., by Tayler Lewis, LL.D. (review), June 21.
 "The Coming of the Mammoth," by Henry B. Hirst (review), July 12.
 "Alfred Tennyson" (review), July 19.
 House Furniture (essay), May 3.
 How to Write a Blackwood Article (essay), July 12.

¹ The *Broadway Journal* headings to Divisions II., III., IV., V., of the "Longfellow War" are as follows:—

II. "A Continuation of the Voluminous History of the Little Longfellow War — Mr. Poe's Further Reply to the Letter of Outis."

III. "More of the Voluminous History of the Little Longfellow War — Mr. Poe's Third Chapter of Reply to the Letter of Outis."

IV. "Imitation — Plagiarism — The Conclusion of Mr. Poe's Reply to the Letter of Outis."

V. "Plagiarism — Imitation — Postscript to Mr. Poe's Reply to the Letter of Outis." — EDITOR.

- "The Magazines" (short review), July 12.
- "The Drama" (Mrs. Mowatt at Niblo's), July 19, 26, Aug. 2.
- "The Chaunt of Life," by Rev. Ralph Hoyt (review), July 26.
- "The Lost Pleiad and Other Poems," by T. H. Chivers (review), Aug. 2.
- "The Fortune Hunter; or, The Adventures of a Man About Town." By Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt (review), Aug. 2.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XVI. Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood (review), Aug. 9.
- "Ettore Fieramosca," etc. By Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated by C. Edwards Lester (review), Aug. 9.
- Editorial Miscellany, Aug. 9.
- HYMN (Catholic Hymn), Aug. 16.
- Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVII. The Characters of Shakspeare. By William Hazlitt (review), Aug. 16.
- The Poetical Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith (review), Aug. 23.
- "Review of *Graham's Magazine* for August, Aug. 16.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading" No. XIX. Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood. Part II. (review), Aug. 23, 30.
- "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." By N. P. Willis. Part III. (review), Aug. 23.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XX. The Indicator and Companion. By Leigh Hunt (review), Aug. 30.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XXI. Genius and Character of Burns. By Professor Wilson (review), Sept. 6.
- "Festus: A Poem by Philip James Bailey" (review), Sept. 6.
- "Saul, a Mystery. By Rev. Arthur Coxe" (review), Sept. 6.
- "Review of the *Democratic Review*," Sept. 20.
- "The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Biographical Introduction by Rufus Wilmot Griswold" (review), Sept. 27.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books." No. IV. The Wigwam and the Cabin. By William Gilmore Simms (review), Oct. 4.
- "The Broken Vow and Other Poems. By Amanda M. Edmond" (review), Oct. 11.

- "Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. By Charles J. Ingersoll" (review), Oct. 11.
 "The Songs of Our Land and Other Poems." By Mary E. Hewitt (review), Oct. 25.
 The Power of Words (tale), Oct. 25.
 "Alice Ray; a Romance in Rhyme. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale" (review), Nov. 1.
 The Fine Arts, "La Sortie du Bain," Nov. 1.
 Editorial Miscellany (Boston and the Bostonians), (review), Nov. 1, 22.
 F. Von Raumer's "America and the American People" (review), Nov. 29.
 "Poems by Frances S. Osgood" (review), Dec. 13.
 "Notes on Hudson" (review), Dec. 13.
 Brook Farm (review), Dec. 13.
 Editorial Miscellany (notice of Leigh Hunt), Dec. 20.

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- A Chapter of Suggestions. First Part. *Opal*, 1845.
 The American Drama (essay), *American Whig Review*, August.
 Marginalia. No. 3. *Godey's Lady's Book*, August. No. 4. September.
 "Big Abel and the Little Manhattan" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.

1846

- Valedictory, signed E. A. Poe, *Broadway Journal*, Jan. 3.
 "The Wigwam and the Cabin" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, January.
 Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood's "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England" and "Poems" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, March.
 Marginalia. No. 5. *Graham's Magazine*, March. No. 6. *Democratic Review*, April. No. 7. *Graham's Magazine*, November. No. 8. *Graham's Magazine*, December.
 The Philosophy of Composition (essay), *Graham's Magazine*, April.
 "William Cullen Bryant" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, April.
 The Literati, published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, May to October, 1846.

- May*. — 1. George Bush. 2. George H. Colton. 3. N. P. Willis. 4. William M. Gillespie. 5. Charles F. Briggs. 6. William Kirkland. 7. John F. Francis.
- June*. — 1. Anna Cora Mowatt. 2. George B. Cheever. 3. Charles Anthon. 4. Ralph Hoyt. 5. Julian V. Verplanck. 6. Freeman Hunt. 7. Piero Maroncelli. 8. Laughton Osborn.
- July*. — 1. Fitz-Greene Halleck. 2. Ann S. Stephens. 3. Everett A. Duyckinck. 4. Mary Gove. 5. James Aldrich. 6. Thomas Dunn English. 7. Henry Carey. 8. Christopher Pearse Cranch (Poe printed "Pease").
- August*. — 1. Sarah Margaret Fuller. 2. James Lawson. 3. Caroline M. Kirkland. 4. Prosper M. Wetmore. 5. Emma C. Embury. 6. Epes Sargent.
- September*. — 1. Frances S. Osgood. 2. Lydia M. Child. 3. Elizabeth Bogart. 4. Catherine M. Sedgwick. 5. Lewis Gaylord Clark. 6. Anne C. Lynch.
- October*. — 1. Charles Fenno Hoffman. 2. Mary E. Hewitt. 3. Richard Adams Locke.
- The Cask of Amontillado* (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.

1847

- The Domain of Arnheim* (tale), *Columbian Magazine*, March. This tale is an enlargement of "The Landscape Garden."
- To M. L. S., *Home Journal*, March 13.
- Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," "Mosses from an old Manse," etc. (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.
- ULALUME (sub-title, To — —), *American Whig Review*, December; *Home Journal*, January, 1848; Griswold, 1850.

1848

- Marginalia, No. 9, *Graham's Magazine*, January; No. 10, February.
- To H. H., *Columbian Magazine*, March.
- EUREKA. A PROSE POEM. By EDGAR A. POE. Geo. P. Putnam: New York. 1848. pp. 143. 12mo. Republished in London by Chapman.
- AN ENIGMA (Sonnet), *Union Magazine*, March.

- Mrs. S. Anna Lewis's "The Child of the Sea, and Other Poems" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, September.
- The Rationale of Verse (essay), *Southern Literary Messenger*, October, November.
- TO HELEN, To ———, *Union Magazine*, November, 1848.

1849

- Mellonta Tauta* (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, February.
- Hop-Frog* (tale), *The Flag of our Union*.
- TO MY MOTHER, *Flag of our Union*.
- A VALENTINE, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, March; *Flag of our Union*, 1849.
- Lowell's "A Fable for Critics" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, February; *Graham's Magazine*, March.
- Marginallia, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; *Southern Literary Messenger*, May to September.
- FOR ANNIE, *Flag of our Union*; Griswold, 1850.
- ANNABEL LEE, *N. Y. Tribune*, Oct. 9; *Sartain's Union Magazine*, January, 1850.
- A Chapter of Suggestions. Second Part (essay), *Graham's Magazine*, May, June.
- "Frances Sargent Osgood" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, August.
- THE BELLS, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, November 1849.

1850

- "About Critics and Criticism" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, January.
- "Edwin Percy Whipple and Other Critics" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, January.
- Joel Tyler Headley's "The Sacred Mountains" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, October.
- The Poetic Principle, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, October.
- A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM, Griswold.
- ELDORADO, Griswold. No earlier publication known.
- THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN POE. With a Memoir by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Notices of His Life and Genius by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell, in four volumes. Redfield, 34 Beekman

Street. 1850-1856. (Preface by Mrs. Maria Clemm.) (Copyrighted, 1849.) The same in three volumes, 1850; in four volumes, 1853.

THE LITERATI: Some Honest Opinions about Authorial Merits and Demerits, with Occasional Words of Personality, together with Marginal Suggestions, and Essays, With a Sketch of the Author, by R. W. Griswold. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1850. pp. xxxix, 607. 12mo. (Vol. III. of Griswold's edition.)

"Henry B. Hirst" (review), Griswold.

"Elizabeth Frieze Ellett" (review), Griswold.

"Estelle Anna Lewis" (review), Griswold.

1875

ALONE, *Scribner's Magazine*, September 1875.

1896

Poe's Addenda to "Eureka," *Methodist Review*, January.

DATE UNKNOWN.

X-ing a Paragrab (tale). The text follows Griswold.

The Sphinx (tale), Griswold.

• *Von Kempelen and his Discovery* (published not earlier than 1848), Griswold.

Lander's Cottage. Sent to *Metropolitan* before 1848. Once accepted, then rejected by the *Metropolitan*. Mentioned in Poe's Correspondence, 1848-49. Griswold.

Poe's Introduction to "The Tales of the Folio Club," in MS. in the possession of Mrs. Wm. M. Griswold, of Cambridge, Mass., printed for the first time in this edition.

Poe's Autobiographic Memorandum, 1841-1843?

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO POE.

THE SKELETON HAND, *The Yankee*, August 1829.

THE MAGICIAN, *The Yankee* and *Boston Literary Gazette*, December 1829?

UNPUBLISHED POETRY, *The Yankee*, December 1829.

- TO ISADORE, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.
THE VILLAGE STREET, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.
THE FOREST REVERIE, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.
ANNETTE, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.¹
THE MAMMOTH SQUASH, 1845.
THE FIRE LEGEND, *Southern Literary Messenger*, July
1863. From an unpublished MS. of the late Edgar A.
Poe.
THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA. *A Satire*. By
Lavante. Philadelphia: William S. Young, No. 317
Race Street. 1847.

